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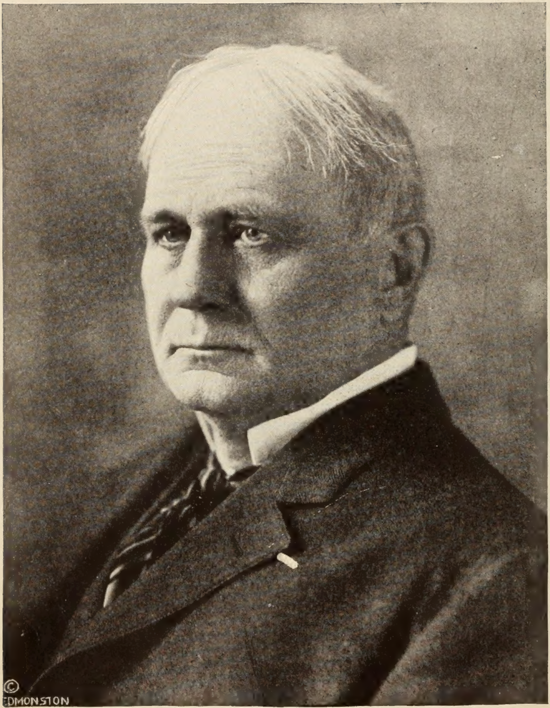

CHAMP CLARK AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

BY
CHAMP CLARK

TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME I

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My Quarter Century of American Politics

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MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

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CHAPTER I

Birth—Motherless babyhood—Proud recollections of a faithful father—Physical and mental development—Wirt's *Patrick Henry*—Bible-reading in boyhood—The *Multum-in-parvo* "Red-book"—The reading-room at the meeting-house—Story of John Doakum—Story of James Beauchamp concentered into "Champ"—Col. Bennett Clark at "Beauchamp," in France—Motherly Mrs. Call—Cranky, superstitious John Call—Colonel Watterson's valuable hints—First whole dollar; boyish use of it—Last farm work, in Kentucky—Amusements of long ago: hunting, fishing, hog-killing, apple-bobbing, spelling-bees, "playing 'possum"—Cold-blooded murder of "Ranger"—First knowledge of a President of the United States.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln first began to loom up as a presidential candidate a newspaper man asked him for a history of himself and his ancestors. He replied:

"It may all be compressed into Gray's line, 'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

According to my way of thinking, the story of my life differs little from that of thousands of others, born, bred, and living under similar circumstances. I once said, "It could all be condensed into these words: Fifty-odd years of unremitting toil."

At a great dinner given in his honor a lady asked the Duke of Wellington to describe, for her edification, the battle of Waterloo. The grim old soldier answered:

"We pounded the French; they pounded us; we outpounded them!"

That is the shortest, tersest, and most graphic description of that epochal struggle in all literature.

I started out to accomplish certain things. I kept pounding away at them and have achieved most of them. As a rule, I outpounded my opponents. Sometimes I didn't—particularly on one most notable occasion.

Endowed by nature with a strong constitution, I have been able to do more work than most men. Labor is the basis of all success—labor of brawn or brain. My long public career is due largely to the fact that I have been blessed with as faithful a constituency as man ever had.

In 1911, at a great home-coming picnic, attended by some ten or fifteen thousand people, given in my honor, I stated that I believed my constituents are more ambitious for me than I am for myself; and I stated the exact truth; but as my wife, children, and many friends want to know some of the facts, experiences, and recollections of my busy life, I will give them as briefly, modestly, and as accurately as possible—writing about the persons, books, circumstances, and things which most influenced my life.

I was born on a farm near Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, on the seventh day of March, 1850. That was the day on which Daniel Webster made what is called his "Seventh of March Speech" in support of the compromises of the Constitution, with special reference to the Fugitive Slave law. That speech practically ended his political career. From being a popular idol in New England, his name became anathema, and his picture was turned to the wall in hundreds of thousands of homes. Perhaps no man was ever more savagely abused on the stump, the lecture-platform, in pulpit and magazines, in newspapers and in private conversation than was Daniel Webster for making that speech. To them he ceased to be "Daniel the Godlike"; instead, he became "Ichabod."

The Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, wrote the following poem, entitled "Ichabod," about Webster, which may be regarded as one of the most terrific personal poems ever written in our vernacular:

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
  Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
  Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
  A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
  Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
  When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
  Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
  A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark
  From hope and heaven?

Let not the land once proud of him
  Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
  Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
  From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
  In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
  Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
  Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
  The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
  The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
  To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
  And hide the shame!

My mother's maiden name was Aletha Jane Beauchamp, and she was a native of Kentucky. Her ancestors, the Beauchamps, Jetts, and Robertsons, were originally Virginians and were among the earliest pioneers in Kentucky. Her father, James T. Beauchamp, was, when quite a young man, a member of the Kentucky Legislature. Both he and his wife died before middle life.

George Robertson, so long a Representative in Congress and Chief Justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was my mother's third cousin. She was also distantly related to Gov. Bob Letcher.

She died when I was three years old, and I cannot remember her, but I have a hazy recollection of attending her burial. A very old kinswoman told me a few years ago that I had to be dragged away from my mother's grave. She never had a picture taken, therefore I do not know how she looked; but the testimony of all of her acquaintances is that she was a sweet, lovely, beautiful, graceful, gracious woman, small in body, with black hair, dark-blue eyes, and delicate complexion. The tradition is that she was a prime favorite with all who knew her—instant in every good work.

My father was John Hampton Clark, named for his half-brother lost at sea. He was born in New Jersey at "Clark's Landing," close to what is now Atlantic City. His mother was a Quakeress, Elizabeth Archer, who was a native of New Jersey. His great-great-grandfather, great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all born and reared in Connecticut, the first of his ancestors settling there in 1654.

Notwithstanding these facts, in 1912, when I was the leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, a Boston editor, bent on saying something mean about me and unable to find any truth that would injure me, originated a contemptible falsehood to the effect that I left Kentucky for Missouri to "get rid of the Yankees." He did not possess intelligence enough to know that there are at least a hundred Yankees in Missouri to one in Kentucky. How much pay he received for that stupid canard I do not know, but it is an abiding pleasure to remember that I carried Massachusetts by a large majority over President Wilson, in spite of that editor's malice and mendacity.

My father was originally a carriage- and buggy-maker. His health failing, he opened a singing-school. Older rural folks pleasantly remember the old-fashioned singing-school masters with inevitable tuning-fork. He afterward practised dentistry. He was a good carriage- and buggy-maker, a good singing-master, a good dentist, a good Democrat, a good Christian, a good citizen. He was not an educated man in the technical sense, but he was a man with splendid intellect and was an omnivorous reader. He possessed a vast store of information. When in his prime he was about six feet tall, never weighed over one hundred and sixty-five pounds, was delicate all his life. He had a twenty-four-inch head—one of the finest I ever saw—most of it above and in front of his ears. The intellectual part of his head was remarkably well developed. The back part of his head, which contains the driving apparatus, was not well developed.

He was a handsome man. He had very dark-brown hair which most people would have called black. He had one brown eye and one blue one. He had a very heavy, fine, luxuriant beard. While not a public speaker, he was the best reader, conversationalist, and anecdote-teller that I ever knew. The delight of his life was to argue in favor of the principles in which he believed, religious or political. He was a splendid horseman and, poor as he was, always managed to have one of the best saddlers in the country, which he treated with the tenderness with which he would treat a child. The most famous of these was a Morgan mare, a bay roan, blazed-faced and dish-faced—one of the most vicious animals I ever knew, but tough as whitleather. In proper hands she would have made a great racing-animal. As a matter of fact, I used to steal her out on the sly, and run races with all the boys in the neighborhood, taking the risk of getting soundly thrashed by my father for so doing—but winning all the races. It was rare fun. Verily horse-racing is the sport of kings and of some others.

When I first remember, he rode around after the fashion of a Methodist circuit-rider, over six or eight small counties in Kentucky, with a large pair of saddle-bags which held about a half-bushel in each end. One was filled with his implements of dental torture and the other with the speeches of Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckenridge, and other Democratic worthies, together with a change of linen. It was the delight of his life to corner up Whigs and argue with them until they were dizzy. He never had any faculty for making money, and I do not believe he cared anything about it. I am reasonably certain that he never owned five hundred dollars' worth of property at one time in his life.

He set his heart on two things: that his children should be well developed, mentally and physically, and that they should have good educations. He lived to see these desires of his heart gratified, for he lived to reach the good old age of eighty-six, and would undoubtedly have lived to be a hundred if his legs had not given way, which caused him to fall and hurt his back, thereby paralyzing him.

If I have achieved anything worth mentioning in this life, I owe the most of it to him, for he was constantly dinning into my ears: "Get an education; take care of your health; develop your physical and mental constitution."

To increase my bodily strength he set me to chinning poles, swinging on hand-swings, and other exercises of similar character.

He knew more about the political history of the United States than any other man with whom I have ever come into contact, and he knew more about the Bible than any other layman I ever saw—as much as most of the preachers and more than many of them.

He had a fine sense of humor, his honesty was above question, his honor perfect, and he was unafraid.

He was an amateur politician, never wanted an office, never was a candidate, but he was always in the fray for his friends; and so far as his enemies were concerned he "laid on and spared not, smiting them hip and thigh."

He frequently advised me never to be a candidate for office; but, as he was forever talking about his favorites in public life, his delightful conversation outweighed his advice in that regard, which I did not take to heart.

The truth is that one book which he borrowed for me to read largely determined the course of my life. He bought for his children all the books his small means permitted, and borrowed all he could in his peregrinations on his dental circuit. Once upon a time, when I was about ten years old, he brought me William Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*—as wild a romance as was ever put between covers, and exceedingly interesting. That book made it appear that winning lawsuits and going to Congress were as easy as falling off a log, and a slippery log at that. I have not found it so; but that book determined me to be a lawyer and a Congressman before I had ever seen a lawyer, a law-book, a court-house, or a Congressman. Very small things frequently shape human careers.

A pebble in the streamlet scant
  Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant
  Has dwarfed the giant oak forever.

That life of the forest-born Demosthenes had another important effect upon me. When I was a small boy I would not read the Bible. There were no Sunday-schools in the neighborhood and nobody to show me the beautiful stories and splendid literature of the Bible. One day after I had read Patrick Henry's *Life*, my father said, "How did you like Wirt's book?"

"First rate," I replied.

"What part did you like best?" he inquired.

I answered: "His speech beginning, 'It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope.'"

"What," continued he, "is the best sentence in that speech?"

"'The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong,'" was my reply.

He said: "My son, Patrick Henry never originated that. King Solomon wrote it and if you will read the Bible you will find many more just as fine."

I began reading the Bible to see if his statement was correct and have continued to read it ever since. When I contract brain fag, I read King Solomon's Proverbs and St. Paul's epistles as mental tonics. Of all the compliments ever paid me by the newspapers since I have been in Congress, the one I value most is to the effect that I quote the Bible more frequently and more accurately than any other public man in a quarter of a century. Whether true or not I will not undertake to say.

Before my father borrowed for me *The Life of Patrick Henry*, he bought for me, as a Christmas present, a very small book bound in red cloth, containing The Articles of Confederation, The Declaration of Independence, The Constitution of the United States, Washington's Farewell Address, and—nothing more.

In giving it to me my father said: "My boy, you will not read the Bible and I want you to read this book. Next to the Bible it is the best one I know of."

I did read it until I knew the Declaration and most of the other three great documents by heart. I did it this way. I was compelled to attend religious services on Sundays at Glen's Creek Church. It was a large, hewed-log house, with a white-oak post in the center, about two feet square, to hold the roof up. I would cuddle down behind the post, and when the long sermon was too dry to interest my youthful mind, or too full of theological technicalities for me to assimilate, I would get my big little book out of my pocket and go to work to commit its precious contents to memory.

It was a fine mental exercise and laid a broad foundation for understanding the genius of our free institutions, though it did nothing to promote my religious training.

If I had my way, every boy and girl in America would commit to memory The Declaration of Independence, not only for its political truths, but also for its literary excellence. A man of sensibility cannot read it, even now, without having his blood flow faster. I believe that the majestic sweep of the Declaration helped us to gain our liberty.

I believe that those three books, the Bible, Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*, and my little red book, did more to influence my life than all other books that I have read put together.

Attendance at that old Glen's Creek Meeting-house—for in that far-away day that is what country folk called a church building—had an influence on me in practising law.

On a front seat Sunday after Sunday sat a somewhat aged person with a head as bald as a billiard ball. Three things fixed my boyish attention upon him: his shining poll; the fact that he shed tears copiously during every sermon; and the further fact that he always put a silver dollar in the hat when passed around—a liberal contribution in that day and place. What puzzled me most was his habitual weeping.

One Sunday, going home through the woods from church, I asked my father what old man John Doakum—for that was his name—was always crying so much about. He said: "I do not know what the old wretch is crying about, but I know what he ought to be crying about—how he killed his own son!" Then he gave me a blood-curdling account of that revolting crime—one of the most beastly I have ever read or heard of.

It is said that early impressions are never effaced, and most assuredly it was true in this case. The horrible story related to me by my father, of that bloody butchery, made such a profound impression upon me and has so rested on me all my life, that, during my long and active practice at the bar, nothing would have induced me to defend a man who had killed his own son. The thick beech woods through which we were walking, my father's vibrant voice and his flashing eyes, are as clear to my mental vision to-day as they were to my physical vision fifty-odd years ago.

Old Doakum killed his son at the beginning of the Civil War. The times were sadly out of joint, everything was topsy-turvy, and in some way, through some sinister influence, he went unwhipped of justice, though he richly deserved to stretch hemp. He was a prominent citizen, a big farmer, and what Senator Thomas Hart Benton would have characterized as "a jackleg lawyer." He claimed to be a strong Union man and had the unspeakable impudence to run for county attorney.

In 1863 I heard him and others speak at the first barbecue I ever attended. Among other things, he said: "You men ought to vote for me because the only son I have is in the Army of the Cumberland fighting bravely in defense of our country and our flag."

A half-drunken young fellow leaning against a dogwood sapling right in front of the speakers' stand, bawled out in stentorian voice: "You infernal old scoundrel, you would have had another son if you hadn't killed him!" whereupon the crowd set up a mighty yell, and old Doakum's political goose was cooked brown. I was delighted, and did a good deal of yelling myself in a boyish treble. It is pleasant even yet to remember that outburst of righteous indignation, and delightful to recollect that old Doakum was beaten out of his boots, and that, too, by the biggest fool that ever held that office in any county in Kentucky, or in fact in all America.

My parents named me James Beauchamp Clark. Clark is the seventh most widely diffused surname in America. It is a corruption of the old Latin word *clericus*, which means a "scholar."

In the early days of our history "Clerk" was often pronounced "Clark," and in the extreme backwoods occasionally a very old person is found who pronounces it that way to this day, as is the habit in England.

Years ago I read a story to this effect: "When they were young lawyers, and Illinois was in the raw, Abraham Lincoln, who was six feet four, and his lifelong friend and competitor, Stephen A. Douglas, who was about five feet tall, got lost on the open prairie, and, night coming on, they applied for lodgings at a cabin. At bedtime the landlady, judging their relative importance by their statures, told Lincoln that he could sleep in the loft, and his little 'clark,' as she designated Douglas, could sleep in the trundle-bed with the children."

That cabin, if it still is in existence, should be treasured as a historic relic. Parenthetically, it may be truthfully stated that an open prairie is the easiest place on the earth to get lost in.

Strange to relate, Hon. David Lubin, the enthusiastic agricultural economist, came into my office a few days after the foregoing was written, and I was surprised to observe that invariably he pronounced "clerk" as "clark."

J. B. is one of the most common combinations in Christian names—John B., James B., Julian B., Joseph B., and so forth. On the average there is perhaps one J. B. Clark at every post-office in America. As long as I was a boy that fact did not bother me, but when I became old enough to receive letters I was always getting mixed up with somebody else. Finally when I was twenty-four years old I went to visit my uncle, a lawyer at Bowling Green, Kentucky. I ordered my mail forwarded to me there. There was a man by the name of James B. Clark living in that city. He was unusually dense. He not only opened my letters, which was excusable, but he sent them all back to the places from which they came, which was not only inexcusable, but annoying; so I made up my mind that I would not keep a name which was owned by so many other people. I first lopped off the "James," but that left me with a name which nobody but a Frenchman could pronounce correctly, and Americans pronounced it in a half-dozen different ways, all wrong. I would have liked very much to retain it, as it was my mother's name. It means "fair field" and is a beautiful name, but it could not be pronounced in this country correctly. By the way, Campbell is the same name as Beauchamp. Camp and Champ mean the same thing, being the old Latin word *campus*, and belle is the feminine of beau. I cut Beauchamp in two in the middle and retained the last half. Governor Hoadly of Ohio, one of my old law professors, used to say that a man had as much right to cut off part of his Christian name as to trim off part of his hair. I state this minor event correctly, because it has been stated so often incorrectly.

One sequel to that transaction was that the first lecture I ever delivered, and of which I have the manuscript yet, was on "The Philosophy of Names." It is a fertile and an interesting theme.

Various men have left off part of their Christian names. Charles Dickens was christened with half a dozen; Whitelaw Reid was named Jacob Whitelaw; President Cleveland's name, as bestowed by his parents, was Stephen Grover; President Wilson was Thomas Woodrow.

My son, whom we named Bennett Clark for his mother, as soon as he became old enough to observe things, inserted the Champ into his name, and he is now Bennett Champ.

I have always entertained the theory that the oldest boy in a family ought to be given his mother's maiden family name—if at all suitable—as part compensation to her for losing her name by marriage.

My surgical operation on my name had one unexpected and beneficial effect. It caused my name, Champ Clark, to be printed in full in the newspapers, whereas other Representatives were generally referred to only by their surnames. That grew out of two facts. One was that I was the only Clark in America who bears the Christian name of Champ, and the other was that my Christian name and surname, taken together, contain only ten letters.

Shakespeare hath it: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," which is literally true; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, some names are more useful and fitting than others.

While my son, Col. Bennett C. Clark, was on a long march in France at the head of his regiment, the 140th Infantry, they camped one night near a small village into which he rode, to learn the name of the place and to do some shopping. He wrote me that he was greatly surprised to discover that the name of the town was Beauchamp—evidently founded by and named for our maternal ancestors—and that it gave him a queer feeling to ride into it in command of an American regiment eight hundred years after our kinsmen crossed the Channel into England—or more than four centuries before Columbus discovered the Western World.

Because I had a large head and a small neck my father was afraid that I was going to have a feeble constitution. So, when I was eight years old he hired me out to work on a farm—perhaps the best thing that ever happened to me. It kept me out-of-doors, developed my body, taught me habits of industry, and made me love agriculture, which I do to this day. If I were rich enough to do it, I would rather live on a good farm than anywhere else on earth.

When the Civil War began I was working for a man named John Call, near Mackville, Washington County, Kentucky. He was one of the best farmers that I ever knew, and his wife was one of the kindest women in the world. She treated my sister and myself just as well as she treated her own children.

Call lived sixty miles from Louisville. On account of bad health, especially weak eyes, he could not read fine print, so he made me the proposition that he would take George D. Prentice's *Louisville Daily Journal* if I would read it to him at night. He was not trying to do me a kindness, as he wanted the paper read for his own information, but, in having me read him the paper, he conferred on me a great benefit.

I doubt very much if he could have devised a better scheme by which I could learn good English, for George D. Prentice was one of the greatest masters of English prose that this country has ever known. He was also a poet of high rank. I have always believed, and do now believe, that if, instead of spending his time as the editor of a daily newspaper, he had devoted himself to writing books, he would have stood at the very head of the literary characters of America. I believe that he was fully as great an editor as Horace Greeley, although the palm is generally conceded to Greeley. I read *The Daily Journal* to Call for more than three years. I greatly profited thereby. The old *Journal* was afterward merged with the *Democrat* and *Courier*, the three papers becoming *The Courier-Journal*, now owned and conducted by Judge Bingham, and for many years edited by Col. Henry Watterson.

Colonel Watterson taught me a valuable lesson in speech-making. As a very young man, without any official connection with the St. Louis Tilden convention, I was there as a mere "looker-on in Vienna." A kind-hearted, big, Irish policeman let me in under the ropes, without a ticket, and I am glad that I was there, for I was enabled to see and hear a remarkable group of men, the most of whom have now gone the way of all flesh.

They were Gen. John A. McClernand, Col. Henry Watterson, Senator Kernan, "Sunset" Cox, John Morrissey, John Kelly, Senator Doolittle, Governor Dorsheimer, Gen. Tom Ewing, Governor Walker of Virginia, Dan W. Voorhees, "Blue Jeans" Williams, Wade Hampton, James B. McCreary (then, as thirty-six years later, Governor of Kentucky), and scores of others famous in their day, and some of them still famous.

Colonel Watterson was temporary chairman, and General McClernand, the permanent chairman. It was a most distinguished assembly.

One of the most spectacular features of that convention was the great debate betwixt Gen. Tom Ewing of Ohio and Governor Dorsheimer of New York, on the financial plank of the platform. It was a veritable battle of giants.

The most exciting incident of that great conclave was John Kelly's savage excoriation of Samuel J. Tilden, and it was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve and courage ever witnessed on earth. Catcalls and rattling of spittoons drowned out Kelly for half an hour. Amid the awful storm he stood like an iron man; then, the crowd having worn itself out, he proceeded with his job of skinning the great New-Yorker. Next morning, Tilden having been nominated the night before, Kelly gave in his adhesion and was received with boundless and uproarious applause by the same crowd which had hooted him so outrageously the day before.

A year or two after that Colonel Watterson came to Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri, where I then lived, to lecture. I introduced him to the audience, and after the lecture I went with him to his hotel and sat up to wait with him for his midnight train. I told Colonel Watterson that I had heard and greatly admired his speech as temporary chairman, to which he replied:

"Young man, I will tell you something that very few people know about that speech, which may aid you in your public career. I was notified, unexpectedly, that I was to be the temporary chairman. I had scarcely time to write my speech, and not enough to commit it to memory. I did not want to read it, as that would have killed the effect; and, moreover, my poor eyesight forbade my trying to read it. So I had a man sit behind me on the stage and read it to me, sentence by sentence, as I delivered it. The reason why that could be done is that, in addressing a large crowd, you must pause long enough between sentences to get your breath, and thus the prompter has his chance."

I studied about that, and practised on it, until I formulated for myself a rule, as follows: If I write a speech to be delivered to a large audience, I allow myself twice as much time for its delivery as it would take to read it intelligibly to one or two persons; and, if the audience is to be a very large one and out-of-doors, I allow three times as much time. It works out according to my rule.

In fact, in speaking to an unusually large audience, the speaker is compelled not only to rest between sentences, but to enunciate each word with such distinctness, and so slowly, that much more time is consumed than in reading or speaking to a small company.

In the campaign of 1880 I had an amusing and fortunate experience in debate with an able Republican friend who did not understand the aforesaid rule. He opened in an hour and closed in a quarter of an hour. I had an hour and a quarter between his two speeches. He began with Jefferson and Hamilton and ambled leisurely down through our history, and had just reached James Buchanan's administration when the hammer fell at the end of his hour, very much to his chagrin and to the delight of the Democrats and the discouragement of the Republicans.

The first money I ever earned was a silver three-cent piece which my father gave me for blacking his shoes. The first whole dollar I ever had in my life I made in this peculiar manner. Four of us were binding wheat after an old-fashioned drop-reaper. I was a fast hand at that sort of work. Consequently, I had some leisure moments every time the reaper went round the field. The wheat had much rye in it and the rye had a great deal of ergot on it. I put in the moments which I could spare from the wheat-binding to pulling the ergot off the rye and putting it into the big pockets of my tow-linen trousers. I finally accumulated a pound of it, which I sold to the village doctor for a dollar, which looked to me big as a flapjack. I spent it for a multicolored necktie and for a daguerreotype picture of myself—the first ever made of me. I have had many dollars, neckties, and pictures of myself since then, but none that I so highly prized.

The last work that ever I did on a farm in Kentucky, I bound wheat twelve days for a man named David Best. I received twenty-four dollars for that labor, which I spent going to school to a man named Frank Logsden.

It is well known that the children from 1850 to 1860 had neither the abundance nor quality nor variety of toys which children have now. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we found sources of amusement. We did not have firecrackers of any sort, either small or giant, with which to make noises at Christmas, but we devised noise-making methods of our own. We could make popguns of alder stalk and whistles of pawpaw limbs. When hog-killing time came (and in the country hog-killing was a great and enjoyable social function) we would blow up the bladders, tie strings around the necks of them, and put them away to dry. When the proper time came we would jump on them, and there would be considerable of an explosion. All healthy children enjoy making a noise.

Hog-killing was a time of joy to children. We would roast the tails and other titbits in the wood-fire embers, and eat until our abdomens assumed aldermanic proportions.

We had no beautiful sleds such as the children of this day have, but we could take pieces of plank and make sleds of our own, which answered every purpose of getting down the hill swiftly—the great desideratum in sledding. We wrestled, ran foot-races, turned handsprings, played leap-frog, jumped, swam, climbed trees, swung in grapevine swings, and alas! sometimes we fought. The word mollycoddle was not in the bright lexicon of Kentucky youth.

We caught fish by every method known to the rural districts of the time—with hook, with seine, and with our hands. If a big fish got under a rock and we could not get him any other way, we would break the rock and catch him. In the winter we would spear them. Occasionally we caught a mud turtle, which makes fine soup. There were no game and fish laws then to pester the boys—and men.

In passing it may be apropos to state that the humble and despised mud turtle has been promoted to the ranks of the aristocracy among crustaceans and is now shipped in car-load lots from our Western creeks and rivers to New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities, where he is made to do duty at fancy prices as genuine diamond-back terrapin.

We learned to shoot and hunted such game as there was. When I was a boy everybody in Kentucky could shoot, generally with a rifle. Shotguns were not much in vogue.

If a man had any reputation as a rifle-shot, he scorned to shoot a squirrel anywhere except in the head. It was the Kentucky and Tennessee squirrel hunters who wrought such fearful havoc in Pakenham's army at New Orleans on the glorious 8th of January.

Any man who would kill game with a shotgun was considered a disreputable pot-hunter. We hunted squirrels, rabbits, quail, raccoons, 'possums, minks, weasels, muskrats, and occasionally a fox. A lot of us caught, one night, six raccoons in one tree—a feat which was the talk of the neighborhood for a long time. There were plenty of 'possums, and the 'possum, when cooked the right way, baked with sweet potatoes, is the best eating in the world—a dish fit to set before a king, or anybody else.

We had no shows and theaters to attend, but we had candy-pullings, spelling-bees, country dances, corn-shuckings, log-rollings, and house-raisings.

We had no chocolates and other expensive sweetmeats fixed up in fancy boxes and bedizened with all sorts of multicolored ribbons, no champagne with which to wash them down, no English walnuts or other new-fangled nuts, but we had an abundance of molasses candy, ginger cakes, doughnuts, maple sugar, black walnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts, cider, both sweet and hard, together with home-made wines, also persimmon beer. We did not have the banana, but we feasted on its double first cousin, the luscious pawpaw.

The boys had no cigarettes, Turkish or other kinds, but they had what was far better—sweet corncob pipes and plenty of "long green." City-bred Johnnies may turn up their noses at the idea of extracting enjoyment out of such simple things as above set forth, but we hale and lusty "clodhoppers" got much genuine pleasure out of life; and our sweethearts were fair to look upon, though clad in simple calico, gingham, and linsey-woolsey instead of silks, satins, and velvets.

As many readers of this book do not live where opossums abound, it may be pertinent to state that when an opossum is surprised or scared, he lies down, curls up, with his eyes shut as though dead, hoping to escape by that ruse, which is called "playing 'possum." They dote on persimmons, which are not toothsome to man or 'possum till touched by frost.

One bright moonshiny night in the latter part of October, when I was about ten years old, I was going home from church, and passing a cluster of persimmon-trees I found one of the biggest, fattest 'possums that ever perambulated a forest lying in the road and "playing 'possum."

I grabbed him by the tail and wagged home with him, though it was all that I could do to carry him. Next day we had a great "'possum dinner," and no crowned head on earth ever feasted more royally or greasily.

I was exceedingly proud of "my catch," was much complimented, and for some time was the envy of all of the boys in the vicinity.

I did not wish Colonel Roosevelt to dub me a "nature faker," consequently I am glad that he did not see this story; for if anybody stated a fact about birds, animals, or fish, no matter how well established, but which he (Roosevelt) did not know, he immediately yelled "nature faker" at the top of his voice, with the maximum of vehemence and a superabundance of expletives. Nevertheless, it is a queer fact that while a raccoon will fight a dog —any dog or any number of dogs—to the death, and whip lots of them; and while an opossum will not fight a dog—any dog—an opossum will fight a raccoon every time he has a chance and come off victor about half the time. I know that's true, because when I was a boy I saw it done time and again. In fact, when I had both a raccoon and an opossum captives, simultaneously, I have thrown them together to see them fight. "Cruel sport," some esthete may exclaim. Yes, but no more cruel than cock-fighting or dog-fighting or bear-baiting—sports in which our ancestors participated enthusiastically.

Even so illustrious a person as Andrew Jackson, of blessed and glorious memory, not only raised race-horses and ran them, betting on the result, but he bred game-chickens of noblest strain, which could lick anything wearing feathers in Tennessee. While he was President, he had sent to him from the Hermitage a lot of chickens to be pitted against Virginia games at Bladensburg; but, alack and alas! the long trip or change of water or something else so influenced the Hermitage cocks that they would not fight at all—much to the disgust of the conqueror of Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham and the veterans of the Peninsular War.

Strange as it may seem, the name of "'Possum Policy" was given to that great political movement in Missouri, headed by Gen. Frank P. Blair, his cousin, Gov. Benjamin Gratz Brown, Gen. John B. Henderson, and Gen. Carl Schurz, Col. David Patterson Dyer, Col. George W.

Anderson, Gov. Charles P. Johnson, and Colonel Fyan, and which overthrew the Republican party in Missouri and eventuated in the "Liberal Republican" upheaval and the nomination of Horace Greeley for President, in 1872.

It was denominated the "'Possum Policy" because the Democrats agreed to "play 'possum" by lying low, not nominating candidates of their own for state offices, and supporting the "Liberal Republican" candidates. worked like a charm and made Benjamin Gratz Brown Governor. He was one of the most scholarly governors Missouri ever had, as is attested by the fact that he wrote a book on higher mathematics as a mental recreation.

Another thing from which we extracted some pleasure was a shooting-match, for turkeys and fresh beef. We not only got amusement out of it, but it helped keep us in trim as rifle-shots—considered a great accomplishment at that time and place, though now not so highly prized as formerly—more's the pity. I am aware that some very good people frowned on the shooting-match, but nevertheless most men and boys regarded it highly and cherished it as an innocent pastime, which I think it was.

Another great sport was the cutting down of bee-trees. Some of those big, tall Kentucky poplars contained an amazing quantity of honey of the finest quality. The way we youngsters feasted on such joyous occasions is extremely pleasant in the retrospect through the vista of years.

Still another most delightful function was "stirring off" maple sugar by night in the sugar camp. It was a great lark for men and women, boys and girls. There never was invented in this world, or discovered, a more enjoyable sweetmeat than maple sugar. What a pity it is that the sugar-maple tree—beautiful and lovely—is as nearly extinct as the buffalo. The wild pigeon is completely gone, and the sugar-tree is going rapidly. One of my constituents, Charles W. Davis, of my home town, is applying for a patent on imitation maple sugar. I hope he secures his patent and gets by or through the restrictions of the Pure Food laws. If so, he will be a public benefactor. Even Lucullus never ate anything more delicious than maple syrup and hot cakes.

It was a delight to get out at night in the woods with a pack of hounds and chase the game until we were so tired we could hardly drag ourselves to bed. It was always a great event in the life of a country boy when he was considered old enough to go out with the hounds. He knew then that he was verging close onto manhood. Lord Byron says:

> 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home.

He was entirely correct, and he might have added truthfully that there is no sweeter music to a healthy boy's ear than the voice of a pack of hounds in full cry at night, in a forest primeval. I heard, when I was a boy, Moses E. Lard, one of the most eloquent of American preachers, say that in the pulpit, and he was entirely correct in so speaking.

My first great sorrow was that when I was a small boy some of the neighbors took my dog Ranger, part shepherd and part bull-terrier, and shot him to death on a trumped-up charge of killing sheep. I was utterly disconsolate for many days and never did forgive those men.

I hereby introduce, as my sentiments, Senator George Graham Vest's beautiful Oration on the Dog. It was delivered before a Missouri jury in a lawsuit involving a dog:

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son and daughter that he has reared with loving care may become ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he may need it most. Man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees and do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws and his eyes sad, but open, in alert watchfulness faithful and true, even unto death.

Apropos of Senator Vest's Eulogy on the Dog, it is a queer fact that while that gem of oratory is frequently quoted and more frequently referred to, his masterful orations, which were numerous and on many subjects, and of the most approved order of excellence, full of wit, humor, sarcasm, and eloquence, have been sadly neglected by those editing collections of speeches. He was a giant on the stump and had no superior as a debater in the Senate, but it looks as though his dog speech is the one which will transmit his fame as an orator to coming generations. That is a pity, for his best speeches are well worthy of profound study by the youth of the land.

He stands in relationship to his speeches about as Robert Southey does to his poems. Southey wrote several long epics on which he believed that his fame would rest, but nobody reads them. He is kept in memory as a poet by such minor productions as "The Battle of Blenheim," "How Does the Water Come Down at Lodore?" and "Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

Many years after they killed my dog I had the pleasure of securing an opinion from the St. Louis Court of Appeals, after a hot fight, to the effect that a man in Missouri can be compelled to pay damages for killing a valuable dog. That's the rule in Missouri now, and it gave me a vast deal of pleasure to secure that decision. It avenged my dog, slain when I was a barefooted boy in Kentucky.

A Kentucky boy who would not run a horse-race when he had a chance was considered too slow and spiritless ever to amount to much and was dubbed a "sissy." There was no talk among the boys with whom I associated about "athletics." We were athletes by force of circumstances and gloried in the fact when life was young. Though our heads are blossoming as the almond-tree, we glory in the recollection of it yet.

We extracted much pleasure out of the mere fact of living and in performing our labors and in practising our rude sports. We might almost have appropriated as a description of ourselves, with a change in latitude and longitude, Tennyson's lines in "Locksley Hall" about certain boys created by his poetic fancy:

> Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
> Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;
> Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
> Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

Major Joe Bagstock, of pleasant memory, as *descriptio personæ* of himself, was wont to boast: "Tough, sir, devilish tough!" and so were we Kentucky boys—physically, of course.

Judge William H. Biggs, of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, gave this philosophical explanation of the reason why preceding generations were stronger and robuster than the men and women of to-day. He said: "In the old times, children were reared under such hard conditions that all the weak and delicate ones died and only the fittest and strongest physically survived." Perhaps the judge was correct. Who knows?

Whether Judge Biggs was right or wrong, the Kentucky boys who survived grew into lusty, strapping big men. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, in his *Life of Col. Thomas Hart Benton*, says that by actual measurement the Kentuckians were the largest men in the Union Army. The chances are that they were also the largest among the Confederates. Limestone accounts for it. They eat it, drink it, breathe it.

Sleigh-riding, now unhappily out of fashion to a large extent, was a favorite winter sport. When the snow carpeted the earth and frost was in the air, we all tried it. Of course we had no fine sleighs as the city chaps have and no sleigh-bells. Instead we used cow-bells to warn folks that we were coming. We made our own sleighs out of poles and a few pieces of plank or slabs. Having the "beautiful snow" and his rude sleigh, a young man would take his best girl and make love to her beneath the stars—deep snows and full moons were great aids to matrimony among the rustics—and what was best of all those marriages generally lasted so long as life endured. Divorces were rare and divorce courts idle.

Part of my duties in working for Call was to feed thirty young mules and an old blue donkey named Taylor, in honor of "Old Rough and Ready," hero of Buena Vista, and President of the United States.

One morning while feeding them I was studying out some problem in arithmetic and gave Taylor the corn for the thirty mules and the thirty mules the corn for Taylor. Just as I was sitting down to breakfast by candle-light, it flashed across my mind that I had exchanged their rations, and I hot-footed it to the barn. Taylor had eaten ten ears of corn and was beginning on the eleventh, with appetite unappeased. If I had not remembered in the nick of time, Call would have been minus one donkey before set of sun. The moral: Feeding donkeys and mules and wrestling with mathematics are incompatible operations.

The almost universal habit of rural Kentucky boys was to go barefoot from about the middle of April to the middle of November. A majority of the girls did likewise. This habit had two results—larger feet and stone-bruises. Those who never suffered from stone-bruises have been exceedingly fortunate, as I can testify from experience. They never kill anybody, but they cause howling, loss of sleep, and much profane swearing. Nothing that I know of is so painful unless it be acute neuralgia.

To those who trip into a store and in a few moments purchase a pair of handsome, well-fitting shoes, it will be a surprise to learn how country folks were fitted out with foot-gear in that far-away day among the Kentucky hills. Along early in the fall the head of the family would buy the leather sufficient to furnish one pair of shoes to each of his household, or, in the case of the men and the larger boys, a pair of boots—one pair each and no more. Then he would employ an itinerant shoemaker to come to his house with the implements of his trade to work up the leather goods. Of course a boy who sported red-top boots was the envy of all his less fortunate neighbors. Those fairly well-to-do purchased their Sunday footwear from an established shoemaker or at the store. This was done much more by the women and girls than by the men and boys. I knew one man, William Carrier by name, an old bachelor, somewhat of a dandy, but close as the bark on a beech-tree, who was the proud owner of a pair of fine custom-made boots, but who did not propose to waste them by unnecessary use. So for his jaunts to church and about the neighborhood he devised this scheme of economy: he would walk to the immediate vicinity of his objective point, wearing his coarse bull-hide shoes and carrying in his hand his fine and shining boots, shined with Mason's blacking. Then, discarding his shoes, he would don his boots and make his grand entry.

Most folks, especially those reared among negroes, are more or less superstitious. Even some men and women who are generally regarded as level-headed have their pet superstitions. For instance, John Call, of near Mackville, Kentucky, to whom my father hired me out to work on a farm when I was a lad, was one of the most successful farmers in that vicinity, but he had a superstition to the effect that, if anybody carried a steel pitchfork through the house, some member of the family would soon die. One awfully hot day I had been shocking hay on the north side of his house, and, having finished there, was to continue on the south side. So in order to save time I started to walk through the house with my pitchfork on my shoulder, instead of making a detour of the house. He saw me and got into a towering rage, swearing that it was bad luck, and he ordered me peremptorily to go around the house. The performance appeared to me to be so utterly preposterous that I grinned in his face and started ahead on the way I was going. He was blazing mad, rushed toward me, shaking his fist, vowing that somebody would die, and that unless I turned back he would lick me, good and plenty. By that time my dander was up. I lowered my pitchfork and said:

"If you lay your finger on me somebody will die very suddenly and it will be *you.*"

He took me at my word, did not attempt to thrash me, and I went on my way triumphantly.

The belief in the bad luck attaching to the number thirteen is widespread and persistent. I care nothing about it, would as lief sleep in room thirteen as any other, and would not object to belonging to the "Thirteen Club." But I fully recognize the fact that thousands, perhaps millions, of more or less intelligent people regard thirteen as a hoodoo, and that it is well to pay some attention to other people's whimsicalities. The morning after Joseph Wingate Folk was nominated for Governor of Missouri I invited him, together with his wife and some other friends, to take breakfast with me in the up-stairs dining-room of the Union Station in St. Louis. When we were seated at the table, somebody in great trepidation whispered to me that there were thirteen of us! I counted the company, and sure enough there were thirteen, one of whom was a reporter for *The Globe-Democrat*, a Republican organ. I didn't care a straw about the number, but I did not propose to give that bright *Globe-Democrat* reporter a chance to handicap Folk with the story that he was beginning his race under the thirteen hoodoo. So I quietly excused myself and went down to the lower floor, where usually I would see from one to fifty acquaintances, in order to pick up a fourteenth member for my breakfast-party, but, strange to relate, not an acquaintance was in sight. A strapping big good-looking policeman, whom I had never clapped eyes on before, sauntered along, swinging his billy. I accosted him, and to his evident surprise invited him to breakfast. He asked me the wherefore of the invitation. I told him that that was none of his business and that it was enough for him to know that he would get a cracking good feed free, in recherché company, and that it would be a favor to me. He wouldn't accept till I told him my name. I took him up-stairs, introduced him as one of my ex-constituents who was on "the force," and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

"All's well that ends well."

The very first thing I ever heard about a President or a railroad came about in this way when I was a little tad six years old: my father was dolling up his fine saddle-horse named Traveler. I was much interested in the process and asked him where he was going. He replied: "To hear Judge Barbour make a speech for James Buchanan, who is running for President." As about the first thing a Kentucky boy of that era ever knew about was a horse-race, and supposing that Buchanan's "running for President" had some connection with "the sport of kings," I expressed the childish hope that he would have as fine a mount as Traveler. My father kindly explained to me that candidates for the Presidency did not run horses, but rode on railroad trains which ran twenty or thirty miles an hour. He evidently had momentarily forgotten his patron saint, Andrew Jackson, and his famous horse, Truxton.

The next lesson in my political education was the tremendous hullaballoo made about a brilliant but almost beardless boy named John Young Brown beating a veteran statesman, Joshua Jewett, for Congress, in 1859. Brown, being only twenty-four, could not be sworn in until the second session of the Congress to which he was elected. Many years after he served two or three terms in the House, finally achieving the Kentucky governorship. When he defeated Jewett he was acclaimed a wonder and was the resounding theme of every Kentucky tongue. As a matter of fact, he was a brilliant and able man.

I take it that few, if any, of his admiring constituents knew that William Pitt the Younger was Premier of Great Britain at twenty-four, and that at that age his famous rival, Charles James Fox, was a seasoned veteran

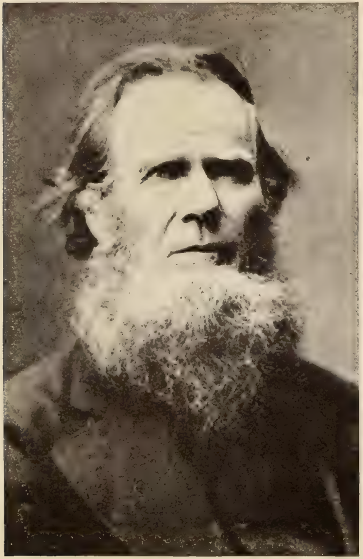

Photo by Brown Bros.

JOHN HAMPTON CLARK, FATHER
OF CHAMP CLARK

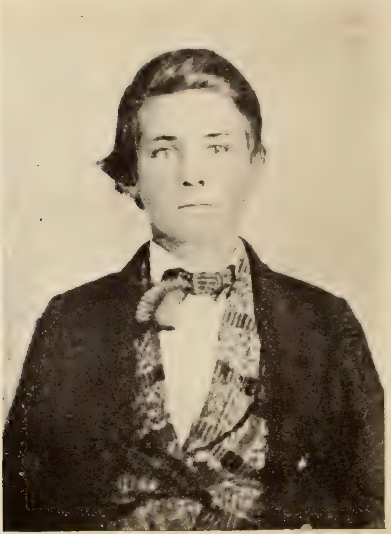

Photo by Brown Bros.

CHAMP CLARK AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE

of the House of Commons. A few others, R. Graham Frost, of St. Louis, among them, have been elected to the House before they had attained the constitutional age.

John Randolph of Roanoke never had any beard, so he looked younger than he really was; looked so young, in fact, that when he presented his credentials the clerk of the House asked him how old he was. The fiery and haughty Virginian tartly replied: "Go ask the people who sent me to Congress," and there the conversation was dropped, suddenly.

CHAPTER II

Children of my father and mother—Marriage—Children—Early housekeeping—Twelve thousand people attend Genevieve's wedding—Bennett learns to ride on a Jersey cow—Value of ponies to children—Birth of my grandson celebrated by the House—It makes him a fine present—Kindness of Mr. Mann, the republican leader—Tom Bodine's tender article—The dear little boy's death.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY

TO my father and mother, three children were born. They were Margaret, whose pet name was "Peggie," which was generally shortened to "Peg." She was born in 1848 and died a short time before I was born, on March 7, 1850.

I never had a brother, which I have regretted all of my days.

My other sister, Elizabeth, was born March 5, 1852. She married the Rev. J. J. Haley, a prominent preacher and writer in the Church of the Disciples, sometimes called the Christian Church, or sometimes the Campbellite Church. They now live at Santa Cruz, California.

She began teaching school when she was only thirteen, while, as elsewhere stated, I began teaching before I was fifteen. That was the only way we had to make even the minimum amount of money, eked out by what little our father could give us out of his meager earnings, in order to obtain an education. She taught at intervals till 1874, when she married Brother Haley. Their honeymoon trip was to Sydney, Australia, where Brother Haley was to be pastor of the biggest congregation of the Disciples in Australia, on the recommendation of Robert

Graham, one of nature's noblemen, president of Transylvania University and subsequently president of Hocker Female College. His friendship has rested on me like a benediction all my life.

When we were struggling to get an education my sister and I helped each other all we could and did good teamwork. When she had money and I needed it, I got it; and when I had any and she needed it, she got it. Of course, neither of us nor both of us ever had much, as rural school-teachers, not only in Kentucky, but everywhere, were poorly paid in those days. While the situation has much improved lately, they are not well enough compensated, even yet. In many cities and towns policemen are paid more to crack skulls than teachers are paid to form the minds of children.

My sister has done a noble work in the world—has worn herself out at it—and has been foremost in charity and good deeds. She has helped many a poor, friendless boy and girl in the fight for a better and larger life. As her reward, she has the love and benedictions of thousands in Australia, England, America, and New Zealand, in all of which countries she proved a wise, unselfish, and valuable helpmeet for her husband—a blessing to his parishioners.

On the 14th of December, 1881, I was married to Miss Genevieve Davis Bennett, of Callaway County, Missouri. Her father, whom I never knew, was from Madison County, Kentucky, and his ancestors were from Maryland. Her mother, one of the finest women I ever saw, was a Kentuckian named McAfee, whose mother was a Hamilton. They were among the earliest settlers in Mercer County, Kentucky, having come in with Daniel Boone. They constituted a large and powerful clan.

When I was a boy, a lively young man named Mundy was running against J. J. McAfee, nicknamed "Ginger," for the Legislature in Mercer County. I asked my father how they would come out. He replied: "McAfee will win, hands down. Mundy is a fool to be running against McAfee, who is blood-kin to one-third of the people in the county." On that occasion, at least, my father was a prophet.

My wife's grandfather, George McAfee, fought under Harrison at the River Thames and under Jackson at New Orleans. On her mother's side of the house she is closely related to Gen. Robert B. McAfee, Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to one of the South American states, also to Joseph Davies, who died a hero's death at Tippecanoe and for whom three or four counties are named; also to Dr. John McAfee, father of Park College, Missouri. On her father's side she is a cousin to Gov. James Bennett McCreary of Kentucky.

We have had four hale, hearty, handsome children born to us—Little Champ and Anne Hamilton—both of whom died in infancy, Bennett Champ, formerly the parliamentary clerk of the House and afterward a colonel in our army in France, and Genevieve, wife of James M. Thomson, publisher of *The New Orleans Item.*

We have been very happy in our children. Neither of them has given me a moment's trouble. A sweet baby is the greatest luxury in nature. When Bennett was twenty years old he was delegate to a state convention and stumped my Congressional District for me, making as many speeches as he could without too much neglecting his duties at the University of Missouri, where he was then a student. The people treated him very generously and praised him very enthusiastically, a fact of which I was proud, indeed, and for which I was profoundly grateful. We have it from highest authority that the sins of the father are visited upon the children. I rejoice in the fact that the affection bestowed upon the father sometimes descends to the children.

When we were first married, and I was scuffling hard to secure a foothold at the overcrowded bar, my wife helped me out by teaching in Pike College, at Bowling Green.

I milked the cow, worked the garden, carried in the wood and water, purchased the supplies, made the fires, and aided her all I could in the housework. She didn't know how to cook, but by assiduous study of cook-books and practising their precepts she became one of the best cooks I ever knew.

Those were happy days in a little four-roomed cottage, notwithstanding our extreme poverty.

She is an old-school Presbyterian, the church of her family since the days of Calvin and Knox, while I am a member of the Disciples' Church, the church of my father and mother. She had the children sprinkled, while I went with her and helped her. Bennett was sprinkled with water out of the River Jordan.

We have kept peace in the family by not arguing about religion. When she goes to her church I go along, and feel at home; when I go to my church, she keeps me company. Our children attend both churches and are at home in both.

Bennett was born on January 8, 1890—St. Jackson's day—a fact of which he and I both are proud. When he was four or five years old I owned a very old and very fine registered Jersey cow, almost a perfect ringer for Europa, for many years the champion butter cow of the world. Because she was spotted we called her Piedie. She did not give a great quantity of milk, but what she did give was the richest I ever tasted. When I went to milk her, my little boy, Bennett, accompanied me, carrying his little tin cup, which I would fill with the rich, warm milk, which he drank. I don't know what the doctors thought about it, but my opinion has always been, and is now, that it was good for him.

His first lessons in riding were on that old cow. His little legs stuck out almost horizontally, but she was as gentle as a dog and never tried to throw him off. He has ridden sundry war horses both in America and in France, but I doubt if he has ever ridden one that gave him so much pleasure as, when a little tad, he rode the old Jersey cow Piedie.

For the benefit of young fathers and mothers, I give it as my deliberate opinion that the best money I ever spent on my children was for ponies. Thereby they learned to ride like Indians—a very useful accomplishment. It kept them out in the open air and in the health-giving sunshine. It prevented their forming bad habits, and gave them fine bodies and perfect health. I taught them how to feed, curry, and saddle the ponies, which was useful knowledge.

As soon as Bennett was strong enough to hold up a shotgun, I bought him the best in the market and taught him how to shoot it, and he became a good wing-shot—another valuable accomplishment which gave him much outdoor recreation. When he became old enough to trust with a pistol, I got him a fine target pistol and showed him how to use it. I remembered, then, what gave the Confederates such a bulge on the Union soldiers at the beginning of the war between the States was that nearly every Southerner knew how to ride a horse and how to shoot; consequently, from the first, they made extraordinarily fine cavalrymen.

In his book *Destruction and Reconstruction*—by long odds the most classical book ever written about that war—Gen. "Dick" Taylor, son of Gen. Zachary Taylor, says that at the battle of Port Republic, when Stonewall Jackson defeated General Banks, they found Federal cavalrymen sitting dead on their horses. They had been strapped to the saddles so that they could not fall off! What good were such cavalrymen? Farther along in the war the Northern men became more expert horsemen and that very much improved their cavalry arm of the service.

Genevieve was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1894. As a matter of fact, the anniversary of her birth falls on Thanksgiving only once in six or seven years. When she was a little child she always celebrated the entire week.

On the last day of June, 1915, four months before she was twenty-one, she was married to Col. James M. Thomson, publisher and editor of *The New Orleans Item*, the largest daily paper in the city. I postponed the wedding as long as I could, because she was so young and not because I was opposed to Colonel Thomson, who is a splendid man, mentally and physically.

After the day was set it was a serious question whether to have the wedding in Washington, where it would have been more convenient and where we have a host of friends, or at Bowling Green, Missouri, her childhood home. It is a town of only twenty-five hundred inhabitants and therefore not well adapted to entertain a big crowd. She selected Bowling Green, saying that we owed it to our old neighbors and friends—an opinion in which her mother, father, and brother concurred.

The House of Representatives presented her with a magnificent diamond necklace.

We were puzzled about inviting our friends in Missouri. Nearly all the people in the state are our friends. The physical labor of sending invitations to all would have been enormous, and the expense considerable; so, after discussing it, we concluded that the only sensible way was for Mrs. Clark and me to publish a notice in the newspapers, inviting all of our Missouri friends. While that was a crude performance and not recommended in any book on etiquette, it worked like a charm; for they came, twelve thousand strong, and if the heavy rains had not raised the streams and turned dirt roads into quagmires, the crowd would have been much larger. Of course we sent regulation tickets to a multitude of non-Missouri friends.

It was an outdoor ceremony on a lovely June day. It so happened that, several years before, I had bought some lots adjoining ours, on which were some splendid locust-trees and a few hollyhocks. The soil was rich and the hollyhocks multiplied until there was about a quarter of an acre of them of all colors—red, pink, blue, and white—constituting a magnificent flower-garden on the wedding-day. In the corner of that sea of color, under two great locust-trees, on a raised platform, the ceremony took place. Mrs. Clark stood the ordeal very well, but I broke down and cried like a baby.

If our friends had not made a neighborhood affair of it I don't see how we could have pulled through. They were exceedingly kind, among other things bringing in five hundred cakes—some of them big as a dishpan. The number of wedding-presents was simply amazing.

LITTLE CHAMP THE THIRD

On Tuesday, February 13, 1917, upon motion of Representative Rausch, of Indiana, the House had resolved itself into the Committee of the Whole House for the consideration of the Pension Appropriation bill. I had given the gavel to Representative William Ezra Williams and had retired from the hall of the House, with Mr. Williams presiding there as chairman of the Committee of the Whole.

Later in the afternoon I was notified that the Pension Appropriation bill was ready for submission to the House, and I returned to assume the gavel, as law and parliamentary procedure require. But before I entered the hall, and before the committee had arisen to make its report to the House, my splendid personal friend and dangerous political antagonist, Representative James R. Mann, the duly accredited leader of the Republican minority, made the following remarks:

"Mr. Chairman, before the gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Rausch, moves that the committee rise, I desire to announce that I have just been informed that the Speaker is a granddaddy."

That announcement was followed by hearty applause, which I heard as I approached the entrance door.

Immediately following Representative Mann, and with characteristic enthusiasm, there arose another dangerous fighting Republican, whom I am proud to record as one of my very warm personal friends, former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, a man past eighty-three years of age, who, in his declining years, has been affectionately regarded by all, and of whom everybody nowadays speaks of as "Uncle Joe." He said:

"Mr. Chairman, if I may be allowed a moment, as a granddaddy of twenty-one years' standing, I take great pleasure in welcoming the Speaker to the camp of grandfathers—as I sometimes call them, 'old fool grandfathers.' I know that he is qualified. He is the recipient of a hat of the vintage of 1852, donated by the gentleman from California [Mr. Kent]."

This brief speech, welcoming me to that exclusive and world-wide aristocratic class, and by a past-master, was greeted with another round of applause.

When I entered the hall of the House and proceeded up the steps to take the gavel and resume my duties as Speaker, there was a tremendous outburst of hand-clapping and cheers from all the members present on the floor, and from every one in the crowded galleries. The manifestation was so kindly, so fraternal, so family-like, that I was greatly affected, but managed to utter the following words of appreciation:

"Gentlemen of the House: 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' The happiest moments of my life have been, the day when I was married, the days when my children were born, and the day that this, my first grandchild, was born. [Outbursts of applause.]

"The other 'happiest day' in my life was when, as a student in the Kentucky University, at the end of the first examination in Greek, four of us made the grade of one hundred, on a scale of 100. That was the first victory I ever won among strangers. It was a very happy occasion.

"From the very bottom of my heart I thank this House for this last evidence of its love and affection for me and mine."

ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY

Four days later, on Saturday, February 17, 1917, I was surprised, and more greatly gratified than language can express. My friends in the House had quietly prepared a birthday present for the new-born babe, and Representative Mann told the story in the House of Representatives, thus:

"Mr. Chairman, in a sort of way this House is itself a grandfather. When Genevieve Clark Thomson was married, the members of the House presented her with a very beautiful wedding-present.

"She is now the mother of a son, Champ Clark Thomson.

"I think that it would be very appropriate, under the circumstances, for the members of the House to give to this grandson of the Speaker of the House a little present, in the form of a cup, knife, fork, and spoon.

"This morning I had Mr. Shaw bring up to the Capitol (having received them by directions from New York) these implements, in gold, and the gentleman from Missouri, Mr. Lloyd, and myself, constituting ourselves a committee, went and examined the articles."

(And then, as though it had not been all previously arranged and understood unofficially among themselves, Mr. Mann continued):

"If there be no objection from the members of the House, we will ask the members to contribute a dollar apiece; this is in order that we may make this present with an appropriate inscription."

(Here there was another outburst of approval and very hearty applause, and Mr. Mann added):

"If there be no objection, we will ask some of the employees of the House to go around to the members and collect the money. The articles will be displayed before they are sent away."

It must be understood that, under the rules of the House, this procedure was "out of order," and there was no precedent. Therefore, Representative Mann was proceeding in a parliamentary manner, by saying, "if there be no objection," because, if there had been one member so inclined to have uttered the words "I object," this honor to the Speaker and to his first grandchild could not have been paid.

One of my long-time friends, a newspaper man who is an habitual reader at the Library of Congress, has called my attention to the fact that not only is the name of my grandson printed in the *Official Record*, but that it appears in the index of the permanent *Record* of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

"WORDS FITLY SPOKEN"

Beginning with my graduation from Bethany College, West Virginia, in 1873, there have been several thousand articles published, in whole or in part, about me, ranging all the way from grossest flattery to vilest slander. But of all these articles one of the kindliest, tenderest, and the most pleasing is the following article written by Thomas V. Bodine, of *The Paris* (Missouri) *Mercury:*

> Whatever may happen between now and the next presidential convention, or whatever may follow it, Champ Clark can abide content.

Having for the first time experienced the sensation of being a grandfather, he has known and felt a thrill, such as elevation to power and place, however exalted, is powerless to furnish. He has felt the weight of a dignity and the glow that come with an honor beyond the power of prince or potentate to bestow, and we know will wear both worthily.

The years have already prepared him for the part, and the fine head with its crown of white hair speaks a coronation finished and complete. According to those who know, being daddy for the first time carries a thrill indescribable, but it is always tempered by a sense of responsibility that comes to a man but once in a lifetime. A human soul is his to mold and direct, and out of the past arises one by one the ghosts of his own infirmities; out of the future throng a multitude of phantoms—hopes and fears that grip him and temper the joy that should be his.

But when he takes his child's child in his arms for the first time, and feels the warmth of embryonic life pulsing against his own, the response is free and unfettered. He knows the years are powerless to hold him; that his will be the shifting scene out and beyond, and the sense of a direct responsibility sloughs away. With it goes forebodings and in their place come mellowed reflections of age, tempered and tender, that at worst nothing is quite so bad as it seems.

Baby hands, baby arms, and baby chatter hold him in thrall, and he submits. And in a new-found joy there comes to him, perhaps, a final sense of those values that endure. So be it there is a little child to take him by the hand and lead him down the twilight ways; so be it there echoes in his ears from dawn to dusk the music of a child's laughter, and in his heart he hugs the image of one who loves him, not because he is "Mr. President," but just "Grandad," greater than any President can ever hope to be; what matters it if no liveried lackey stands attendance? Of what moment are the hinged knees that bend that thrift may follow fawning? How quickly even the false friend and the blow in the dark become powerless to hurt, and how quickly the pomp and circumstance of place, and all shallow praise and empty adulation, resolve themselves into the trifles that they are.

The bond between an old man and his child's child is one of those mysterious recompenses that steal into his life at the sunset hour and make it holy. No other relation in life is more beautiful or more satisfying. It is all the more so because it seeks out high and low alike, and finds its way into hovel and palace, speaking that universal kinship in blessedness which abides beyond power and politics, and is unfettered of place or circumstance.

So here's love to you, Mr. Speaker, and in Missouri a yet finer sympathy. You sit in the seat of the mighty through no man's favor, and none can rob you of the laurel that the hands of a little child will bind about your brow. No President, now or forever, can possibly be as great a man as grandad—but this is not saying that to be both isn't worthy of any man's ambition.

My grandson was developing both mentally and physically, according to our fondest hopes and deepest affections; but November 1, 1919, the awful, the crushing news came that our bright, handsome, lovely boy was dead. All our hopes, all our plans, all our dreams of a splendid and useful career for him were shattered.

My friend, Hon. Frank W. Mondell, Majority floor leader, announced his death in the House, in words full of tenderest sympathy. The House, which had welcomed the news of his birth with glad acclaim, sincerely mourned his departure.

His body lay in state in the parlors of the Congress Hall Hotel. Everybody was kindness itself. The lobby and parlors were full of the little fellow's friends.

We laid him to rest at Charlestown, West Virginia, in the burial lot of his father's family, under a mountain of flowers contributed by his friends in all the ranks of life, from President Wilson to the bell-boys, chambermaids, and elevator-girls in the hotel. Universally beloved in life, he is universally beloved in his grave.

CHAPTER III

My first school-teachers—Brady and Whittern—Morgan and Woolford—Kentucky soldiers and gentlemen—Generals Morgan, Beattie, and Breckenridge, as horsemen—"Two-story-and-a-half head"—Coulter and Prather fatal feud—Cowardly murder of old man Coulter—Whittern's *sui generis* arithmetic class—Wonderful war heroes—Saw and heard piano first on Election Day—First law-book—Clerking in store when only fourteen years old—Debating societies—Mule-races—Love of my pupils—Colonel Glenn.

MY first teacher was a medical student, afterward Dr. John A. Brady. That he was above the average as a physician and surgeon—every country doctor is of necessity somewhat of a surgeon—is attested by the fact that starting in the Civil War as a regimental surgeon of Woolford's celebrated First Kentucky Union Cavalry, he was promoted first to brigade surgeon and then to division surgeon. It was said of that regiment that enough of its members could not be gotten together for a dress parade except on the eve of battle, when they forgathered from all points of the compass and went joyously into the fight.

Colonel Woolford, as well as his men, paid little attention to military rules as to equipment. The colonel himself did not dress in the uniform of his rank, but in that of private, and generally in private's uniform, decidedly shabby. He was more careless in matters of dress than Stonewall Jackson. His men were equally careless, but when trouble was afoot they were on hand, eager for the fray. Careless as they were as to their uniforms, they always kept their "shooting-irons" in prime condition. Likewise their horses. It is little exaggeration to call them centaurs.

Somewhere in Tennessee an inspector-general from Michigan looked Woolford's regiment over and berated him severely by reason of the unmilitary appearance of himself and men. At last the rough-and-ready old mountaineer lost his patience and his temper, and with a great oath and in bad grammar he yelled in the inspector-general's face: "Me and my men are not much on primping up and we did not come down here to steal niggers, but you draw up your two best Michigan regiments, and if we don't run them out of Tennessee before sundown I'm a Chinaman!" That proposed contest never eventuated.

It is said that Woolford's favorite orders to his men were: "Huddle up!" and "Scatter out!" Not classical, surely, but they understood and obeyed their beloved colonel.

Colonel Woolford and Gen. John H. Morgan, the *beau sabreur* of the Confederates, were old friends, having served together in the Mexican War. Their commands were frequently pitted against each other in fierce encounters, but according to Gen. Basil W. Duke, Morgan's second in command, they formed a sort of affection for each other. In one battle Morgan captured Woolford and begged the old colonel to give his parole, which he positively refused to do, saying: "My boys will recapture me before dark"—which they did.

In Morgan's famous raid through Indiana and Ohio, Colonel Woolford was in the pursuing army. He was present when General Morgan surrendered. The commanding general, also a Kentuckian, began to denounce Morgan bitterly, whereupon Colonel Woolford said to his superior officer: "General, General Morgan is a prisoner of war, an officer, and a gentleman, and must be treated as such." Morgan, who was a great dandy as well as a skilful fighter, stooped down, pulled off a pair of gold-mounted silver spurs which the admiring ladies of Lexington, Kentucky, had presented him, handed them gracefully to Woolford, and with a bow which would have made Lord Chesterfield turn green with envy, said: "Colonel, I will not have much use for these spurs for some time and I present them to you, the flower of Kentucky chivalry!" Most assuredly the Kentuckians are a generous, lion-hearted race, ready to fight at the drop of a hat and drop it themselves.

Colonel Woolford, as brave a soldier as ever rode to battle, as true a patriot as ever fought for our flag, was cashiered and dismissed from the service because he made speeches denouncing the project to enlist colored men. He offered to enlist as a private in his own regiment, but the authorities would not have it. Subsequently he represented his district for two terms in Congress.

When I was six years old I began my educational training under his regimental surgeon, and when I was nineteen I studied German at Transylvania University under another of his officers, Major Helvetii.

In 1910, forty-eight years after I watched the seven homeguards charge Morgan's cavalry at Mackville, I had a queer experience about General Morgan, growing out of my penchant for talking about him and Woolford, Harlan, Bramlett, Rousseau, and others. A man named Bland was the Republican nominee for Congress in the Vincennes district of Indiana, against my Democratic friend, Judge William A. Cullop. One night I spoke at Vincennes in aid of Cullop's candidacy. Mrs. Cullop told me that Bland argued in his speeches that Cullop ought not to be elected because he would vote for me for Speaker, and that I ought not to be elected Speaker because I had said that Gen. John H. Morgan was a handsome man. It was a thing incredible that any man should make such an argument, and I could not refrain from taking a shot at him at point-blank range, next day, in a speech in his home town. When I came to the right place, I thus addressed the large audience: "Mr. Bland says that Judge Cullop ought not to be elected because he would vote for me for Speaker and that I ought not to be elected to that position—the second highest in the gift of the American people—because I once said that the dashing Confederate cavalry leader, Gen. John H. Morgan, was a handsome man! I plead guilty to that crime, if crime it be. Precisely what I did say was that General Morgan was one of the handsomest men that ever straddled a horse, and I told the truth. I will not deny the truth even to elect Judge Cullop to the House and myself Speaker thereof. There are many old Union soldiers here to-day and I submit to them this question: Was it necessary for a man to be ugly as a mud fence or original sin in order to qualify as a Confederate soldier? I will tell you as an offset to Mr. Bland's preposterous argument, a beautiful short story about a gallant Union officer, Gen. John Beattie, of Ohio. Shortly after the Civil War, at a reunion of Union soldiers, one of them shook hands with General Beattie, and said, with much enthusiasm: 'General, you are the handsomest man I ever saw on a horse!' Whereupon General Beattie replied: 'You certainly never saw the Confederate Gen. John C. Breckenridge on a horse!'—a generous and gracious compliment for a general of one army to pay to a general of the opposing army! Judge ye this day betwixt the sense and taste of Mr. Bland and General Beattie."

The Union veterans yelled with delight and Judge Cullop was triumphantly elected. I do not believe my speech did it, but I am confident that it did not injure him.

Apropos of General Breckenridge's personal appearance, I never saw him on horseback, but he was the handsomest man, the most majestic human being, I ever clapped eyes on. I saw him frequently while I was attending Transylvania University, at Lexington, and was in the vast concourse who listened to his speech on his return from exile. The only sentence out of that speech which I remember was when he exclaimed: "Politically, I am an extinct volcano!"

When I was a small boy my father talked a great deal about Breckenridge. One day I asked him what sort of a looking man Breckenridge was. He replied: "He is a large, tall, handsome man, with a two-story-and-a-half head!"—the exact and literal truth.

The General Rousseau who camped on Call's farm the night before he fought at Perryville was also a large, handsome man, and after the war represented the Louisville district in Congress. In a fight in the House he broke a lignum-vitæ stick over the head of a fellow-member who had insulted him, and resigned to keep from being expelled. He went back home and was re-elected by unanimous vote, his constituents not permitting anybody to oppose him. After he was re-elected the people of Louisville, at a great mass-meeting, presented him with a tough Kentucky hickory stick with a gold knob on it big as a walnut.

The wiseacres who write sensational books and magazine articles about Kentucky feuds try to make their readers believe that feuds are confined to the mountaineers, which is a fable. Certainly Washington County is not mountainous. It is composed of rich creek and river bottoms and gently rolling blue-grass hills, though not within the charmed circle of the far-famed blue grass.

At Whittern's School in the old Glen's Creek Meeting-house, I had for schoolmates gigantic twin brothers named William and Harvey Prather, together with their cousin, Levi Coulter, cousin also to "Big Zay Coulter," the "Sue Mundy guerrilla" hereinafter mentioned. All the Coulters were Southern sympathizers, while the Prathers were stanch Unionists. This difference of view engendered bitterness of feeling betwixt these kindred families. To add fuel to the flames, Levi Coulter and his cousin, Harve Prather, courted the same girl. She preferred Prather. They were married in harvest-time, 1863. As was then the custom in rural Kentucky, the wedding was about noon, followed by a feast that Lucullus would have envied. For some reason, Levi Coulter attended the wedding and participated in the wedding dinner—perhaps to show that he harbored no malice, and perhaps for the purpose of revenge. Whatever may have been his motive, here's what happened: after dinner the men were out in the yard, chatting and smoking, when the newly made bridegroom, Harve Prather, and his rival cousin, Levi Coulter, got into a quarrel. Coulter was standing with his back to a plank fence, all the planks except the three lower ones being broken off. Prather, a larger and stronger man, knocked him over the fence and then got on top of him to beat him up. Coulter got his pistol out and shot Prather through the heart, killing him instantly.

The Prathers lived on a gravel road about two miles from Willisburg. The Coulters lived on the same gravel road about half a mile nearer to Willisburg, the house being on a slightly higher ground than the Prather house. From the up-stairs south window of the Coulter house one could observe what was going on on the Prather premises. Levi Coulter knew enough about his Prather cousins to know that they would "get" him if he did not "get" them first. So, two or three days after the death of Harvey, Levi was at that up-stairs south window watching proceedings at the Prather place, when he saw Harvey's twin brother William, and the hired hand, mount their horses and, each with a double-barreled shotgun across the pommel of his saddle, start to Willisburg. So he descended from his lookout, concealed himself in a thicket of locust-bushes within twenty feet of the gravel road, and shot into his cousin William two loads of buckshot, which caused the death of William.

A few days later Levi and his father, old Tom Coulter, together with their negroes, were engaged in cutting wheat. They had laid their revolvers and shotguns on convenient near-by stumps. After a while they looked up and saw several well-armed men approaching. Levi recognized them as the remnant of the Prather clan and their allies, and, having no doubt as to what they would do to him, ran for his weapons, swearing that he would die fighting; but his father persuaded him to surrender, arguing that it was the constable with a *posse comitatus*, coming not to kill him, but only to arrest him. So the father and son surrendered, and soon Levi discovered that his worst forebodings were about to come true; for, instead of taking them to town to turn them over to the authorities, the Prather crowd made them get up behind two men on horses and started to a dense thicket not far away. Riding through the thicket, Levi motioned to his father to jump in one direction while he jumped in the other direction. As soon as the Prathers recovered from their surprise, they opened a fusillade on the fugitives. Levi escaped unscratched and was never seen in that part of the world again, and, so far as I have been able to learn, has never been heard of. His father was less fortunate, being hit in the fleshy parts of his body by forty-four bullets and buckshot. He "played 'possum," and the Prathers left him for dead. That night his family and friends transported him to Springfield, the county-seat, in order to have the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Frank Polin, patch him up. When, to their utter disgust and unspeakable anger, the Prathers learned he was not only alive, but apt to get well of his numerous wounds, they rode into Springfield at night, took him out into the woods, tied him to a tree, and shot hundreds of bullets into him, making sure that time that he was as dead as the men who lived before the Flood. No arrests were ever made and that was the end of the feud.

Of Whittern's arithmetic class, one was voted a gold medal by Congress for heroic conduct on the field, one was killed fighting valiantly under Quantrell, one was wounded under Banks at Mansfield, the Prather twins were killed in a private feud, Levi Coulter, who killed them, became a fugitive from justice, and the youngest member became Speaker of the House of Representatives. While Whittern, being a professional phrenologist, claimed that he could tell what was inside his pupils' heads by feeling the bumps on the outside of their heads, luckily he was not blessed with prophetic powers, and could not predict their futures. Otherwise there would have been some long faces in his little school.

The best school-teacher who ever taught me was a strolling English phrenologist named Charles R. Whittern, for whose memory I have profound affection. My father induced him to teach for three months a subscription school in the neighborhood, and, finding that he was a splendid teacher, father and others induced him to teach in that vicinity for more than a year. In fact, he taught until he died. I thought then that he knew everything. I know now that he did not know very much, but what he did know he could teach better than any other man that I ever saw. As between a teacher who knows little but can incite in his pupils a love of learning and one who knows a great deal and has not the power to incite that love of learning, I prefer the former. He is by far the more valuable of the two. Whittern built up a great reputation for teaching arithmetic, and a lot of grown men came to school. I was a little tike, only ten years old, but I could outfigure any of them, and those bearded men made a great pet of me. To show the conditions in Kentucky at the beginning of the Civil War, I will state this concerning that arithmetic class.

To my certain knowledge one of them, Orville Bush Young, a man thirty years old, studied prayerfully for two or three months to decide whether it was his duty to go to Bacon College, Kentucky, and make a Christian preacher, or to go into the Union Army. He at last decided in favor of the army and enlisted in the Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, commanded by Col. John Marshall Harlan, afterward Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the battle of Jonesboro, before Atlanta, Young was the first man to place the Union flag on the Confederate breastworks, and Congress voted him a gold medal for so doing. General Sherman offered him a captaincy, which he declined. Another man in that arithmetic class, named Nimrod Hendron, served in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry and was under General Banks in his unfortunate expedition up the Red River, in Louisiana. Hendron was wounded at Mansfield, where Banks was badly defeated by Gen. "Dick" Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor. A third member of that arithmetic class was named Isaiah Colter. There were so many Isaiah Colters in that vicinity that they called him "Big Zay." He stood six feet six in his stockings, had jet-black hair, was about the complexion of an Indian, and was straight as an arrow—altogether one of the finest specimens of manhood in Kentucky—which is saying a great deal. He was one of the chiefs of what was known as the "Sue Mundy" band of guerrillas. When Quantrell, of Kansas-Missouri celebrity, received his death-wound at the battle of Bloomfield, Kentucky, "Big Zay" was shot through and through with a Springfield-carbine ball. He made one of his friends run a silk handkerchief through his body with a ramrod and tie knots at both ends of the wound. Then he mounted a magnificent thoroughbred stallion belonging to the celebrated Alexander stock-farm in Woodford County, and rode twenty miles to his aunt's house in Anderson

County. Shortly afterward he contracted pneumonia and died.

"Sue Mundy's" real name was M. Jerome Clark, son of Gen. Hector M. Clark and a first cousin to Beverly Leonidas Clark, a Representative in Congress and Minister to Guatemala. Jerome Clark served three years in the Confederate Army and his captain, James E. Cantrell, of Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry, subsequently a distinguished jurist and father of Representative James Campbell Cantrell, said that young Clark was one of his bravest and most trusted scouts.

The accident of being so badly wounded at the battle of Cynthiana, during Morgan's last raid into Kentucky, that it was necessary to leave him behind, together with the impossibility of joining his command, changed him into a guerrilla. The sobriquet of "Sue Mundy" was "given to him in fun by his comrades at a May Day festival they were holding while in camp. On account of his smooth, girlish-looking face and long, black, wavy hair, which he permitted to grow down on his shoulders, they crowned him Queen of the May and gave him the name of 'Sue Mundy,' so he adopted this name through the remainder of his life."

He enlisted as a Confederate soldier at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, Tennessee, when scarcely sixteen, and was hanged by the Federal authorities at Louisville before he was twenty-one.

When Young, my classmate aforementioned, enlisted, an amusing thing happened. A man named Squire Land, to whose sister-in-law Young was engaged, went with Young to Lebanon to take the horses back home. Land was much in the habit of violating King Solomon's inhibition against looking too long on the wine when it is red in the cup—in his case Kentucky bourbon—and upon reaching Lebanon proceeded immediately to fill up. So when Young held up his hand to be sworn in, Land held up his also and was sworn in "for three years or during the war," as the witty Irishman said when he wanted the doctor in a dry community to give him some whisky "unbeknownst" to himself.

Next morning, when Land awoke and found himself in uniform and duly enlisted, he said that it was all right and that he would do anything a soldier was ordered to do except charge breastworks, which he swore he would not do, as he considered it an idiotic and inhuman performance. His comrades testify that he was a brave soldier. The first time his regiment was ordered to charge breastworks, after nearly three years' service, was at Jonesboro, where Young won his gold medal for heroism. As soon as the order to charge was given, Land, who had fought on many bloody fields with genuine courage, true to his word, turned and ran as hard as he could clatter to the ambulances in the rear!

The first election I ever attended was when I was fourteen years old at Mackville, Kentucky—a string town with two or three hundred inhabitants in 1864. I will never forget what I saw that day, should I rival the age of Methuselah—for among other things I saw four men shot.

Early in the morning a soldier, Kyar Voteau, a private in the Eleventh Kentucky Union Cavalry, drunk as a lord, in full uniform, and a Beall's navy pistol in hand, began swaggering around, "hunting for a McClellan man." The civilians, wanting no trouble with him, gave him hazy, propitious answers, or flatly lied out of a scrape. He proceeded on his weaving way for about two hours, getting drunker and more of a nuisance and menace every moment. Finally, however, he ran onto a snag. He came across a big, strapping, upstanding private named Sallee, also in full uniform, who belonged to Colonel Jacob's Tenth Kentucky Union Cavalry. Voteau announced in a most truculent manner that he had long been in search of a McClellan man. Sallee said: "You have found him! I'm a McClellan man!" The amazed Voteau bawled: "The hell you are! Where's your pistol?" Sallee answered very quickly: "I have none, but you wait here a few minutes and I will find a man who has one." If I had acted with wisdom I would have departed instanter; but as it was my first observation of election proceedings, I proposed to see all there was to be seen and backed up into a store door to watch developments. They came with such a rush as to satisfy even the most fastidious. Soon here came the original soldier, Sallee, shaking his huge fist at Voteau, and his two brothers, privates in the same regiment to which he belonged, in full uniform, with Beall's navies in their hands. Not a word was said. Voteau hopped right out into the middle of the street and opened fire on them, and they returned the fire. He wounded two of them, then turned and ran for a hundred yards in such time as neither Ten Broek nor Molly McCarty could have excelled.

Exit Kyar Voteau. I went down the street three or four blocks, where a stuttering private of Rousseau's Louisville Legion, who had received a Minié ball in his shin and was home on furlough, was engaged in an altercation with a citizen named Richardson. Nicholson went at Richardson with a bowie-knife and Richardson shot at him with the last "pepper-box" pistol I ever saw, all six barrels going off at once, as usual. The shots missed Nicholson and hit an innocent bystander in the leg.

That day is memorable in my life for another reason—because then I first saw and heard a piano. It was in Squire John Bosley's house and was played by his daughter. Delighted with the music, I peeped through the window to see the marvelous instrument and the beautiful manipulator thereof. Since that I have heard "Blind Tom," Paderewski, and other famous performers on the pianoforte, but, so far as my memory serves, Miss Bosley excelled them all.

For two or three years it puzzled me why Voteau fought so bravely at first and then ran like a race-horse. At last he sent his children to school to me. After I became well enough acquainted with him to swap pistols with him, one day I said: "Kyar, I have been curious to know why you fought those Sallees so bravely on Election Day, 1864, at Mackville, and then suddenly turned and ran away." He replied: "Those cusses shot me through my pistol-hand and shot the running gear off my pistol, and I wasn't blamed fool enough to stand there and be killed, so I took to my scrapers!"—a complete and satisfactory explanation—proof positive—of the truth of the old saying that sometimes discretion is the better part of valor. It also establishes the fact that, while Kyar Voteau was somewhat of a swaggering bully and entirely too fond of *spiritus frumenti*, he was a good deal of a philosopher, firm in the belief that

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight some other day—

all of which my old friend did.

A few months later I attended the first trial in court that I ever witnessed.

A brilliant young chap named Tom Peters, scion of a large and influential family, was a soldier in Rousseau's Louisville Legion. A Minié ball had broken his shin at Chickamauga and he was home on a furlough. At that time there was no saloon in Mackville, but a New York druggist named Perkins catered to the thirsty ones on the sly. He conducted what is now known as "a blind tiger," "a blind pig," "a joint," "a dead-fall," or "a speak-easy," owing to latitude and longitude. So on Christmas Eve Tom Peters and a lot of rollicking young fellows bought some bottles of Log Cabin Bitters—perhaps the worst whisky on earth—from Perkins, and drank until they were in a very hilarious mood. Then they demanded more bottles of bitters from Perkins, which he declined to produce for fear of the grand jury, as he alleged. That did not satisfy Tom, so with a bowie-knife he went at Perkins, who shot Tom through the body with a pistol.

Perkins was duly arrested and arraigned before Squire John Bosley for preliminary examination. Perkins employed J. Proctor Knott, the famous orator, to defend him, and Peters's folks employed "Bob" Hardin, afterward Chief Justice of Kentucky, to assist the county attorney, who was a great numskull, in the prosecution. There, in that little dingy office of a justice of the peace, those two distinguished lawyers wrestled with each other for two or three days.

I played hooky from school to watch that trial, for, though only thirteen years old, I had determined to be a lawyer, and most assuredly I received my first lesson in the law from past-masters in the profession.

The first law-book I ever saw was in the hands of J. Proctor Knott. It was a volume of Ben Monroe's reports.

I shall never forget the evidence of Dr. Frank Polin, a famous surgeon of Springfield. He was called as a witness to testify as to the nature of Tom's wound, whether he would die ot it, etc., in order to fix the amount of bail. In answer to a question of counsel, Polin answered: "He will get well, apparently, will become fat as a butter-ball, and will die in less than three years from that bullet wound, turning green as grass before he dies, because he was shot through the liver!" That was my first information touching the fact that a man had a liver. I was not well up in anatomy. So I watched Tom Peters like a hawk watches a chicken to see if Dr. Frank Polin was correct in his prognostication and diagnosis. Tom apparently did get well; he became fat as a butter-ball; he started overland to California with a drove of cattle and died in the Rocky Mountains in less than three years. I have often wondered whether he turned green before he died.

Another reason why I observed Tom so closely was that when first shot by Perkins and when he thought death was staring him in the face he joined the Church of the Disciples; but when he recovered he declined to be baptized, on the principle enunciated in the old couplet:

> When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

When I was fourteen years old I clerked for three or four months in a country store owned principally by a preacher in the Christian Church, William T. Corn, a very handsome man, without very much education, but a splendid preacher and with the saving grace of humor. That was toward the end of the war, and the country was greatly infested with thieves and robbers. One time the proprietors of the store went away and left me alone. They directed me to hide the money that I took in. It so happened that we had a good run of trade that day and I carefully wrapped up the money, all paper, and stowed it away where I did not think any thief could find it. When they returned, I went with some pride to get the money to show to them, and, very much to my disgust, I discovered that not thieves, but mice, had found the money and had bitten it into pieces so small that it was impossible to tell the denomination of a single bill. Corn was a poor man, but he exercised his Christian charity by not hauling me over the coals. Nevertheless, that incident so disgusted me that my career as a merchant came to a sudden conclusion.

I began teaching school before I was fifteen, in the neighborhood where I was reared and where I knew every man, woman, and child. Of course, I was too young, but it was the only way I had to earn money enough to go to college on, and, while I had a rocky road to travel, I hung on. Breaking up schools and running out the teachers was not uncommon in those lawless days, but they did not break up any of mine and they did not run me out. My chief qualification as a teacher was my physical size and strength, which stood me in good stead.

The period of my first four or five schools was just after the close of the Civil War. A great many young men came to school to me who had seen service in the army and who were therefore much older than I was. They had enlisted during the last days of the war and their education was somewhat belated. Indeed, soldiers from both armies came to school to me. One man who had served four years in Harlan's Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, and his daughter, were both pupils of mine at the same time. When I taught school at Camden, in Anderson County, Kentucky, in 1871–72, a veteran teacher sixty-four years old came to school to me to learn to read Greek so that he could read the New Testament in Greek, as he had made up his mind to investigate certain theological points in his own way. He made me a proposition that if I would teach him Greek one hour each day he would hear lessons for me three hours each day. As he was a tiptop teacher, it was a very good arrangement for me as well as for the pupils and their parents. The papers have had a good deal to say about the fact that a certain man and his son were classmates at the University of Missouri recently, but I am rather inclined to think that that is no more remarkable than that one of Harlan's soldiers and his daughter came to school to me at the same time, and that a man sixty-four years old came to me to learn Greek. One thing is certain—if I had known as little Greek in 1871–72 as I know now, my aged pupil would not have learned to read the Greek Testament very soon. I have wondered time and again why a man forgets his Greek so much sooner than he forgets his Latin.

I once asked Dr. William Everett, while he was a Member of Congress, of the why of that fact. At first he denied flatly that such was the case; but when I insisted that I knew by experience and from talking with others that it was a fact, he gave this amazing reply: "Well, perhaps my own case is not to be relied on, for my father [Edward Everett] put me to sleep when I was a child by singing songs to me in the original Greek!" No wonder he never forgot his Greek! It is safe to say that no other American boy ever had a similar experience with an American father. Greek was Doctor Everett's "mother tongue," or, more properly, his "father tongue," if I may be permitted to coin such a phrase, and I see no reason why I cannot do so.

While teaching country schools I organized debating societies of the grown-up boys and such of the patrons as I could induce to participate. We debated such thrilling and important questions as:

"There is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession."

"Which is the more useful animal, the horse or the cow?"

"Which was the greater man, Washington or Napoleon?"

"Which is mightier, the pen or the sword?"

"Which is the more useful, water or fire?"

"Is there financial profit in being educated?"

Occasionally we tackled the really important problem, "Should capital punishment be abolished?" That question is causing much debate and much legislation even now.

It was dull, crude debating, but to me, perhaps to others, it was useful, because in that way I learned to think and talk at the same time on my feet. I am decidedly in favor of school and college debating societies.

One peculiar feature of these debates was that the debaters stipulated that I should not use biographical or historical information, for even at that early period of my life I had read all the histories and biographies I could lay my hands on. The amusing feature of the situation was that if I did not agree to be thus circumscribed I was excluded from participating in the debate in my own debating society.

That reminds me of a thing that happened in the olden time in Lincoln County—one of the finest counties in the district which I have so long represented. Almost every one knows that the best mules in the world are raised in Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It is said that when President Wilson sent our army and navy to Vera Cruz to awe General Huerta into saluting our flag, the thing which most surprised the Mexicans was the enormous size of the Missouri mules as compared with the jack-rabbit-like Mexican mules. In the early days, one of the favorite sports in Lincoln was running mule-races. There was a man named Bilbro who owned a mule which was so fast that no other mule had a ghost of a show of winning. Bilbro's mule was so uniformly victor that other mule-owners declined to enter into competition. Consequently, that particular and primitive sport was dying out. Finally an ingenious citizen hit upon this happy plan of reviving it by publishing a notice which ran in this wise: "Great Mule-race! All Mules free to enter!! Bilbro's Mule barred!!!"

There has been much over-praise of "the good old days," and much idiotic condemnation of them, but sometimes it seems to me that the pioneers managed to extract about as much pleasure out of life as we do out of our up-to-date surroundings. At any rate, they were not kill-joys by any manner of means. Perhaps not one out of fifty who reads this book knows that a pacing or fox-trotting mule is a most pleasant saddler, but it is true, nevertheless. I know it because I have ridden them.

I have one abiding consolation in looking back over my career as a teacher—all my pupils, male and female, wherever they may be by land or sea and whatever their occupation, are my sworn friends to this day without regard to religion or politics. Some of them have been of great assistance to me in politics. For example, Col. Edward A. Glenn, of Louisiana, Missouri, has been chairman of the Pike County Committee and the Congressional Committee—managing several of my campaigns, and in the presidential campaign of 1912 was one of my most active and successful managers. He possesses a positive genius for organization. While I was Speaker I appointed him clerk of the House. Later he resigned to be one of the Mississippi River Commissioners, which appointment he obtained with my assistance. To aid him in securing a good place was to me a labor of love—particularly as he is thoroughly qualified. Colonel Glenn is a very successful business man—owns and works three or four of the finest farms in Missouri and Illinois. He has worked so much and so hard for me, without money and without price, in the political field that I have a paternal affection for him.

CHAPTER IV

First really great man I ever saw—Played "hooky" to hear political speeches —Governor Bramlett's pince-nez spectacles—My "first appearance on the stage"—Chaplain shouted, "Boys, give them hell"—Civil War and reign of terror—I heard battle of Perryville and saw battle of Mackville—General Duke's thrilling escape—Two great steers, "Buck" and "Darby" —Little girl witnessed murder of grandmother—Triple lynching followed.

THE first really great man I ever saw was Col. John Marshall Harlan, later Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, one of the most eminent of all the justices of that high tribunal.

In 1863, when in the flower of his years and the prime of his splendid powers, he was candidate for Attorney-General of Kentucky, to which office he was elected. He was as magnificent a specimen of a physical man as one would have found in a month's journey—standing six feet three in his stockings, weighing two hundred avoirdupois without an ounce of surplus flesh, red-headed, blond as any lily, graceful as a panther, he was the typical Kentuckian in his best estate.

His mental and educational equipment was superb. On a glorious day in October, at a great picnic in Henry Isham's sugar-grove, in the outskirts of Mackville, Colonel Harlan and Col. Thomas E. Bramlett, candidate for Governor, spoke to a great concourse of people. I played hooky to hear them speak. Governor Bramlett was a large, handsome man and made a good speech, but Harlan easily overtopped him mentally, physically, and oratorically. Mere chunk of a boy as I was, I could see that Harlan was the greater man, and I thought that therefore he ought to have been running for the greater office—the correct theory, surely. That night I poured out my thoughts to my father, whereupon he kindly gave me my first lesson in practical politics, explaining "the availability" of men and other things unnecessary to mention. He exploded my theory of the biggest man being entitled to the biggest office, but I mourn for that theory yet. I regret that I was disillusioned.

Colonel Bramlett had a large Roman nose and he carried the first pair of pince-nez spectacles I ever saw. He was a widower, and when he began his speech he clapped his pince-nez on his prominent proboscis, looked the audience over with a quizzical smile, and remarked: "I hope the ladies will not think my heart is as old as my eyes are!"—a skilful and delicate hint which pleased his female auditors immensely, and which is all that I recollect of his speech. Had female suffrage been then in vogue, the chances are that his delicate mot would have made him votes.

In that same sugar-grove, on an improvised platform, in September, 1863, I made my first appearance "in public on the stage." Call told me I could go to the picnic in the afternoon, *provided* I would cut and put up eleven shocks of corn, sixteen hills square, before noon, which was a good day's work for a grown man. I was only thirteen, but I accomplished the heavy task. I was in such a hurry that I accidentally chopped a piece of bone out of my left shin with a corn-knife. I tied a rag saturated with Mexican mustang liniment around my wounded leg and after dinner went to the picnic. The folks set me up on the platform and I declaimed Webster's glowing peroration in the Reply to Hayne. It was a memorable day in my life.

One company of Harlan's regiment, the Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, was raised in the community where I lived. I knew almost every man in it. When the soldiers came home from the war they had divers tales to tell of their beloved colonel. Among other things they said he could outrun, outjump, and outwrestle any man in the regiment. They told with much glee how, before they were ever in battle, the colonel would make them speeches about how bravely they should perform under fire, and how, after their first engagement—the battle of Mill Springs—the colonel told them frankly that if any of them felt like running he did not blame them, for all that prevented him from fleeing was his shoulder-straps.

They told another story which I quoted every time I caught Mr. Justice Harlan in congenial company when anecdotes were in order. His men said that he had a very bellicose chaplain, a Baptist preacher of local renown. At the battle of Chickamauga, so they claimed, when the Union forces were hard pressed, the chaplain, instead of being in the rear, administering the comforts of religion to the dying and aiding the wounded, was in front, rushing up and down the lines, encouraging the soldiers, and, believing that some swearing was necessary, and not being willing to swear himself, he would yell, "Boys, give them hell, as Colonel Harlan says!"

As Mr. Justice Harlan was a staid and rigid old-school Presbyterian elder, that excerpt from his martial history always plagued him a little, but it tickled his friends.

He was a delightful traveling companion, was fond of telling anecdotes and reminiscences, and was the only man I ever knew who habitually bought all the papers he could find in order to read the editorials rather than the news.

One of the strangest events in his long and distinguished career was that in the last years of his life he sat side by side with Mr. Justice Lurton, an ex-Confederate Tennessee soldier, on the bench of the Supreme Court. These two grave and reverend seigniors had fought face to face on several bloody fields. That is one of the innumerable evidences of the generosity of the American people. Not only was Mr. Justice Lurton a Confederate soldier, but Mr. Chief-Justice White, whom all men delight to honor, fought four years under the Stars and Bars. Their patriotism is no more questioned than is that of Mr. Justice Holmes, who fought four years under the Stars and Stripes and who bears honorable scars as testimonials to his valor.

Though he could have retired on full pay some years before he died, Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field determined to remain on the bench until he exceeded Chief-Justice Marshall in length of service—which he did. When Mr. Justice Harlan could have retired on full pay he started in to beat Field's record for length of service, but he failed to do so, death claiming him while he was still strong and apparently good for several years of lusty life.

He was the first man whom I ever voted against for Governor. It was when he was defeated by Preston H. Leslie in 1871. Leslie was not only elected Governor of Kentucky, but was subsequently appointed Governor of the Territory of Montana. It is a most unusual thing for a man to be chief magistrate of two magnificent commonwealths.

While the Union and Confederate Kentuckians fought each other with conspicuous gallantry in the field, they did each other many kindnesses when not engaged in battle. Gen. Basil W. Duke, second in command in Gen. John H. Morgan's Confederate cavalry, in his intensely interesting *Book of Reminiscences* gives a very pleasant account of how Col. John M. Harlan saved his life and the life of a friend, Captain Kennett. They were both in the Confederate service in Missouri during the early months of the war. As their wives were in Lexington, Kentucky, they desired to reach that city. So, dressed in citizens' clothes, they had proceeded as far as Elizabethtown, when a brigade of Union soldiers suddenly appeared on the scene. They started on foot toward Lexington. General Duke says:

"We then concluded that we would walk along the railroad track until we reached some point where we might catch a train. Quite a number of the troops were bivouacked on both sides of the road, and we were compelled to pass through them. I cautioned Kennett not to call me by name or do anything which might especially attract attention. I had learned that there were several Kentucky regiments in this force—many of them men from central Kentucky, where I was born—and among these it was extremely probable that there would be some who knew me. We got through safely, and, although occasionally 'guyed,' no one halted us. I believed that the danger was past, but reckoned a little too hastily. Just as we drew near the entrance to the tunnel at Muldraugh's Hill, two miles north of Elizabethtown, a hand-car with several Federal officers on it overtook us. We stepped aside to let it pass, and I pulled my hat-brim over my face to avoid possible recognition. But Kennett, moved by an impulse of pure mischief, called out: 'Won't you let us ride with you, gentlemen? We are very foot-sore and tired.' I forgot my caution, threw back my hat, and looked up just as the car came alongside, and realized that I was face to face with three or four men with whom I was well, and had previously been quite pleasantly, acquainted. Among them were Col. George Jouett, afterward killed at Perryville, and Colonel, subsequently Gen. John M. Harlan, since one of the most distinguished of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. I was immediately recognized, and my name was called by two or three of them, accompanied with expressions of surprise at my presence in that locality. They also imperatively ordered me to surrender. I tried to seem astonished and look as if it was a case of mistaken identity, but was very much puzzled about what I should do. Greatly to my wonder and relief, however, the car, instead of being stopped, rolled on into the tunnel. When I saw this I hurriedly bade Kennett good-by, sprang up the side of the cut, which was neither steep nor very high at the point where I happened to be, and made off at a full speed through a field of standing corn. By the time that the hand-car with its occupants had returned to the spot, I had so rapidly evacuated that I was beyond immediate pursuit.

"It was not until after the close of the war that I learned how and by whom my escape had been aided. I related this incident to a gentleman in Lexington and noticed that he listened with some amusement, as well as interest. When I had finished my story he informed me that he had heard it before. 'John Harlan told me of it,' he said, 'just after it happened, and it is to him that you are indebted for your good fortune in getting off as well as you did.' When Judge Harlan recognized me it at once occurred to him that I was trying to make my way to Lexington to see my wife; but he also realized that if captured I would be in great peril of being tried and punished as a spy. I was dressed in citizen's clothes and within the Federal lines on no ostensible military business. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken me without hesitation, but was unwilling that I should be put to death for an offense of which he believed me innocent. So he quietly placed his foot under the brake, and the efforts of his companions failed to stop the car. Judge Harlan's foot, like everything in his make-up, mental, moral, and physical, was constructed on a liberal, indeed a grand scale, and might affect the motion of a passenger-coach, not to mention a hand-car. It was an exceedingly generous and kindly act, and I, of course, can never forget how deeply I am indebted to him."

I was within hearing of the battle of Perryville—one of the bloodiest of the war. General Buell was the Union commander and General Bragg the Confederate.

The night before the battle, Rousseau's division of McCook's corps of Buell's army camped on Call's farm where I was working, eight miles from Perryville. Mrs. Call and her colored woman cooked all night for the soldiers and I carried water for them. Next morning at break of day I heard the cannon's opening roar—first one gun, then more and more, and finally the rattle of small arms. About sunrise a staff-officer, his horse foam-covered and panting like a lizard, dashed up to General Rousseau's headquarters with orders from General McCook directing him to double-quick his men toward Perryville till he struck the Confederates.

As at the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond to Wellington and his officers on the eve of Waterloo:

> Then and there was hurrying to and fro,
>
> . . . .
>
> And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

Rousseau's soldiers left so suddenly that they threw away much of their impedimenta. After they quit their camps I picked up several brand-new blouses and pairs of trousers which had never been worn, and one new pair of sewed shoes, the first foot-gear of that sort I ever wore. I was only twelve years old, but large for my age, and managed to wear the clothes. Good Mrs. Call insisted on dyeing them with the juice of the black walnut and cutting off the brass buttons before she would let me wear them, fearing that otherwise somebody would shoot me.

The soldiers did no harm to Call's property except that they burned some of his rails and ate up all the fruit on the place, including walnuts and hickory nuts.

Call had a pair of the largest, tallest, and most rapid traveling steers—Buck and Darby—ever put under yoke. I plowed them many a day and kept up with a good horse-team. The day after the battle he told me to take the oxen and wagon and haul some rails down on the gravel road where the soldiers had burned his fence, which I proceeded to do. Just as I began to throw off the load of rails, on top of which I was standing beside the gravel road, a brass band came along. Buck and Darby looked at the musicians in amazement, bawled, stuck their tongues out, ran like mad through a thick beech forest, scattered me and the rails along miscellaneously, and smashed that wagon into kindling-wood. Probably no such time was ever made before or since by any two bovines, not even by Solon Chase's famous campaign oxen. If there had been a world's ring for race-steers I would have entered Buck and Darby, confident of winning the blue ribbon. Luckily, after describing a parabola through space, I landed in a mud-hole, from which a straggling soldier pulled me out unhurt, but, like David Copperfield, according to Mr. Dick, very much in need of a bath. I was delighted to escape from that hazardous wagon-ride alive and with a whole hide. It is not so famous a ride as Mazeppa's, John Gilpin's, or Paul Revere's, but to me it was fully as dangerous and thrilling.

One amazing fact about the battle of Perryville was that, while at a distance of six or seven miles, I could hear it from beginning to end, General Buell and his staff, who were not half so far away, did not hear it until it had been raging five or six hours. Perhaps the topography of the country and the direction of the wind were the reasons. Buell's failure to hear was one of the facts which caused him to be relieved of his command.

The reign of terror which prevailed in Kentucky from

1865 to 1868 was precipitated by a murder which occurred on the Perryville battle-field just at the close of the war. Part of that bloody field was a small hilly farm owned by old widow Bottom. On her farm was a big limestone spring which ran a stream several inches in diameter. The battle was fought about the middle of October, at the end of a drought of considerable length and intensity. The two armies fought like tigers for possession of that spring, and around it dead men, some in blue and some in gray, were piled up in great windrows.

In 1865 two men robbed old Mrs. Bottom. She claimed to recognize them as two of her neighbors named Taylor. There were so many Taylors in that community that some of them were nicknamed, and one of the accused was generally called "Splitfoot" Taylor, by reason of a bad accidental ax-wound which he had inflicted on himself. They were both indicted for robbery. A few days before the opening of the court at which they were to be tried the two Taylors concluded that, as she was the sole witness against them, the surest way out for them was to murder her, which they proceeded to do. She lived alone in a log cabin with a loose board-loft, so common in that day among the poorer folks. It seemed easy, but

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley.

So it was in this case. It so happened that on the night of the murder her little granddaughter, some eight or nine years old, was visiting her and was sleeping in the loft. She was awakened by the noise, and, looking down through the cracks betwixt the boards, saw them murder her grandmother, and recognized them. As soon as they left, she ran home and related the horrible story. A hue and cry were immediately raised. The whole countryside was aroused and the Taylors were soon caught and identified by the little girl. They were placed in the calaboose at Perryville to await their preliminary trial before a justice of the peace. Before the preliminary trial could be had, the neighbors counseled together, and the best citizens of that community, without regard to religious or political affiliations, concluded to lynch the murderers. They took from the calaboose the two Taylors and a colored preacher, awaiting his preliminary trial for being too free with his neighbors' porkers, to a thick beech woods and swung all three of them to the limbs of trees. Now be it remembered by those not acquainted with beech-trees that they make a shade as dense almost as that of a cypress swamp. "Splitfoot's" rope broke, and in the darkness he made his escape. He will reappear in a surprising manner in this story. The lynching of these men was the spark which exploded the powder-magazine and which, in turn, destroyed the lives of three or four scores of what Colonel Roosevelt denominated "undesirable citizens"; and, by the way, in his account of his life in Dakota, he looked with lenient if not approving eye on the summary process of lynch law, particularly where the crime is horse-stealing in a nascent pioneer community.

The chief reason why these good and pious people around Perryville—and there were and are none better anywhere—took the law into their own hands and pulled off the lynching-bee aforesaid was this: Col. Thomas E. Bramlett, a Union colonel, was Governor. He was a brave, generous, big-hearted, high-souled man. Kentucky is perhaps the only state in the Union whose constitution authorizes the Governor to pardon a person accused of crime, before conviction; but in that well-beloved commonwealth the Governor can pardon a person from the moment of accusation till the sheriff makes his return on the death-warrant.

Governor Bramlett took the position—an entirely reasonable one—that in the excitement of Civil War days many citizens transgressed the laws who would not have done so in times of peace. Consequently, if a man had been in the army—either army—for, to his credit be it said, he treated the Confederates as well as he treated the Union soldiers—he would pardon him, either before or after conviction. I remember that about a year after this Perryville episode six men were at one term of court sent to the penitentiary, and that all six, having been soldiers—some in one army and some in t'other—he pardoned the whole group, and they all got home ahead of the sheriff, who had conveyed them to state's prison. That night the enraged citizens lynched five of them and would have lynched the sixth if they could have caught him.

So the good citizens about Perryville, fearing to take chances, worked off their own criminals in short order and *sans cérémonie.* The lynching idea spread like wildfire.

It was not long until companies of regulators, vigilantes, or lynchers, were operating in most of the counties in Kentucky. At a low estimate, they hanged fifty to seventy-five men—most of whom richly deserved it—cowhided two or three hundred more, and ordered that many out of the state. They went at once and did not stand on the order of their going.

It is a historic fact that several Representatives in Congress went to see the first battle of Bull Run. One of them landed in Libby Prison and was never again enthusiastic about witnessing battles. Among these visiting statesmen was Representative John A. Logan, of Illinois—subsequently Major-Gen. John A. Logan—"Black Jack" as his men fondly named him. He had been a captain in the Mexican War, and when the Union Army began to retreat his martial spirit rose and, grabbing a gun, he began to shoot. A demoralized soldier, running to the rear as fast as his legs could carry him, rushed past Logan, who bellowed at him: "What the devil are you running for?" Without slowing up in his gait, the soldier answered, "Because I can't fly!" For the same reason these enforced Kentucky refugees didn't go any faster. They went horseback, footback, and in wagons. They were a good riddance and Kentucky knew them no more.

Without exaggeration or bad taste, they could have appropriated as their own a witty couplet originated by the convicts of Botany Bay:

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good!

So many men were lynched in Kentucky in two or three years that a person traveling through the woods instinctively would pick out an eligible limb on which to hang somebody. I have done that scores of times.

For a long time I had some twigs from a black-jack sapling on which four of my acquaintances were hanged.

What was the effect of these summary proceedings? Criminals were so thoroughly cowed that a person could have left his pocketbook lying in the middle of the big road and nobody would have picked it up, while thousands of loafers and thieves who had been living by their wits or by the strong arm went to work.

The chief danger about lynching is that it is as contagious as the smallpox or the bubonic plague. Another trouble is that three or four men can hang a man as easily as three or four hundred can do it. While the first lynchings, as in the Perryville case, were done by whole communities acting in concert to administer rude justice on persons clearly guilty of abominable crimes, later men were hanged on doubtful evidence or mere suspicion, and still later a very few men would hang a man for private revenge for some small personal injury. The exposure of a gross case of that kind so aroused the people, who were growing weary of the extra-judicial executions, that they arose in their might and put an end to the whole business.

The case which stopped it was this: A wild, rollicking young fellow named Sam Lambert, tall, slender, handsome, with a fine shock of long, black curly hair, went to the village of Cornishville one night. He and four denizens of that town, full of fighting whisky, engaged in a game of seven-up for high stakes. They got into a combat in which Lambert was killed with pistol bullets. The quartet, in a vain endeavor to prevent suspicion falling on them, threw his body across a horse and took it to the black-jack aforesaid, about two or three miles from town, and hanged it in due form. He was the fourth and last man to swing from that sapling. One close observer in the crowd which went out to view the corpse next day pointed out to his neighbors the suggestive fact that Lambert's long, black curly hair was stiff with blood and standing straight up. This led to an investigation, which developed the fact that the body had been riddled with bullets and that he was dead before he was hanged. By piecing things together, a case was made in court against the quartet of seven-up players and they were convicted of manslaughter—and thus ended the reign of "Judge Lynch" in Kentucky. The regularly constituted courts resumed their sway and the Governor ceased to pardon except in cases clearly meritorious.

About two years before the Lambert killing, when lynching was in flower, I was teaching school some two miles from the sapling. I was only fifteen years old. A wild, harum-scarum chap, named John Gibson, two or three years older than I, was one of my pupils. He was as bright as a new silver dollar and treated me well, learned fast, and obeyed all the rules; but sometimes when school closed for the day he would go home, get his supper, strap on his revolver, mount his horse, and disturb the peace of the neighborhood. I cautioned him more than once that the lynchers would nab him if he didn't watch out, but he scouted the idea of such a thing happening. When I returned from Kentucky University in the summer of 1868, one night I stayed with friends who lived about a quarter of a mile from the home of the Gibson family. Just about sunup I heard heart-rending screams issuing from the Gibson place, jumped on a bare-backed horse hitched at the gate, and galloped over to Gibson's to ascertain the trouble. They told me that John and his uncle Bill had been hanged by the lynchers on the black-jack sapling about two miles distant—the same black-jack on which old Nate Lawson had been strung up a year previously, and on which Sam Lambert's dead, bullet-riddled corpse was to be hanged a year subsequently. I went over there as hard as I could clatter. I shall never forget the gruesome scene. There was not drop enough to break the necks of Bill and John. They had choked to death. Bill was lightly built. His face was so much distorted, his eyes so bulging out, that I knew at a glance that he was past all medical help. John was heavily set; a perfect blond. His eyes were closed as though he were asleep, and the tip of his tongue was protruding about a quarter of an inch between his teeth. The skin on his neck, next to the rope, was marked by a deep-blue line. He looked so natural that I did not believe he was dead. It was a very hot morning in August. I felt his hands and face, which were warm, as in life. I cut him down, removed the rope from his neck, and began rubbing him. At first I worked alone. Neighbors dropped in and we tried for half an hour to restore the vital spark, without success. Next day I helped bury the twain. The ground for some distance about the sapling gallows showed that the two doomed men had made a tremendous fight for their lives, for the Gibsons, whatever their faults, were brave even unto rashness.

High authority in all Kentucky matters avers to this day that Governor Bramlett's liberal policy as to pardons, which precipitated the riot of lynch law, was wise, not because it led to the habit of lynching, but because it prevented innumerable and lasting feuds in Kentucky growing out of the Civil War.

I said that "Splitfoot" Taylor would appear again, and here he is.

He escaped from the lynchers by the accident of the rope breaking in that beech woods near Perryville, Kentucky, in 1865 or 1866, and fled to parts unknown. Some twenty years later I picked up *The St. Louis Republic* one morning, and in it was a column interview with him. He was en route to Kentucky in the hands of the sheriff of Boyle County. He had been arrested while working in the lead-mines of Joplin, Missouri. In his interview he gave an account of his wanderings. He said that he first went to Galena, Illinois, and worked in the lead-mines; thence to Oregon, where he worked as a lumber-jack; thence to Hawaii, where he worked in the sugar-fields; thence to Australia, where he herded sheep. Thence to New Zealand he went, where he did odd jobs. Then he turned his face toward his old Kentucky home, feeling that some invisible chain was drawing him to "the Dark and Bloody Ground," and, strangest of all, that he felt a positive sense of relief when the sheriff clapped him on the shoulder and told him he was his prisoner!

Last scene of all for "Splitfoot," so far as concerns us, was as follows: The white-headed old man appeared at the bar of justice, was tried for murder, and, though defended by Col. Phil B. Thompson, Sr., one of the ablest of all Kentucky criminal lawyers, was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life, where he died. Colonel

Thompson wanted to appeal the case, but "Splitfoot" would not permit him so to do, having a lively and unpleasant recollection of how the drawing of that noose in the beech woods felt.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman once said, "War is hell!" Those who lived in "the border states" during the Civil War and who are old enough to remember the tragic events of that bloody but heroic epoch in our annals will with one accord indorse his idea, if not his sulphurous language.

It was easy to be a Union man in Massachusetts. It was hazardous to be anything else. It was easy to be a Confederate in South Carolina. It was not safe to be anything else. But in Kentucky, Missouri, and the other border states it was perilous to be the one thing or the other. Indeed, it was dangerous to be neither and to sit on the fence.

I was a child when Sumter was fired on, living in Washington County, Kentucky. I remember an old fellow from whom the Union raiders took one horse and the Confederate raiders another. So when a third party of soldiers met him in the road and inquired whether he were a Union man or a Confederate, being dubious as to their army affiliations, he answered, diplomatically, "I am neither one nor the other, and very little of that," and thereby lost his third and last horse to Confederates disguised in blue uniforms.

The Kentuckians are a peculiar people. They are the most hospitable, the most emotional, the kindest-hearted under the sun, but they are born warriors. A genuine son of "the Dark and Bloody Ground" is in his normal condition only when fighting. It seems to me that somebody must have sowed that rich land with dragons' teeth in the early days. To use a sentence indigenous to the soil, "A Kentuckian will fight at the drop of a hat, and drop it himself." So the war was his golden opportunity. He went to death as to a festival. Nearly every able-bodied man in the state—and a great many not able-bodied—not only of military age, but of any age, young enough or old enough to squeeze in, took up arms on one side or the other, and sometimes on both.

Neighbor against neighbor, father against son, brother against brother, slave against master, and frequently wife against husband, the fierce contention entered even into theology, rent congregations in twain, severed the ties of blood, and blotted out the friendships of a lifetime.

Men who were born and reared on adjoining farms, who had attended the same schools, played the same games, courted the same girls, danced in the same sets, belonged to the same lodges, and worshiped in the same churches, suddenly went gunning for one another as remorselessly as red Indians, only they had a clearer vision and a surer aim. From the mouth of the Big Sandy to the mouth of the Tennessee there was not a square mile in which some awful act of violence did not take place.

Kentucky has always been celebrated for and cursed by its bloody feuds—feuds which cause the Italian vendetta to appear like a holiday performance in comparison. Of course the war was the evening-up time, and many a man became a violent Unionist because the ancient enemies of his house were Southern sympathizers, and *vice versa.* Some of them could have given pointers to Fra Diavolo himself.

As all the evil passions of men were aroused, and all restraints of propriety as well as all fear of law were removed, every latent tendency toward crime was warmed into life. The land swarmed with cutthroats, robbers, thieves, firebugs, and malefactors of every degree and kind, who preyed upon the old, the infirm, the helpless, and committed thousands of brutal and heinous crimes in the name of the Union or the Southern Confederacy.

Missouri, prior to the war, was more a Kentucky colony than anything else, with the Kentucky characteristics, feuds and all, reproduced in stronger and larger form in her amazingly fertile soil. So all that goes before applies to Missouri as well as to Kentucky.

From the first, Missouri has been the stormy petrel of American politics. The richest, the most imperial commonwealth in the Union, her geographical location always placed her in the thick of the fight. She was a slave peninsula jutting out into a free-soil sea.

The first serious trouble on the slavery question came with her admission into the Union, and the second over the admission of California, a Missouri colony. Most people date hostilities from Sumter, April, 1861. As a matter of fact, Missouri and Kansas had been carrying on a civil war on their own hook for five or six years before the first gun was fired in Charleston Harbor.

If Sir Walter Scott had lived in that day, he could have found enough material for fifty novels descriptive of border warfare in the forays and exploits of the Missourians and Kansans before the first soldier was legally mustered into the service of either army.

Out on a Kansas prairie stands a monument to old John Brown, reciting the fact, among other things, that he commanded "at the battle of Ossawatomie on the 30th day of August, 1856!"

Whether the opposing commander has a monument I do not know.

I witnessed only one battle during the Civil War. A line in Gen. Basil W. Duke's entertaining book, *Morgan and His Men*, is all that is vouchsafed to it in the literature of the war; but surely it was the most astounding martial caper ever cut since war was thought of, and it fully illustrates the Kentuckian's inherent and ineradicable love of fighting.

I saw seven homeguards charge the whole of Morgan's cavalry, the very flower of Kentucky chivalry. I was working as a farm-hand for John Call, who was the proud owner of several fine horses of the famous "copper-bottom" breed.

Morgan had, perhaps, as good an eye for a "saddler" as was ever set in a human head, and during those troublous days his mind was sadly mixed on the *meum* and *tuum* when it came to equines—a remark applicable to many others besides Morgan, on both sides at that.

Call, hearing that Morgan was coming, and knowing his penchant for the noblest of quadrupeds, ordered me to mount "in hot haste" and "take the horses to the woods."

Just as I had climbed upon a magnificent chestnut sorrel, fit for a king's charger, and was rounding up the others, I looked up, and in the level rays of the setting summer sun saw Morgan's cavalry in "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" riding up the broad gravel road on the backbone of a long, high ridge, half a mile to the south. Fascinated by the glittering array, boylike, I forgot Call and the peril of his horses, and watched the gay cavalcade.

Suddenly I saw seven horsemen emerge from the little village of Mackville and ride furiously down the turnpike to within easy pistol-range of the Confederates, and open fire. I could hear the crack of the revolvers and see the flash and smoke, and when Morgan's advance-guard fell back on the main body I observed that one riderless horse went back with them and that only six homeguards rode back to Mackville in lieu of the seven who had ridden forth to battle.

Morgan's command halted, deployed in battle-line, and rode slowly up the hill, while I rode a great deal faster to the woods.

The homeguards had shot one man out of his saddle and captured him, and Morgan had captured one of them. Next morning the homeguards, from their forest fastness, sent in a flag of truce and regularly negotiated an exchange of prisoners according to the rules in such cases.

Of course, Morgan would have paid no attention to the seven men, but he supposed that even his own native Kentucky never nurtured seven daredevils so reckless as to do a thing like that unless they had an army back of them.

I have often thought of that matchless deed of daring, and can say, in the language of the French General Canrobert, who witnessed the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but not war."

Years afterward, one of the seven was sending his children to school to me. After I became well acquainted with him, one day I said to him: "Gibson, I have always wanted to know what made you seven fellows charge Morgan." "Oh," he replied, "we were all full of fighting whisky"—an explanation which explained not only that fight, but thousands more.

If that splendid feat of arms had been performed in New England by New-Englanders, the world could scarcely contain the books which would have been written about it. It would have been chronicled in history and chanted in song as an inexhaustible theme.

It is generally assumed by the wiseacres who write the histories that in the border states the old, wealthy, prominent slaveholding families all adhered to the Confederacy, and that only the poor, the obscure natives, and the immigrants from the North stood by the old flag. This is a serious mistake. The great historic dominant family connections divided, thereby making confusion worse confounded. Prominent people wore the Confederate gray. Others just as prominent wore the Union blue.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, the great theologian, with a decided and incurable bias for politics, who presided over the Union national convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, was a stanch Union man. Two of his sons achieved high rank in the Confederate armies and two others in the Union armies.

His illustrious kinsman, John C. Breckenridge, resigned his seat in the United States Senate to become a lieutenant-general in the Southern army, while James S. Jackson, Representative from the Green River district, resigned his seat in the House to become a brigadier in the Union Army and died a hero's death, leading his division on the hard-fought field of Perryville.

Roger Hanson, the eloquent, became a Confederate general and fell on the field of glory at Stone River, while his brother won distinction on the other side as commander of brigade.

John J. Crittenden, the best beloved of Kentucky statesmen, unflinchingly stood by the Union, while one of his sons wore the double stars of a Union major-general, another achieving similar rank in the Confederate Army.

The Henry Clay branch of the great Clay family espoused the Confederate cause, while the Cassius M. Clay branch fought with the traditional courage of their race for the solidarity of the Union.

John Marshall Harlan, late Mr. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, with a pedigree running back to the Cavaliers of Jamestown, won renown on many a bloody field, fighting under "Old Pap" Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga."

In the same army were Lovell H. Rousseau, the ideal soldier and princely gentleman, and Benjamin H. Bristow, who missed the Presidency only by a scratch and through lack of organization of his forces.

I had two schoolmates, older than myself, named Dickinson, beardless boys, and brothers, one of whom enlisted with Morgan as a private and the other in the same capacity in brave old Frank Wolford's famous First Kentucky Union Cavalry. The strange fortunes of civil war brought these brothers face to face in the great Indiana-Ohio raid—the greatest ride ever taken since horses were first broken to bit and rein—and when Morgan was captured the Confederate Dickinson surrendered to his Union brother.

In Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton, "the great Senator," a North-Carolinian by birth and a Tennesseean by training, lost his curule chair in 1851 on the slavery question, and so long as he lived his vast influence was for the Union. It was his political pupil, Frank P. Blair, a Kentuckian and a slaveholder, who more than any other man helped to hold Missouri to the Union, while his cousin, Gen. Jo Shelby, was the *beau sabreur* of the trans-Mississippi Confederates.

To the same class as Blair belonged James O. Broadhead, John B. Henderson, Edward Bates, Hamilton R. Gamble, Willard P. Hall, John D. Stevenson, Thomas C. Fletcher, Thomas T. Crittenden, Samuel T. Glover, John F. Phillips, B. Gratz Brown, John D. S. Dryden, James S. Rollins, the most brilliant orator and one of the largest slave-owners in the state, together with a large minority, if not a positive majority, of the leading Unionists of Missouri.

So far as I know only one Virginian of the first rank fought for the Union—Gen. George H. Thomas—but he was a host within himself. He was the greatest soldier on the Federal side, and that will be the verdict of posterity after the sleight-of-hand performers have done juggling the facts of history for political effect.

Indeed, it is safe to say that had none of the aristocratic families—wrongfully so called—none of the great families, none of the slaveholders, stood for the Union, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland would have seceded, and if they had gone with the South unanimously the Confederacy would have achieved its independence; but if those states had been solidly for the Union, if the house had not been hopelessly divided against itself in all that region, the war would not have lasted half so long and William H. Seward's optimistic prophecy of a "ninety days' picnic" would have been fulfilled.

This brings me to the central idea of this chapter, the main fact of which I never think without anger and resentment, for I believe that justice should be done, even in writing history.

Let me say that, population considered, Kentucky and Missouri sent more soldiers to the Civil War than any other state and received less credit for it.

They were splendid soldiers, too. Theodore Roosevelt said that by actual measurement the Kentucky Union soldiers were the finest specimens of physical manhood in the Federal armies; and when Jefferson Davis, himself a renowned soldier, reviewed the army at Corinth, he declared Cockrell's Missouri brigade to be the most magnificent soldiers his trained military eye had ever gazed upon.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to induce extreme Southerners to admit that the Kentucky and Missouri Confederates were good Confederates, though the Kentuckians and Missourians made a four years' war possible. It is even more difficult to induce extreme Northerners, whose skins and homes and property were all safe during the war, to admit that the Unionists of Kentucky and Missouri deserve any credit, when as a matter of fact they prevented secession from succeeding.

If Lovell H. Rousseau had never recruited his Louisville Legion, if old Frank Wolford and Thomas E. Bramlett had never established Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky would have seceded and the Ohio River would have been an impassable barrier to the invading armies.

If Frank Blair had never captured Camp Jackson—

for it was Blair who conceived and carried out that great strategic movement, and not Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, of New England, as the Northern war-books say—Missouri would have joined the Confederacy under the lead of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson and Gen. Sterling Price, the peerless soldier, and with her vast resources to command, Lee's soldiers would not have been starved and frozen into a surrender.

If the government built monuments to soldiers in proportion to what they really accomplished for the Union cause, Frank Blair's would tower proudly among the loftiest. Camp Jackson is slurred over with an occasional paragraph in the history-books, but it was the turning-point in the war west of the Mississippi, and it was the work of Frank Blair, the Kentuckian, the Missourian, the slave-owner, the patrician, the leonine soldier, the patriotic statesman.

Some day a Tacitus, a Sismondi, or a Macaulay will write a truthful history of our Civil War—one of the bloodiest chapters in the book of time—and when it is written, the Kentucky and Missouri heroes, both Union and Confederate, will be enrobed in immortal glory.

It is said that figures do not lie. To the Union armies Missouri contributed 109,111 soldiers; Kentucky, 75,760; Maryland, 46,638; Tennessee, 31,092, and West Virginia, 32,068—making a grand total of 294,669.

Now, take an example. Suppose that as the sun was setting on the gory field of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston was killed, all the Kentuckians, Missourians, and Tennesseeans had been suddenly subtracted from the Union Army and transferred to the Confederate side. Can any sane man doubt what would have happened? As certain as Fate, Ulysses Simpson Grant and the remnants of his army would have been captured or driven into the Tennessee, and Beauregard would have fattened his famished soldiers on the fertile prairies of Illinois and

Indiana. All the Buells and Nelsons in Christendom could not have saved the silent soldier had it not been for the Kentuckians, Missourians, and Tennesseeans fighting for their country there; and with all Grant's bulldog tenacity, the history of Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, and Appomattox never would have been written, for the all-sufficient reason that there would not have been any to write.

Take another example. Suppose that George H. Thomas had gone with his state, as all his brothers in arms from Virginia did, and that when Pickett made his spectacular charge at Gettysburg, Thomas had in the nick of time reinforced him with the 294,669 veteran Kentuckians, Missourians, Marylanders, West Virginians, and Tennesseeans then fighting in the Union armies, can any human being fail to understand what would have been the result? Meade's grand army would have been ground to powder, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Washington, New York, would have been taken, the nations of Europe would have run races with one another to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, and more aid than he needed would have been freely tendered Jefferson Davis to enable him to realize the aspirations of the South for a separate government.

In taking a retrospect of the conduct of the border states during the war and of how the slaveholders therein fought valiantly for their own undoing, I am forced to the conclusion that when Abraham Lincoln said in his first inaugural address: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so," he did more for the preservation of the Union than was done by all the speeches, great and small, delivered since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel; for that one declaration held hundreds of thousands in the border states faithful to the Union who otherwise and naturally would have gone with the South. The Kentuckians and Missourians belong to that class who, having put their hands to the plow, do not look back, and they fought on after the Emancipation Proclamation as bravely and doggedly as before.

It may be that the fact that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were both Kentuckians, born within a few miles of each other, added fuel to the flames throughout Kentucky and Missouri and wherever the Kentuckians had settled in large numbers. The accident of their birth in the same vicinity contributed to the awful tragedy the element of feud, inherent in the Kentucky character.

At any rate, Lincoln understood the Kentuckians and Missourians better than any other Republican President, and to the day of his death they had a warm place in his sympathetic heart.

More than this, the border-state men fought, whatever their rank.

The only instance on record during the entire war of one field officer killing another in battle was at Mill Springs, when Gen. Speed Smith Fry, of Kentucky, a Union soldier, shot and killed General Zollicoffer, commanding a brigade of Tennessee Confederates. The only parallel to this sanguinary performance in all military annals was the killing of Tecumseh, at the battle of the river Thames, by Col. Richard M. Johnson, another Kentuckian, popularly called "Old Dick."

Ed Porter Thompson, of Kentucky, a Confederate captain, hobbled into the battle of Murfreesboro on his crutches, and for two days fought side by side with those possessing the soundest and most stalwart legs, thereby rivaling the far-resounding feats of Charles Twelfth of Sweden at Pultowa, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler at Santiago, who was carried into battle on a stretcher.

One of my own constituents, Capt. P. Wells, is the only soldier, living or dead, so far as history tells, that ever had a wooden leg shot off in battle, for the reason, perhaps, that he is the only soldier that ever went into battle with a wooden leg. He survived his wound to become a wealthy and enthusiastic Populist.

In Missouri and Kentucky the war was waged with unspeakable bitterness, sometimes with inhuman cruelty. It was fought by men in single combat, in squads, in companies, in regiments, in great armies, in the open, in fortified towns, and in ambush, under the Stars and Stripes, under the Stars and Bars, and under the black flag. The arch-fiend himself seems to have been on the field in person, inspiring, directing, commanding. Up in northern Missouri, Gen. John McNeil took twelve innocent men out and shot them in cold blood, because it was supposed that some bushwhacker had killed a Union man. That is known in local history as "the Palmyra massacre," and has "damned" John McNeil "to everlasting fame." It turned out afterward that the Union man was still alive, and so the twelve men had died in vain, even according to the hard rule of *lex talionis*.

At Centralia one day a Wabash train containing more than thirty Union soldiers was captured by Bill Anderson, a guerrilla chief, who had sustained some grievous personal injury at the hands of the Unionists, and whose blood some subtle mental alchemy had converted into gall. He deliberately took them out and shot them, every one, as though they had been so many wolves.

Having completed that gory job, he marched out to a skirt of timber, about a mile from town, and camped at the foot of a long, gentle prairie slope. Shortly after a certain Colonel Johnson, with a body of Union cavalry, followed him and took position on the ridge of the prairie. The sight of them made Anderson wild with delight and whetted his appetite for blood; so he mounted his eighty men, the most superb horsemen in the world, who with bridle reins between their teeth and a navy revolver in each hand, rode up on Johnson's 160 men, who were foolishly dismounted, and, firing to right and left, killed 143 of them, and would have killed the other 17 if they could have been caught. Only one man was taken alive, and he badly wounded, the legend in the neighborhood being that he saved himself by giving the Masonic sign of distress.

Such are samples of the Civil War in Missouri and Kentucky.

The survivors of those cruel days, Union and Confederate, are now living side by side, cultivating assiduously the arts of peace in the commonwealths of Missouri and Kentucky, the most delectable places for human habitation beneath the stars.

One thing that contributed largely to the general confusion and bitterness was the great variety of opinion. There were Union men without any qualifying addendum, Conditional Union men, Secessionists, and States' Rights men. Those who most effectually tied the hands of the Secessionists and who unwittingly but most largely played into the hands of the Unionists were the advocates of "armed neutrality," certainly the most preposterous theory ever hatched in the brain of man. Who was its father cannot now be definitely ascertained, as nobody is anxious to claim the dubious honor of its paternity. What it really meant may be shown by an incident that happened in the great historic county of Pike, where I now reside—a county which furnished one brigadier-general and five colonels to the Union army and three colonels to the Confederate, with a full complement of officers and men.

Early in 1861 a great "neutrality meeting" was held at Bowling Green, the county-seat. Hon. William L. Gatewood, a prominent lawyer, a Virginian by birth, an ardent Southern sympathizer, subsequently a state senator, was elected chairman. The Pike County orators were out in full force, but chief among them was Hon. George W. Anderson, also a prominent lawyer, an East Tennesseean by nativity, afterward a colonel in the Union Army, state senator, and for four years a Member of Congress. Eloquence was on tap and flowed freely. Men of all shades of opinion fraternized; they passed strong and ringing resolutions in favor of "armed neutrality," and "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Chairman Gatewood was somewhat mystified and not altogether satisfied by the harmonious proceedings; so, after adjournment *sine die*, he took Anderson out under a convenient tree and in his shrill tenor nervously inquired, "George, what does 'armed neutrality' mean, anyhow?" Anderson, in his deep bass, growled, "It means guns for the Union men and none for the rebels!" —the truth and wisdom of which remark are now perfectly apparent. So it was, verily. Anderson had hit the bull's-eye, and no mistake. If he had orated for an entire month he could not have stated the case more luminously or more comprehensively. He had exhausted the subject. Before the moon had waxed and waned again the leaders of that "neutrality" love-feast were hurrying to and fro, beating up for volunteers in every nook and corner of the county, some for service in the Union, others for service in the Confederate Army.

But it is proverbial that "hindsight is better than foresight." Men must be judged by their own knowledge at the time they acted, not by ours; by the circumstances with which they were surrounded, and not by those which environ us. What may appear unfathomable problems to the wise men of one generation may be clear as crystal to even the dullest of the succeeding generation. However ridiculous "armed neutrality," judged by the hard logic of events, may appear in the retrospect, however untenable we now know it to have been, the fact remains, nevertheless, that it was honestly believed in and enthusiastically advocated by thousands of capable, brave, and honest men all over Kentucky and Missouri, many of whom afterward won laurels on the battle-field and laid down their lives in one army or the other in defense of what they deemed the right.

CHAPTER V

Kansas—Grasshoppers—I locate in Missouri—Teach school—Edit a paper—Practise law—Prosecuting attorney—Lawsuits—Officeholding—Transylvania—Shooting-scrape—Attend theater to hear "Faust"—Teach singing in public school—Raise Sunday-school class—Pleasant recollections of letting off young first offenders with fines or jail sentences—Unwittingly carry a challenge—Preside at religious debate—Two humble and noble servants of God.

IN the autumn of 1867 I went to Lexington, Kentucky, and entered what was then called "Kentucky University." It was the first great institution of learning west of the Alleghanies. In the earlier days it was denominated Transylvania University, a beautiful name which has been restored to it in these later times. I lived in a ramshackle old building on the campus known as "The Barracks," because the soldiers built it during the war. It was made of wide planks, set up on end and stripped with narrower planks. It was rented to poor students at five dollars per head per annum, four students to the room. The apartments were neither spacious nor handsome, but they sufficed for our simple wants. A capacious brick dormitory now occupies the site of "The Barracks." Students therein are better housed than we were, but they do not learn any more than we did.

At that time Robert Graham, one of nature's noblemen, was president of the university. Dr. John H. Neville, the third handsomest man I ever saw, was professor of Greek. He divided the whole world into Greeks and barbarians, those who could not read Greek being the barbarians. A student who was dull in Greek was to him *persona non grata*, but he was all kindness and enthusiasm for those who were bright in Greek. They had semiannual examinations, and at the first one in Greek William H. Graham, son of President Robert Graham; Dr. William Benjamin Smith, now professor emeritus of astronomy at Tulane University, and on the Carnegie Foundation, one of the profoundest living scholars; Rev. Worth Yancy, now deceased, and myself were graded a hundred on a scale of 100. That was one of the happiest days of my life—happier than when I was elected to my first office, happier than when I was first elected to Congress or elected Speaker, happier than on any other days of my life except the day I was married and the days on which my children were born. Achieving that grade in Greek was my first victory among strangers and it filled me with courage and hope. Yancy was my friend as long as he lived. His son, Hogan Yancy, a successful lawyer of Lexington, Kentucky, is my friend now.

Young Yancy was among the first Kentuckians who declared openly for me for President, and he rendered me yeoman service because of the warm friendship between his father and myself.

Prof. William H. Graham, late of California, now deceased, was one of my most enthusiastic supporters in the Golden State. Not long since his children came to see me in the Speaker's room at the Capitol. Nobody has received a warmer welcome than the children of my old classmate, the grandchildren of my well-beloved friend and mentor, President Robert Graham, whose influence has rested upon me like a benediction all my life. Dr. William B. Smith, the distinguished author and astronomer, and I are still close friends and write each other occasionally.

My grade in Greek also made a lifelong friend of handsome, haughty Professor Neville. When I returned to the university in the fall of 1868, he walked half-way across the campus to welcome me back. It is pleasant to recall these occurrences after the lapse of so many years.

> There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
> No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise.

I attended Transylvania University three years and two months, teaching school during the summer vacations to make what money I could. My father, from his small earnings, gave me all he could spare, and my sister Elizabeth (wife of Rev. J. J. Haley, of Lodi, California) let me have such sums as she could from her salary as a teacher. The truth is that she and I helped each other along as much as possible. We stood up for each other loyally; but all three of us together could scrape up only about two dollars per week for my necessities at the university. It is superfluous to state that I did not live in luxury, but I stood at the head of my class.

After attending the university for three years and two months I was, in October, 1870, expelled for shooting at a fellow-student named Webb, from Ohio. I would not mention it save for the fact that it was greatly magnified in the presidential campaign of 1912, very much to my detriment. We fell out in an argument over the supper-hour in our barracks mess. Webb and I were both of unusual strength. He was my senior by some three or four years, and had been a sailor on the Great Lakes, while I had lived and labored on a farm—the best school for physical training in the world. One night he came into our room and began a conversation about the hour for supper. He wanted it at six because he clerked in a shoe-store in the afternoon, while the rest wanted it at half past five. The conversation, warm from the first, developed into a quarrel. He called me a liar, whereupon I cracked him over the head with a small piece of plank and we clinched. Nothing more serious would have grown out of it, most probably, than blackened eyes and bloody noses had not one of my room-mates, a young giant named Thomson, grabbed me backholts and pinned both my arms to my body. Webb squared off and hit me a hard jolt between the eyes and another on my mouth. I kept telling Thomson either to let me loose or to knock Webb down. He was so excited that he did neither. Wild with rage, I finally threw him off, Webb still pounding me. Under the head of the bed I had an old revolver, whose cylinder would not revolve except by hand manipulation, for which I had swapped a German grammar and a French grammar. I got that and fired at Webb. Thomson knocked my pistol hand up and the bullet went about an inch above Webb's head and lodged in the door-casing. That ended the fight. The strange part of the story is, not that two hot-blooded, high-strung young men should get into a personal encounter, when and where personal encounters were frequent, but that the gigantic Thomson, who was my friend and who disliked Webb, should in his excitement hold me while Webb was free to pound me. That was unwise, but in knocking my pistol hand up he acted with great wisdom. He thought, as I struck the first blow, by holding me he would end the fight. When two men are fighting it is always dangerous to hold one and not both. I knew a man to be stabbed to death while a friend was holding him.

I went immediately to see the president of the university (President White, who had succeeded Graham), and stated the case to him precisely as it was, hoping that my high standing as a student would save me from any severer penalty than a public reprimand or a short suspension. He said, however, that there had been so much fighting, carousing, and violation of the rules among the students that the patience of the faculty was exhausted, and that an example would have to be made of me in order to scare the rest. The result was that I was expelled. I went home and taught school for two years, when the faculty gave me a written invitation to return. I declined to do so, and went to Bethany College, West Virginia, instead.

I declined to return to Transylvania, largely for the reason that the Board of Curators had precipitated a theological quarrel, which had reduced the number of students from nearly eight hundred to fifty.

My expulsion influenced the lives not only of myself, but of at least three others. Class honors at Transylvania University were decided strictly by grades. Everybody knew that the first honors of the class to graduate in 1871 lay between John O. Hopkins (subsequently professor of Greek in Butler University) and myself.

When Transylvania opened in September, 1870, which was about two months prior to the shooting-affray, Hopkins came to me for the purpose of figuring out our average grades, stating frankly that, as he was going to be a college professor and having a professorship promised him, he was very anxious for the class honors, as it would promote his career, and that if my average grade excelled his he would drop back into the next class, where he could easily win. We figured out the averages and mine was about one per cent. above his. So he dropped back into the Class of 1872, taking only about half the Senior year's studies, devoting much of his time to general reading. That left me without serious opposition for the class honors. But I was expelled, and Hopkins dropped out. The first honors, therefore, went to James Lane Allen, the novelist, and the second honors to Henry W. White, son of President White, whereas neither Allen nor White would have received class honors had Hopkins and I continued in the Class of 1871.

My expulsion really sent me to Bethany College, where I graduated with the highest honors in 1873, which fact more than all else made me president of Marshall College, West Virginia, at twenty-three—the youngest college president in America.

What of my friend Webb? One night, some twenty-five or thirty years after the above-described fight, I lectured in a small city in northern Ohio. Next morning a bright young man named Webb came to see me and said that his father, who had been a student at Kentucky University in 1870, when he learned that I was to lecture there, told him to call upon me and find out if I were the James B. Clark who attended that university that year. I answered in the affirmative and then discovered that his father was *my* Webb. I asked him where his father was. He said he was teaching school about twenty miles out in the country and would have called in person except for the distance. I inquired kindly after his father and sent him my greetings.

A year or two after that my fellow-student, Webb, wrote me about his brother's disputed homestead claim in Oklahoma, asking me to help straighten it out, and I complied to the best of my ability.

While a student at Transylvania University at Lexington I attended a theater for the first time. Edwin Forrest, then in his old age and making his last tour of the country, was playing "Richelieu." I have witnessed many theatrical performances since then, but none—no, not one—that so thrilled me as did that. I ran the risk of being expelled in order to see and hear the great tragedian, for I guessed correctly that he was making his farewell tour, and the penalty inflicted by that somewhat strait-laced institution of learning upon pupils for attending theatricals was expulsion; but when I arrived at the theater, scanned the audience, and found two-thirds of the professors and hundreds of my fellow-students present, I did not bother my head about the aftermath.

I had the good luck to sit immediately behind Gen. John C. Breckenridge, and to listen to his comments on the actor and the play.

From Lexington, Forrest journeyed to Louisville. Next day *The Courier-Journal* contained a scathing editorial entitled, "Is Edwin Forrest a Great Actor or an Unmitigated Old Bellower?" which seemed to me then, and seems to me now, a gross and cruel outrage upon one of the ablest actors that ever trod the boards in America.

It is surprising to me that so little attention is paid to vocal music in our common schools. To be able to sing is a fine accomplishment as well as the source of much pleasure. I am not talking about singing after the manner of Jenny Lind, or Patti, or Caruso, but singing in a fairly competent way religious songs, patriotic songs, and love songs. Lord Byron said that Tom Moore singing his own melodies was the perfection of poetry.

It is an easy matter to teach children to sing tolerably well, and it does not subtract much time from their studies. I know that by experience. When I took charge of the public school at Camden, a small village in a remote part of Anderson County, in December, 1870, I was informed that the teacher of the public school in that community was expected to be also the superintendent of the Sunday-school, which astounded me. I had never attended Sunday-school a day in my life. In fact, I had no chance, as there were no Sunday-schools in the neighborhood; but at it I went. I found that they had no literature; no Sunday-school song-books; nothing to interest children. The sober-sided grown-ups ran the whole thing in a way not pleasing to children, but after the manner of a convocation of ruling elders; I soon determined that if I had to be superintendent of a Sunday-school I would have a sure-enough, live, up-to-date

Sunday-school to superintend. So one Sunday morning I made a short speech to that effect, stating, among other things, that in order to have a Sunday-school worth while money was necessary to buy supplies, and that, unless the people who desired the Sunday-school to continue "came down with the dust," I would resign. I then took a slip of paper out of my pocket and read out the amount that each man and woman should contribute. I think it surprised them, but not a soul objected to my arbitrary assessment, and in ten minutes I had the necessary funds. It goes without saying that that was a high-handed proceeding—in the nature of a forced loan; but it worked.

I understood music somewhat and was a fair bass singer at that time, before much open-air speaking to large crowds had strained my vocal cords to such an extent as to ruin my voice for singing purposes. I took the Sunday-school books to the public school and for twenty or thirty minutes every day taught the songs to the children, who entered into the practice heartily and joyously. Soon they became tiptop singers. Then I had them sing in Sunday-school, which gave pleasure to the adults. The Sunday-school began to grow; so did the audiences, to hear the children sing, until my Sunday-school became the pride of the neighborhood and the talk of the countryside.

Once in a while I gave a short talk to my Sunday-school about various matters, including the duties of citizenship. One Sunday, when we reached the house of Uncle Billie Stephens, with whom I was boarding, he said: "You know so well how to tell other folks what they should do, I will return the compliment and tell you what you should do—you ought to preach! If you will agree to be a preacher in the Christian Church I will pay for your education in any college or university in America or Europe."

He, first and last, repeated that offer half a dozen times. Finally, he increased it by saying that in addition to footing my bills at any college or university in America or Europe he would will me half his property, amounting to twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. As he had no children, it would have been no sin on my part to accept his generous offer, but my judgment was against so doing. It was a great temptation to a youth without a dollar, but I had no inclination or desire to be a preacher, having made up my mind to be a lawyer and, when opportunity served, to enter politics. I was afraid that if I accepted his proposition I might grow weary of ministerial work and abandon it, as General Garfield, Edward Everett, "Parson" Brownlow, Bishop Gen. Leonidas Polk, Senator James Harlan, and some smaller preachers had done. So I concluded to worry along and earn money enough by my own labor to finish my college course—which I did.

I had another experience with Sunday-schools to which I look back with pleasure. One Sunday I observed that very few young men attended the Bowling Green Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples. Consequently, during the ensuing week I put in what time I could spare from my law business toward recruiting a class of young men who were attending no Sunday-school. The next Sunday I appeared at the head of a class of twenty-six full-grown young men and taught them regularly until I became too busy running for Congress. Some members of my class are very active and influential in Sunday-school and church work even to this day.

Once in June my father sent me five dollars with which to come home. I spent the money for half-dollar paper-covered editions of the poets, took my old oil-cloth satchel on my back, and walked home, fifty miles, in two days, resting occasionally under the shade of the trees to read Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," the finest long poem in our vernacular. I finally committed most of it to memory, very much to my advantage, and can repeat much of it to this day. I was a lusty young fellow and the long tramp did me no harm except to make my leg muscles sore for a day or two. I set this incident down here not because it is important, but because so many different versions of it have been set afloat by various friends in the newspapers.

At Camden, in Anderson County, I had many friends, three of whom rendered me most timely financial assistance when I needed it most. They were Uncle Billie Stephens, a well-to-do farmer; Dr. Thomas H. Hudson, now a prominent physician at Kansas City; and Dr. E. E. Hume, who recently died, after being for years the leading physician at Frankfort, Kentucky. Hume and I boarded and roomed together at the hospitable home of Uncle Billie, who was a remarkable personage. I never knew a man of higher character or of more common sense than Uncle Billie, but for some strange reason he had never learned to read or write, though he was an elder in the Christian Church, a good business man, and an influential citizen. He was eager for information and made me and others read to him by the hour. When anybody was reading to him, nothing short of an earthquake would distract his attention from the reading; consequently, when an article was finished, he practically knew it by heart. He knew thousands of Bible quotations, and in his arguments on religious subjects, of which he was exceedingly fond, he would give verse and book with astonishing accuracy. Many and many an hour did I spend reading to him *Lard's Quarterly*, *McGarvey's Commentaries*, and books of that character. He had a fatherly love for me, which I returned with filial affection.

Uncle Billie's wonderful power of mental concentration has always reminded me of the fine story told of Archimedes, the famous mathematician.

Dr. Tom Hudson, always delicate in health, has devoted his life largely to helping others. He and I became acquainted while attending a Christmas holiday singing-school, taught by my father in 1866–67, and have been bosom friends ever since, though we haven't seen each other a dozen times in thirty-five years. He and I roomed together at Kentucky University till his health gave out and he was compelled to go home. He helped me out of a hole repeatedly by lending me small sums at the psychological moment. He is a great singer, and his voice has retained its sweetness to an extraordinary degree. Recently he and his son were our guests in Washington for a week, and we enjoyed their visit intensely.

Dr. Enoch Edgar Hume also aided me financially at various times when I was hard up. He was a large, robust, handsome man, who turned no one sick or afflicted away. He attended all, white or black, rich or poor, pay or no pay. He rode for miles around, in all sorts of weather, to attend his patients. He was the first physician to treat Gov. William Goebel when he was assassinated. By rooming with him for two years I learned the hardships, inconveniences, and sacrifices of a country doctor's life. From that day to this I have had a high opinion of and deep sympathy with country doctors. This began with the love and admiration I had for Doctor Hume. He was a splendid physician, and no nobler man ever breathed. God bless him in his grave! His only son, Edgar, is now a surgeon in the army, making a splendid record and with a magnificent prospect.

There was an old preacher in the Christian Church, Elder Levan Merritt, a most pious man, an old bachelor, who sometimes loaned my father small sums to help me through college, which I paid back with interest to his estate after he was dead.

My classmate, Rev. Worth Yancy, who picked up several coins of the realm by preaching Sundays in country churches near Lexington, also loaned me small sums of money.

There was one man at Mackville from whom I could borrow money in small sums when absolutely necessary. That was Doctor McGhee, one of my old teachers, who was a splendid but excessively modest Christian gentleman. I remember that while at Transylvania University, a fellow-student had a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for sale at ten dollars. I hankered after that dictionary. I wrote Doctor McGhee for the ten, telling him what I wanted it for, and he sent it, very much to my delight. I did not pay it back for a year, but I have that book yet. It is dog-eared and greasy, but I keep it in memory of my good friend, though I have two or three of later date. The man from whom I bought that dictionary was an emotional young Irishman named Ed Kinnefick, who finally went crazy because he could not convert the world fast enough. Of him more anon.

So far as I can remember, the persons named are all that ever lent me or my father money to help me through college. I will cherish their names fondly forever.

Kinnefick lived at Centralia, Missouri, near the scene of the astounding victory of Bill Anderson, the guerrilla chieftain. Kinnefick was a boy of some fifteen or sixteen, working as a hostler in a livery-stable. Anderson's men that day were wearing blue uniforms and were pretty full of whisky. They were chasing down Union men, shooting some and maltreating others. Kinnefick, judging from the color of their clothes, erroneously concluded that they were Federals, so when a group of them rode up to the livery-stable and catechized him as to his politics, he said, "I am a poor Union boy!" It's a wonder they did not shoot him, but they happened to be in a good humor. They took buggy-whips, and Kinnefick declared they must have hit him a thousand lashes.

The way I happened to be elected president of Marshall College when I was only twenty-three was this: I was at Bethany College only one collegiate year, but I spent the summer there prior to the opening of the term. Several students were there and told me who were certain of the first and second honors the next year. They remarked, further, that I would be lucky to graduate at all in one year. I thought so, too, and, knowing that college standing depends somewhat on teachers and pupils understanding the mental habits and idiosyncrasies of one another, I never dreamed of taking the honors; but I buckled down to my studies, nevertheless. The first month of that college session was one of the lonesomest and bluest of my life. Nobody knew me and I knew nobody. The other students were jolly among themselves as "Old King Cole." They had a royal time, while I devoted my days and nights to my books. At Bethany they gave out grades at the end of each month. At the end of the first month I was ahead of all my classmates in everything. The effect was electrical. It acted like a bombshell, showing me that I had a chance for first honors and astounding my competitors by the same fact—there being no law or rule against it. The students, the professors, and even the villagers divided into Clark and anti-Clark factions, as in politics. The war raged with utmost fury till in June, 1873, when the faculty gave me the highest honors, dividing the second honors between the two men who, I had been told upon entrance, were destined to receive the first and second honors. One of them appealed from the decision of the faculty to the Board of Regents, who sustained the faculty and wisely changed the law making two years' attendance a condition precedent to competing for honors.

The row got into the newspapers and attracted much attention. One day Col. Alexander Campbell, president of the Board of Regents, son of the great philosopher and theologian, Alexander Campbell, Sr., asked me what I was going to do. I told him I wanted to teach a year and then study law. He replied: "There is going to be a vacancy in the presidency of the West Liberty Normal School at twelve hundred per annum. I am one of the regents. Give me your application and perhaps I can get it for you."

I wrote out an application, stating my name and age, including these words, "I am a native of Kentucky, over six feet in height, weigh one hundred and seventy-four pounds, have just graduated at Bethany College with highest honors, am a Democrat in politics, a Campbellite in religion, and a Master Mason." Of course I had no idea of obtaining the place, otherwise I would not have written such an application; but to my amazement and delight I was elected president of Marshall College at thirteen hundred a year instead of West Liberty Normal School at twelve hundred. Colonel Campbell did it.

Subsequently, when in Congress, I endeavored to repay his kindness by urging President Cleveland to appoint him consul-general to Melbourne, but the President appointed another.

After finishing my year as president of Marshall College and declining re-election, I entered the Cincinnati Law-school in the fall of 1874, graduating April 22, 1875, at the head of my class.

I read law in Cincinnati with Bradstreet and Biddle. My law professors were George Hoadly, afterward Governor; General Force, Alexander Morrell, and Clement C. Bates. The law lectures were at night. It was at the time when they had the double-headed Legislature in Louisiana and political prejudice was at its worst. After the lectures were over we would resolve the class into a political debating society, and the debate was fast and furious. The Republicans outnumbered the Democrats two to one, but, nevertheless, we held up our end of the argument. I did my full share of debating.

Political excitement ran high in the city. One night there was a vast mass-meeting in the Grand Opera House to denounce proceedings at New Orleans. After several minor orators had spoken, George H. Pendleton, popularly called "Gentleman George," once candidate for President and later a United States senator, then in the prime of his manly beauty and splendid powers, was introduced. He received a tremendous ovation. I shall never forget the first sentence in his speech—"The sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man is the applause of the people"—one of the finest epigrams ever uttered.

Among the Democrats in that class were Thomas J. Hudson, of Fredonia, Kansas, with whom I served in the Fifty-third Congress, and James Bryan, who afterward became Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky. Hudson was considerably older than I was. He had been a member of the Legislature and prosecuting attorney of his county. He proposed to me that if I would go to Kansas with him he would give me a third of his practice the first two years, and half after that, saying it was worth two thousand five hundred dollars a year and could easily be made worth a good deal more. That was an unusually good offer for a young man just admitted to the bar, so I started to Fredonia, Kansas, where Hudson then lived and still lives.

When I reached Emporia, Kansas, I stopped off to see an old Kentucky University classmate named John W. Lynn, who was in full practice there and who was ten or twelve years my senior. He persuaded me that Fredonia was not a very good location, but that Wichita was the coming town. He said it was the center of the Texas cattle trade; Spanish milled dollars rolling around loose and Mexican greasers running amuck; a great many cutting and shooting scrapes; and that if I would go down there I would get rich.

Wichita is a splendid city now, one of the best built towns of its size in America, but it was as dead as a door-nail then. The Texas cattle trade had moved up to Great Bend; the Mexican greasers had disappeared over the horizon; Spanish milled dollars were conspicuous by their absence, and business in Wichita was at the lowest ebb. In addition to that, everybody was scared half to death about the grasshoppers which had eaten the state up the year before. Wichita is built where the two Arkansas rivers come together. On the banks were an abundance of cottonwood-trees, the bloom from which gathered in great quantities high up in the air, and everybody mistook the bloom for grasshoppers. I made up my mind that there was no sense in staying there, as there was no law business to amount to anything, and if the grasshoppers came every year the country would be no good. So I concluded to get away, but I did not have money enough to do so, and perhaps would be there yet if it had not been that a man sent me twenty-five dollars for writing him a graduating speech at an Eastern college. I thought that was good luck then, but I have no sort of doubt if he had not sent me that check I would have been compelled to remain in Wichita, and if I had remained there that I would have been comparatively wealthy by this time, as Wichita is built in one of the richest agricultural sections and has developed into a great business and trade center.

I knew Victor Murdock there when he was wearing kilts, which may account for some things that have happened in Congress. His father, Col. Marsh Murdock, who was state senator, was then running a small weekly paper called *The Wichita Eagle*, which has grown with the town and the country round about until it has become a great and influential daily. He treated me kindly, and when Vic came to Congress I gave him all the information that I knew of as to how to get on, but Victor did not need much advice and got on famously.

As a matter of fact, the grasshoppers traveled only as far south as Topeka that year, and so far as I know there has never been one in the state since. That was the year the grasshoppers got into northwest Missouri. Governor Hardin set aside a day of humiliation and prayer to rid the state of the grasshopper plague. That night there came one of the heaviest rains ever known in Missouri, and washed the grasshoppers into the Mississippi River. There haven't been any in the state since. Pious Missourians who believe in special providences contend to this day that Governor Hardin saved them from the grasshoppers.

There was an amusing sequel to that grasshopper visitation many years thereafter. Going home from New York in the summer of 1893, just after making my Tammany Hall Fourth-of-July speech, the weather in Indiana and Ohio was exceedingly hot. I went into the smoking-room of the sleeper to see if there was any one I knew. It had only one occupant—a good-looking, clean-shaved, well-dressed man, wearing, among other things, a white lawn tie. I thought he was a preacher, but I had a pocketful of cigars and offered him one, which he accepted. I inquired where he lived. He replied, "Hutchinson, Kansas." I asked him about the salt-wells and several other things in the Sunflower State.

He said, "You seem to be well acquainted in Kansas."

I said: "I lived in Wichita nine weeks in the spring and summer of 1875. The grasshoppers drove me out of the state and I do not believe that there has been one in the state since."

He looked at the floor a moment, and then, with an amazing burst of profanity, which convinced me instanter that he was not a preacher, he bellowed, "No! we haven't had any grasshoppers since, but we have something a d—d sight worse!"

"In Heaven's name," I exclaimed, "what is it?"

To my unspeakable surprise and amusement he said, "It's Jerry Simpson!"

Then for ten minutes he roasted Jerry—a performance much safer in Jerry's absence than in his presence. Once when Jerry and I had a tilt in the House and he became too frisky, I told that tale on him, greatly to the merriment of the members.

Some of the friendships which I formed in Kansas in that early day are very dear to me, and some of those old friends used my residence of a few weeks in Kansas as a potent argument in having the Kansas delegation instructed for me at the Baltimore convention, where, I firmly believe, James W. Orr betrayed both Kansas and myself. He is now holding a fat position at Washington, but in 1916 he was beaten out of his boots for National Committeeman by the outraged Kansas Democrats.

While in Kansas I slept on a sofa in the office of Lawyer Ruggles and Doctor Fabrique. A big-hearted German, now dead, named Fritz Schnitzler, credited me for meals. I feel under obligations to those people yet. There is also out there now Kosciuszko Kossuth Harris, but he cut it down to Kos. He is a stanch Democrat, as well as his father, Judge Harris, was before him. He went with me to the depot the night that I left Wichita, begged me to stay there, saying that he and I were the only Democratic lawyers in town, that it was bound to be a great city, that the Republican lawyers were always fooling away their time with politics, and that there were so few Democrats around that he and I would have no temptation to play with politics, but could devote ourselves exclusively to the law and get rich. Kos is a great philosopher. His theory was entirely correct.

While in Wichita, and being dead broke, a man offered me a dollar and a half to hoe out his garden, which I did. I blistered my hands, but I spent that dollar and a half like a thoroughbred. I got shaved, took a young lady to the theater, then to an ice-cream parlor, and retired to my sofa-bed with as little money as when I started in to hoe the garden in the morning. About the 1st or 2d of July a prominent farmer living down on the Cowskin River, about twenty miles southwest of Wichita, came into town and wanted somebody to go down and make a Fourth-of-July speech. He asked all the lawyers, including Ruggles, but none of them would go. Ruggles suggested that I might be induced to accept. The man said that if I would go he would give me five dollars to pay my expenses. So, bright and early on the morning of the Fourth of July I mounted an Indian pony, rode down to the Cowskin, made a speech in a fine grove, ate a most excellent dinner of fried chicken with the usual accompaniments, and then rode back toward Wichita. Dark came on and I was lost. After wandering around awhile I saw a sky-rocket go up. I knew that was Wichita, and rode straight to the sky-rockets. When I arrived I found the twenty-five-dollar draft before referred to.

In a day or two I paid Schnitzler my board bill, and pulled out for Missouri. As I was starting, Col. William Mathewson paid me ten dollars as a fee in a suit which I had instituted for him, and which suit, with his consent, I turned over to Ruggles. That was the first money I ever received as a lawyer. I did not know more than half a dozen people in Missouri and I did not know where they were.

There was an old man at Wichita who had lived close to Moberly, Missouri, and he was always telling me what a fine place that was, so I headed for Moberly, the "Magic City." I arrived there with fifty cents in my pocket. I inquired for a school to teach, but most of the places had been taken. I heard of a vacancy at a little place called Renick. I went down there, applied for the school, showed them my diplomas, certificates, and so forth, explained to them that I would not have the school if I was not hard up, and induced them to raise the salary from fifty dollars a month to fifty-five, notwithstanding that I had received a salary of thirteen hundred dollars per annum as president of Marshall College, West Virginia. They very generously put in a clause that if I could get a better school they would let me off.

The next day I went to the superintendent of the schools of Randolph County, a lawyer named Rutherford, who now lives in Stockton, California, to get a certificate. I explained the circumstances to him, showed him my diplomas and certificates of having been president of Marshall College in order to avoid the work of an examination. It happened that he was born and reared in Pike County, Missouri, so when he examined my credentials he advised me not to accept the Renick school at fifty-five dollars a month, as Judge Orr was up the day before from Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri, and had told him that Professor Osborn had resigned an eighteen-hundred-dollar position in the public school at Louisiana to be president of the Warrensburg Normal School. He said if I would go down there and apply for the place I would probably get it.

I studied the matter over, but did not have money enough to pay my car fare. I asked the old lady with whom I was boarding what lawyer's office was closest to her house. She said there was a young man by the name of Sam Priest, city attorney, whose office was a few blocks away. I walked into his office, told him who I was and what I desired to do, and that I wanted to borrow ten dollars on my face. He said that he didn't have very much money, but that he would let me have it, which he did. He is one of the best lawyers in St. Louis or anywhere else now, with a princely income. He is the first man—but by no means the last man—that I ever borrowed a dollar from west of the Mississippi. I went to Louisiana, applied for the superintendency of the city school, and there was a dead tie for three days between me and Prof. J. M. White, who had been second under Professor Osborn. At last they compromised the matter by giving him the superintendency and me the place which he had held, cutting three hundred dollars off his salary and giving it to me, which raised mine to one hundred dollars a month. I taught school a year and then started to practise law.

Pike County is one of the largest, richest, and most beautiful counties in the world, and if I had searched the country over to find a county which had a surplus of good lawyers—some of them great lawyers—and where it would have been most difficult for a young lawyer to get a start, I could not possibly have struck one that exceeded Pike County. It had a population of about twenty-eight thousand people, and at that time there were sixty-seven licensed lawyers in the county—about forty of them trying to make a living practising law. Among them were one ex-judge of the Supreme Court, two ex-Congressmen, two ex-circuit judges, a man who was afterward circuit judge, another who was afterward judge of the Court of Appeals, another who was afterward state senator, another who became both state senator and lieutenant-governor, and one who was United States district attorney and is now a Federal judge. In addition to these were several splendid lawyers who never held any political office. It was very hard sledding for me, so much so that I got out of money entirely and bought a newspaper on credit, ran it for one year, made twenty-two hundred dollars, and then sold it to the man I bought it from for seven hundred dollars more than I gave for it.

I regard the experiences of that year as among the most valuable in my life. I was elected city attorney and re-elected. I grew weary of that office and resigned it. I lived in Louisiana, which is the largest town in the county and situated on the Mississippi, five years. Then in 1880 I moved to the county-seat, Bowling Green, where I live now.

I am not certain that I ever would have got a start practising law in Pike County if it had not been for an accident. One man killed another and the two opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney volunteered to defend him, which, of course, disqualified the one who was elected from prosecuting in the Circuit Court, and the circuit judge appointed me to prosecute. I had nothing else to do, so I studied that case as thoroughly as I ever studied any case in my life, and did what a lawyer very rarely can do—that is, wrote my closing speech and committed it to memory. The accused had been out on three hundred dollars' bail. To the surprise of everybody, I secured a verdict to hang him. The Supreme Court set aside the verdict because the Circuit Court permitted the jury to separate. Then the lawyers for the defense proposed that he should plead guilty to murder in the second degree and take a twenty-five years' sentence, and the presiding judge persuaded me to agree to it. He went to the penitentiary and died there.

That case laid the foundation of my fortunes as a lawyer. One of the annoying features of it, however, was that it took me nearly twenty years to make anybody believe that I ever made as good a speech in that old court-house as I did in that particular case.

I was city attorney for Bowling Green. I resigned that office also. So I have two resignations to my credit, notwithstanding Jefferson's famous dictum. Then I was assistant county attorney four years, county attorney four years, presidential elector on the Hancock and English ticket, and was elected to the Legislature in 1888.

In addition, I was author of the Missouri Australian-ballot law, and of Missouri's anti-trust statute, which has been attacked in every court, and finally sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. By enforcing my statute two attorneys-general of Missouri built up reputations enough to lift themselves into the gubernatorial chair. Under my statute more than a million dollars in fines have been paid into the treasury of Missouri, and several trusts have been driven from the state.

I was chairman of a legislative committee to investigate the University of Missouri, which made of that institution a university in fact as well as in name, placing it in the front rank.

My experience as a lawyer has been the ordinary experience of an active country lawyer practising both civil and criminal law, with a strong penchant for politics. I stumped the county and the surrounding counties, later the state, and finally the country generally during every campaign, whether I was a candidate or not. Some of the hardest fights I ever made inside of a court-house were made without fee or hope of reward to save from the penitentiary or the gallows some poor wretch who could not pay a cent, or to help some poor man or woman secure their rights in civil suits.

In Missouri, while the trial court has a right to appoint a lawyer to defend somebody, it has no power to have the lawyer paid anything; so a sensible, right-thinking judge distributes what may be called charity cases among the lawyers, especially the young lawyers. I never refused in my life to defend anybody charged with crime when I was appointed to do so.

One of the most peculiar and interesting civil cases I was ever engaged in involved twelve hundred acres of land, worth about sixty-five thousand dollars then; worth twice that amount now. There is no richer land under the sun than in Pike County, Missouri. Like Zion of old, it is beautiful for situation. Thomas F. Marshall, the most brilliant of all Kentucky orators—which is saying a great deal—once denominated Woodford County, Kentucky, "the asparagus-bed of the garden spot of the world"; but it is not more fertile or lovely than Pike County, Missouri.

In territorial days a young Kentuckian named Uriel Griffith settled in Pike, and was soon elected constable. He also taught school. From his two occupations he accumulated some ready money. When all the government land in northeast Missouri was by some strange hocus-pocus sold for twelve and one-half cents per acre as swamp-lands, Griffith bought sixteen hundred acres—as fine soil as a crow ever flew over—all heavily wooded, not an acre of which was swamp-land, though so classified as such by Federal government experts. Griffith had four children—one daughter and three sons—in age about two years apart. When we tried the case in issue the daughter was sixty-five and the sons sixty-three, sixty-one, and fifty-nine, respectively.

Uriel Griffith was a hard-headed business man, honest and full of prejudice.

When his daughter was fifteen she married a man named Clifford, whom Griffith liked. Consequently, he gave his daughter four hundred acres of that rich land, worth about five dollars per acre at the time of her marriage.

In Missouri an "advancement" bears no interest—a fact which caused the lawsuit.

The land was worth five dollars per acre on her wedding-day. She still owned it when we tried the case, but it was then worth at least fifty dollars per acre. It is now worth from one hundred dollars to one hundred and fifty. As his sons became of age, distrusting their business capacity, Griffith did not give them farms, but said to each of them, "Son, you go and clear up such and such

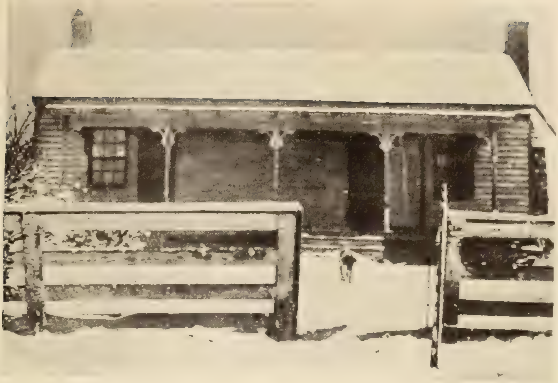

Photo by Brown Bros.

TWO VIEWS OF CHAMP CLARK'S BIRTHPLACE IN KENTUCKY

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a four-hundred-acre tract, and when you show that you have sense enough to attend to your own business I will deed it to you." So the sons cleared off the heavy timber, converted the forest-land into splendid farms, built comfortable houses and reared families—some having grandchildren.

From time to time Griffith gave his daughter and sons each about the same quantity of personal property.

So things ran along till 1883, when he had attained the great age of ninety-three years. He called in three of his most prominent neighbors, and had them divide what was left of his personal property equally among his four children, each receiving about twenty-five thousand dollars. Then he deeded the three farms of four hundred acres each to his three sons—the farms which they had carved out of the virgin forest, and on which they had lived for twoscore years. The land which the sons received was the same quantity for each, and of the same quality as that which their sister had received a half-century before, but it was worth fifty dollars per acre when they got their deeds.

Uriel Griffith reserved to himself only a pony, boasting, after the division of the property and the delivery of the deeds, that he had fixed it so that "neither the Probate Court nor the damned lawyers would get any of my money"—in which remark Uncle Uriel made the mistake of his life.

Having disposed of his earthly estate, he turned his attention to the saving of his soul. A preacher in the Church of the Disciples, or the Christian Church, or the Campbellite Church, as it is sometimes vulgarly called, waited on the feeble old man, persuaded him to join his church, and set a day when the brethren and sisters would bring a bathtub and immerse him.

A Cumberland Presbyterian brother, Rev. Taylor Bernard, desiring to save such a prominent citizen, visited him, explained to him that baptism by sprinkling was just as efficacious as immersion, and, what was more, that if he were dipped, in his weak physical condition, it might kill him. So the ancient penitent, who in his long life had paid much more attention to piling up the ducats than he had to theological points, consented to be sprinkled.

By one of those strange and irritating coincidences which puzzle even the philosophers, when a large company of Disciples, male and female, approached the Griffith residence with their bathtub to immerse that aged convert, they met Brother Taylor Bernard with his company of Presbyterians, male and female, departing in joyous frame of mind, having just snatched the nonogenarian as a brand from the burning, by sprinkling him!

When the triumphant Presbyterians gleefully communicated that fact to my brethren and sisters of the Disciples' Church, the latter were astonished—even dumfounded. The first to recover power of speech was my cousin, J. W. Beauchamp, a prominent Disciple, as smart as a whip, whose daughter had married Mrs. Clifford's son—therefore Uriel Griffith's grandson. Swearing being prohibited to Disciples, my cousin Beauchamp contented himself with saying, loud enough for both Disciples and Presbyterians to hear, "Old Griffith is as crazy as a bedbug!"—not very chaste language or classical, but exceedingly and sufficiently plain—destined to bear much fruit and sadly to disappoint Uncle Griffith's jubilant prediction that the lawyers would get none of his money.

Of course, these unusual transactions created a great hubbub in that splendid rural community. For many moons they were the resounding theme of every tongue for miles around.

In about two years Uncle Uriel Griffith departed this life, dying in the Presbyterian faith, Brother Taylor Bernard delivering the funeral sermon.

Shortly after his obsequies, his daughter, Mrs. Clifford, then by a second marriage Mrs. Bryant, brought suit against her three brothers to set aside the deeds to their fine farms on the ground that when their father, also her father, executed those instruments he was *non compos mentis*. The battle was on, and it was hot enough to please the most fastidious.

At the trial, one hundred and fifty-two of the best men and women in the community testified. All who believed in baptism by immersion swore that Griffith was crazy, and all who believed in baptism by sprinkling or pouring swore that his mind was clear as a bell. All swore honestly. The jury stood eleven for the defendants—one for the plaintiff.

At the next term of the court we tried the case again with the same cast of characters—the same judge, the same lawyers, the same witnesses, the same instructions, and the same speeches as nearly as we could reproduce them from memory. Nothing had changed except the religious persuasion of the jurors. They stood five for the plaintiff, seven for the defendants.

Six months later we tried the case a third time under precisely the same conditions. The opinions of the jury as to sprinkling and dipping had changed still more and the jurors stood eleven for the plaintiff and one for the defendants—the proportion of jurors in the first and third trials being precisely reversed.

The accumulating costs were growing burdensome to both sides, and we compromised the case.

Nothing, in my judgment, influenced the jurors except their belief in the various modes of baptism.

I have always contended that anything that will produce a quarrel may cause a fight, or even a killing. A quarrel about a penny dropping on the floor may lead to a murder.

Down in the southern end of Pike County, Missouri, there lived a family by the name of Show. They were pioneers, well connected, and fairly well educated. Old man Show was dead. His widow had three grown sons —James, Marshall, and Parran—living with her, together with one unmarried daughter. Her oldest son, Morgan Show, lived about half a mile from her house. He had been a captain in the regiment of Col. Bill Anderson—the celebrated guerrilla chief. He had proved his courage in many a hot battle. He rented an eighty-acre prairie field to plant in corn. He sublet forty acres to the three brothers Show. Then they fell out about where the division-line between the two forty acres was. The strip in dispute was about wide enough for four corn rows. For two or three weeks they plowed and harrowed with rifles and double-barreled shotguns strapped to their backs, all inside that eighty-acre field.

One morning, shortly after daylight, Captain Show shot his nineteen-year-old brother, Parran, in the back with his squirrel-rifle, killing him instantly. Hon. Nat C. Dryden, one of the most prominent criminal lawyers in the state, and myself were employed as special prosecutors in the case to assist the county attorneys. After a week's preliminary trial before the justice of the peace, we bound him over to the Circuit Court without bond, for murder in the first degree. The grand jury indicted him promptly. He took a change of venue from Bowling Green, the county-seat of Pike County, to Hannibal. The day before Judge Porter's term as circuit judge expired he turned Captain Show loose—that is, he bailed Captain Show in a writ of *habeas corpus* proceedings. The prosecuting attorney, David A. Ball, afterward state senator and lieutenant-governor, stated to Judge Porter that the feeling among the Shows was such that, while he undoubtedly had the legal power to bail Show, it would end in another killing. Who was killed would depend on who got the drop. While in jail Captain Show had stated repeatedly to witnesses about whose veracity there was no question that all he wanted to get out of jail for was to kill his mother and the three brothers.

His case at Hannibal was set for Monday, the ninth day of January, 1882. On the second day of January I received a telegram from Jim Show stating that Marshall Show had killed Capt. Morgan Show and wanted me to defend him. It turned out that during the mean time Capt. Morgan Show had joined the Holiness Church and was very fond of arguing the correctness of the tenets of that church. He had also moved from Pike County up to Audrain County. On Sunday, January 1st, he was down in the neighborhood of his old home in Pike County, summoning witnesses. A man by the name of Weatherford, who had married one of his sisters, lived on the south side of the big road which was the county line between Pike and Lincoln. It happened, by one of those curious coincidences that confound even the prophets, that along about two or three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon Capt. Morgan Show stopped at Weatherford's home, with the intention of staying all night. While he was there, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Weatherford looked out at the window and saw Marshall Show riding up. It was afterward proved beyond all question that Marshall Show did not know that Capt. Morgan Show was anywhere in Pike County or Lincoln. Weatherford did not want blood shed in his house, so he went out to the yard fence, met Marshall Show, explained to him that Captain Morgan was in the house, and that, while ordinarily he would be glad to welcome him to his home, he did not want him to come in. Marshall Show said that he did not want any trouble with Captain Morgan, and turned his horse and started to ride off. Before he got out of ear-shot, however, Mrs. Weatherford, the sister to both of them, went out and called to him, and told him that his brother and her brother, Captain Show, wanted to see him to have a friendly conversation. Before she finished talking to him Captain Show himself came out and began to discourse to Marshall in the strain used by the Holiness people, to the effect that they had listened to the evil spirits long enough, that it was time they listened to the good ones, and invited him to get down and come into the house and have a friendly conversation.

They started into the house in the following order: Weatherford in front, Mrs. Weatherford and her two little girls following; next came Captain Show, and Marshall brought up the rear. Weatherford walked on through the house to the wood-pile to get some wood. Mrs. Weatherford and the little girls started through a partition door into another room, leaving the two brothers together in the front room.

Up to this point there was absolutely no controversy as to what happened. What happened in the house, at least part of it, was that Capt. Morgan Show was shot in three places. One bullet went in a little back of the median line on the left side between the fourth and fifth ribs, counting up, and came out under his left nipple, lodging between his two shirts. Another bullet struck him in the right side, a little back of the median line, between the fifth and sixth ribs, counting up, and came out under his left nipple, lodging between his two shirts. The third went into the side of his head and is there yet.

Mrs. Weatherford swore that just as she went through the partition door, and just before she closed it, she heard Captain Show say that they might as well settle it then as any other time. The door closed and she heard no more. She afterward claimed that she was compelled to swear that, and that as a matter of fact Captain Show stooped over to pick up a chair, and that Marshall shot him twice, as described above. Then Captain Show tried to pull her between him and Marshall, and tore her dress off in the tussle. He then fell out the back door on his face, his feet resting on the door-step, and Marshall came out and shot the captain in the head, but, before doing so, taunted him about how he had murdered their younger brother. What the truth was I do not know. I do know that she swore the way I have stated in the first instance; that we proved the threats he made in jail; that we set up his general bad character as a fighter and cleared Marshall Show at the preliminary trial before two justices of the peace, at Olney, in Lincoln County. Of course, considering his character and his threats, what Marshall Show or Jim would have been perfectly justifiable in doing would have been to shoot him in a public place with abundant witnesses.

Capt. Morgan Show had a small piece cut out of his right eye-socket. While it did not injure his vision, it gave him a bad squint in that eye. I always supposed the bullet that cut that piece of bone out went from the direction of his nose outward. However, I never inquired about it.

In 1890, when I was making my first race for the nomination for Congress, in a primary election in Audrain County, which was the key to the situation, I spoke in school-houses at night and ranged out in the neighborhood during the day to see voters individually.

One night I spoke at a place called Naler's School-house. There was present a man named Capt. John F. Harrison, whom I had never seen, but who took a great shine to me by reason of my speech. After I had concluded he came up to me and said that I was going to speak in a school-house in his district about four miles distant the next night, and that if I would go home with him he would make me acquainted and introduce me to everybody. He owned a fine farm and had twelve children living at home. I always liked to visit him to see those twelve children with mother and father eating at one table.

Next morning we started out in a buggy and he asked me how I electioneered. I said: "I know very few people in Audrain County, so when I am traveling by myself, if I meet a man I stop him, or if he is working in his field I go over to see him, tell him who I am, ask him what his name is, and if he is a Democrat. If he is a Democrat I go to work on him.

"By the way," I continued, "day before yesterday, up north of Thompson, I ran across a man plowing in his field, asked him what his name was, and he said 'Crosswite.' I asked him if he was a Democrat. He said that he served under Bill Anderson during the war."

Then I said to Harrison, "I was employed to prosecute one of Bill Anderson's captains for murdering his brother."

Harrison held his right hand up and said, "You see that plug out of my little finger?"

"Yes," I replied.

He said, "The man that you were prosecuting for murder is the man that shot that plug out of my finger."

I knew then that I had found the man who had shot that piece of bone out of Captain Show's eye-socket. I asked him to tell me about it, and here is the story he told.

He said that he and Captain Show served together four years in the Confederate Army, served under Bill Anderson as long as he lived, that Show was a captain and he (Harrison) was first lieutenant, and they were good friends. After the war closed he and Show settled on adjoining prairie farms. Harrison had a big wheat-field, Show had a big flock of turkeys. The turkeys kept eating up the wheat. Harrison told Show that if he did not keep the turkeys out of his field he was going to kill them. One day he had on a long-tail frock-coat. Under it he had his army-navy. In his hand he had a hatchet. He went down to his wheat-field and found Show's turkeys eating the wheat. He chopped a big gobbler across the back and cut his backbone in two. The gobbler flopped over; Harrison wrung his head off and threw him into the big road. He then went up to his home, which was on the same big road, and began nailing planks on a fence, still having on his long-tail coat.

Shortly after, Captain Show came along, saw the dead gobbler, and inquired of a man who was plowing in a field near by if he saw John Harrison down there. The man said that he did. Show asked him if he had a pistol. The man said that he did not see any pistol, but that he had a hatchet instead. Show replied: "Yes, damn him, that is what he killed that gobbler with! He cut him across the back with his hatchet." So Harrison said that he looked up after a while and saw Show coming, sitting sideways on his mare, with his coat across his lap and his right hand under the coat, and that he had no doubt what he had in that right hand. The fact that Harrison was engaged in nailing planks on the fence, using his hatchet, confirmed the statement the man who was plowing made—that he did not see a pistol, but a hatchet.

Show rode up, and said, "John, I have come up to settle that turkey question."

Harrison said, "It is as good a time to settle it now as any," threw down his hatchet, and pulled his army-navy.

Show rolled off his mare on the far side, pulled her across the road, and made breastworks of her. Harrison shot at him four times. Show returned the fire and finally hit Harrison in the finger.

Harrison had only two bullets left. He made up his mind very suddenly that unless he got that mare out of the way Show would kill him, so the next time he shot he killed the mare. It left Harrison and Show standing twenty feet apart in the big road face to face, each with an army-navy revolver in his hand. They fired simultaneously. Show missed and fell over in the road flat on his back, apparently dead as a door-nail. Harrison said he did not know whether Show was "playing 'possum" or whether he was dead, and, not proposing to take any chances on it, walked off, leaving him lying there. The doctors were called and patched up Captain Show. The neighbors, not wanting a feud in the neighborhood, got them to agree that there should be no prosecution, no apologies, no explanations, and that they should resume their friendly relations where they had left off. Both agreed to it. Harrison would meet Show, speak to him, and Show would grunt. The bullet which hit Captain Show, instead of going across his nose and clipping the piece out of his eye-socket, had come from the other direction and clipped the piece of bone out, going into his head. The strange part of it is that a navy-pistol bullet, as large as the first joint of a man's thumb, could go in between the eyeball and the eye-socket without injuring his vision. This is the reason that Captain Show died with two bullets in his head—one being John F. Harrison's and the other being his own brother Marshall's.

We cleared Marshall Show in January, 1882. I had never seen him more than two or three times in my life and I never saw him again until the fourth day of July, 1899, at Lexington, Kentucky. Congressman Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and myself made Fourth-of-July speeches there that day. As I had attended the university there for more than three years and taught school for four or five years in three different counties within a radius of fifty miles of Lexington, a great many people who had known me in my earlier days came up to shake hands with me after the speech was over.

Finally a smooth-faced, sober-countenanced, clean-shaven man, with a white necktie, came up and shook hands with me. He asked me about two or three dozen people who lived in my part of the country. I kept telling him about them.

Finally he said, "I don't believe you know me."

"No, I do not," I answered.

He said, "I paid you two hundred dollars in silver once for defending me before a justice of the peace in Lincoln County for killing my own brother."

I asked, "What are you doing here?"

He replied, "I am attending Bible College in Kentucky University."

It surprised me so that I blurted out, "What the devil are you attending the Bible College for?"

He took my breath away when he said, "To prepare myself for the ministry!"

Of course I knew that it was Marshall Show, as he was the only man at that time whom I had ever helped acquit for killing his own brother. He pursued his studies and began as a minister of the gospel in the Church of the Disciples, or the Campbellite Church. He was a very successful preacher. About two years ago he died in the odor of sanctity. Two ministers preached his funeral sermon and four acted as pall-bearers. I hope he has gone to heaven.

Here is another lawsuit out of the ordinary in which I was one of something like a dozen lawyers for the defense—that is, there were that many in the beginning, but they gradually fell off until there were only two or three of us in at the finish.

When Grover Cleveland was elected the first time the Democrats all over the land, to use a Western expression, "put the big pot in the little one," and celebrated in every conceivable way—with speeches, banners, processions, bonfires, music, instrumental and vocal, with Roman candles, sky-rockets, cannon, and explosives of every sort. At Mexico, Missouri—a fine, ambitious little city, the capital of the strongly Democratic county of Audrain

—they had a tremendous demonstration. The faithful were there by the thousands, enthusiastic, noisy, jubilant. Organized companies converged on Mexico from every town, village, and hamlet in the county—in buggies, carriages, spring-wagons, and jolt-wagons, horseback, on bicycles, and on foot. The Democrats, after wandering in the wilderness for a quarter of a century, had come into their own again. So "let joy be unconfined."

In Mexico, as in most prairie cities and towns, the court-house is in a "public square" around which cluster the business houses. In and about the public square the celebration was held. The Ringo Hotel, a fine old hostelry, stood across the street and opposite the southeast corner of the public square. The fireworks committee, consisting of four prominent citizens and, of course, Democrats, occupied the second-story east veranda of the Ringo. They placed their combustibles next to a window in an adjoining room, leaving the window open. They had a small bunch of sky-rockets on the veranda outside of and just under the window. While the jollification was at its height, in some way never clearly explained the small bunch of rockets, etc., on the veranda accidentally exploded, communicating the fire to the larger quantity inside the window, so that for a minute or two the air was full of exploding sky-rockets, Roman candles, and other contraptions of a similar kind. It was a remarkable and terrifying display of pyrotechnics, as the streets for blocks were crowded with men, women, and children.

A rocket containing a pound and a quarter of explosives went clear across and beyond the public square, and hit a splendid young Democrat named Dowell in the face, and not only destroyed the sight of one eye, but broke in the bony socket. It was a horrible wound, and cast a damper on the jubilating crowd. Everybody deeply sympathized with Dowell, as he was popular and widely known.

He sued the fireworks committee for twenty thousand dollars' damages, alleging negligence. The case was taken to Bowling Green, my home town, on change of venue, and I was asked to join the numerous Mexico lawyers for the defense, which I did.

Among other things, the defense set out that Dowell was a part of the celebration, being captain of the Benton City contingent and therefore could not recover.

The case was fought stubbornly, inch by inch, with a resulting "hung jury." All through the trial we admitted that the sum of twenty thousand dollars was not excessive if the plaintiff had cause of action.

As soon as that jury was discharged Dowell filed an amended petition, raising his claim for damages to fifty thousand dollars.

Before the next term of the court the Legislature enacted a law authorizing either party to a lawsuit to submit as many interrogatories to a jury as the court deemed proper and pertinent. The plaintiff, at the second trial, submitted several such interrogatories, and the jury reported back all these interrogatories, answered precisely as the plaintiff desired and as everybody expected, but reported also that they could not agree on a verdict. The court sent them back to their room. The jury in a short time came in with a verdict for the defendants! The verdict was precisely contrary to the answers to the interrogatories.

The plaintiff promptly appealed to the Supreme Court, alleging that, as the answers to the interrogatories led inevitably to a verdict for the plaintiff, he was entitled to a judgment, and that as the defendants had admitted that the claim for fifty thousand dollars was not excessive, he was entitled to a judgment for fifty thousand dollars—all of which seemed logical. To confess the truth, I thought that that was precisely what would happen; but it did not. The Supreme Court affirmed the verdict for the defendants.

Then the good people of Audrain did their best to recompense Mr. Dowell for his injuries by electing him collector of revenue for two terms—the best-paying office within their gift—a handsome and generous performance.

Rev. Father E. A. Casey was pastor of the Catholic church at Montgomery City. One of his parishioners, a Mr. Donovan, was a big business man in St. Louis, who had a fine stock-farm near Montgomery, where he bred and trained trotting-horses for both pleasure and profit.

Father Casey was a big-hearted, big-bodied Irishman, jolly as Old King Cole, very human, also a trotting-horse enthusiast. He owned a three-year-old blue roan which he named "Mark Twain" in honor of the great humorist and philosopher, and which colt Father Casey deemed a world-beater. Every trotting- and running-horse owner hopes that his horse will be a world-beater. That's the reason why so many horse-fanciers go broke. So Father Casey was not peculiar in his aspirations as to his "Mark Twain."

His parishioner, Donovan, had his expert train "Mark Twain." Father Casey went to Ireland to visit his folks, having agreed with Donovan that the latter's men should take "Mark Twain" on the circuit with Donovan's horses to get him used to the hurly-burly, but should not put him into a race until they reached Mexico, Missouri, a great horse center, where he hoped to sell "Mark" at a fancy figure. There was no dispute as to the agreement above stated.

After Father Casey reached Ireland, Donovan cabled: "My horses start on circuit to-morrow. Must 'Mark Twain' go?" Father Casey, with the prior conditions and agreements in mind, answered, "Yes." So the Donovan horses and "Mark Twain" started on the circuit. Contrary to the agreement, Donovan's manager entered "Mark Twain" in a race at Alton, where he was defeated.

On the track of the fair-grounds at Louisiana, Missouri, the driver was jogging "Mark Twain" around the track to warm him up when they met a sulky drawn by "Fire Fly," and driven by a man who was drunk and who took the wrong side of the track, causing a collision in which "Mark Twain" was killed.

Father Casey sued Donovan, laying his damages at thirty-five hundred dollars, alleging that Donovan had not lived up to the agreement made before the trip to Ireland; while Donovan, admitting the original agreement and conditions, claimed that the cable correspondence made a new agreement. Father Casey contended that his answer to Donovan's cable harked back to the old agreement.

I was one of his lawyers. There were six trials before juries, three of which failed to agree. Twice we secured a verdict for fifteen hundred dollars and twice the Court of Appeals reversed it and remanded it for a new trial. An old saying hath it that the "third time is charm." In this case it was the sixth. We secured a judgment for five hundred dollars, which the Court of Appeals affirmed. Eleven of the jury were for giving us a verdict for fifteen hundred dollars, but one man said a priest or preacher had no business with a trotting-horse, and so they compromised on a smaller amount. In the mean time the costs had become the principal bone of contention.

Though Father Casey gained his case, it most effectually and forever cured him of the trotting-horse fever, though till the day of his untimely death he mourned for "Mark Twain."

"Pride goeth before a fall" is an ancient saying. Cardinal Wolsey who, though he delivered some far-resounding remarks on that subject, is by no means the only person to have had sad experiences by way of illustration in his own life of the truth of that proverb. For some years after I began practice I had such a run of luck in road cases that I concluded that I was invincible in that line of lawsuits; but I was destined to a rude awakening on that subject. Road cases in Missouri are tried before the County Court, composed of three judges without a jury. One day I represented the petitioners for a road which a plain, unlettered farmer named Thomas Murphy was fighting, because in order to build the road a small strip of his farm would be condemned for public use. He elected to try his own case to save lawyer's fees. As he was not of the legal profession, I did not attempt to have the rules of evidence enforced against him strictly, and the first thing I knew I was out of court. I have always believed that the court decided in his favor as a joke. I know it was a jolt. I did not hear the last of it for a long time, particularly from the lawyers whom I had before beaten in road cases. John Farrell, a witty Irishman, who was both lawyer and editor, wrote up the case in a racy manner and nominated Murphy for attorney-general on the strength of his victory over me. Subsequently, if a layman undertook to try his own case, wherein I was on the other side, I insisted on the rules of evidence being enforced on the principle that "a burnt child dreads the fire."

Here is a case which would have irritated a wooden Indian or a graven image. During my incumbency in the office of prosecuting attorney a justice of the peace at the little city of Frankford notified me that he had had a man named Prokoff arrested for arson, and asking that I come up at once to conduct the preliminary examination. Arriving, I found Frankford in a great uproar, because on the previous night almost every business house in town was burned. It was alleged that Prokoff, who had owned a small shoe-store, had, in order to collect insurance money, set fire to his own shop, and the fire spread, thereby destroying many houses and much property. Feeling ran strong against the prisoner, and, after hearing the evidence—only the state's side, the defendant offering none—the justice held him for the grand jury, fixing bail at fifteen hundred dollars, which Prokoff could not give, being a new-comer and a comparative stranger in the community. So to jail he went. Shortly he procured an attorney who applied to the Probate Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the amount of the bail bond was excessive, but I swung onto him and the court denied the writ, declaring that the evidence was strong enough to warrant such action, and that, considering the gravity of the offense charged, the bail was not excessive. All this was in the natural order of things.

Prokoff's lawyer, Judge James H. Orr, now a prominent railroad attorney at Kansas City, was very shrewd. After the rage against Prokoff had subsided somewhat the judge, taking advantage of the fact that two of the richest and most prominent citizens of the town were backing the prosecution, got up a bail bond signed by men easily worth two or three hundred thousand dollars. A few of them knew what they were signing, but many of them believed it was a petition to have Prokoff released. Of course on such a bond he was let out on bail. When he returned to Frankford this same lawyer met him at the depot with a brass band and a crowd of curious folks out for a lark, who gave him a serenade.

These proceedings so changed public sentiment in Frankford that when the grand jury convened most of the witnesses had forgotten essential and incriminating facts which they had glibly sworn to at the preliminary trial; the grand jury failed to indict Prokoff and he went scot-free.

I always insisted that that brass band thumped Prokoff's case out of court.

"Matches are made in heaven" is an ancient proverb originating in some fantastic mind and, like most other proverbs, saws, and epigrams, contains about equal proportions of truth and error. Marriages to a large extent result from propinquity. So do the friendships and connections which most influence our lives.

Shortly after I quit teaching school in Louisiana I hung out my shingle as a lawyer in that delectable little city in July, 1876. There lived there a young lawyer named David Alexander Ball, who was city attorney. It so happened that by accident he and I stumped the county together, traveling in the same buggy in the Tilden-Hayes campaign. On our trip we agreed to form a partnership. He had little professional business and I had none, but he divided his crust with me, which enabled me to remain in Pike County, where there was a superabundance of lawyers, big, little, and medium. We remained in partnership only fourteen months, but practised both law and politics in pairs for years, very successfully. We dissolved the partnership because he was a candidate for prosecuting attorney, while I was a candidate for the Legislature. He had already been city attorney and became prosecuting attorney, state senator, president of the state senate, lieutenant-governor, delegate to two national conventions, and came within a few votes of the nomination for governor. Indeed, he and some of his close friends claim to this day that he was nominated. He also came to be one of the best trial lawyers in Missouri. He is now probate judge. I became city attorney of both the cities of Louisiana and Bowling Green, presidential elector, member of the Legislature, permanent chairman of the St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904, Representative in Congress, Speaker of the House, and led on twenty-nine ballots at the Democratic National Convention of 1912 for President, on eight of which I received a majority and was clearly entitled to the nomination as a matter of justice, fair dealing, and precedent. I was finally defeated through the instrumentality of the two-thirds majority rule invented by the pro-slavery Democrats, a part of their machinery for controlling presidential nominations, and should certainly have been repealed when slavery was no more. When first elected to Congress I had a fine law practice, and Governor Ball still has a large business.

He is a capital stump speaker, and when on his first legs was the best hand-shaker I ever saw—qualifications which are of prime importance in politics—especially in country politics.

Ball broke into the lawyers' big league—to borrow a baseball phrase—unexpectedly as to both time and manner. One day while city attorney he was standing on the street corner in conversation with Reuben C. Pew, high-sheriff of the county, and William Parker, mayor of the city of Louisiana, discussing the weather, crop prospects, and other such thrilling topics. A humble, ignorant corn-field colored man approached and inquired what he should do to another colored man who had robbed him of his wife. No three men betwixt the two oceans were more liberal with advice than the trio just mentioned. The negro had gone to the right place for a quick and certain solution of his difficulties. Mayor Parker, senior member of the group, rendered this fateful decision, "Shoot a hole in him that a dog can jump through!" Ball and Pew concurred in the bloody opinion of his honor, the mayor. The negro departed, while they pursued their conversation. They most probably would never have given another thought to the negro but for the aftermath, which was sensational and astounding.

About an hour after the foregoing conversation Ball, sitting with heels cocked upon the table in his office, reading a law-book, was interrupted by the colored man, who, with hat in hand, humbly remarked in a matter-of-fact way, "Marse Dave, I done tuck yo' advice an' killed dat man!"

Ball jumped about five feet into the air as though he had been touched by an electric wire. As soon as he recovered power of speech he swore at that poor colored man in a way that utterly dumfounded him and then summoned Sheriff Pew and Mayor Parker to a consultation as to what had better be done.

The negro told his tale, whereupon Sheriff Pew, who had been about the court-house long enough to pick up some law phrases, said: "Dave, aren't we accessories before the fact in this murder?"

Ball replied, "Yes," with a doleful countenance and accent.

Mayor Parker said, "How are we going to escape?"

Ball, who had never tried a case in the Circuit Court, answered, "I will defend him!"

Sheriff Pew snorted: "Oh hell! If you defend him they'll hang him high as Haman, sure as a gun is made of iron, and send you and Parker and me to the pen!"

But defend him Ball did—and what is more, acquitted him—thereby laying the foundation of his fortunes as a lawyer. When the jury first reported they stood eleven for murder in the first degree and one for acquittal. The judge sent them back to their room for further consideration. After hours of wrangling the one stubborn juryman persuaded the eleven to join him in a verdict of acquittal! It is safe to say that Ball, Parker, and Pew never gave another curbstone opinion in a murder case.

It will be remembered that Othello demanded "ocular proof" before he would believe Iago in his charges against Desdemona.

I once saw Ball win a slander case which I was helping try by introducing "ocular proof" of an important fact. A large man with an aldermanic abdomen, named Boothe, a well-to-do farmer, had a small, lean tie-chopper, Sam Barnes by name, who weighed only some ninety-odd pounds, arrested for stealing his meat.

Barnes was acquitted and promptly sued Boothe for false imprisonment and slander. While Boothe was on the witness-stand Ball asked, "Why did you conclude that Barnes stole your meat?"

Boothe replied, "Because he was the only man in the neighborhood small enough to get through the hole through which the thief entered."

"How big was that hole?" inquired Ball.

"Sixteen inches by eight inches," responded Boothe.

"Is that the only reason why you suspected Barnes?" asked Ball.

"Yes," said Boothe.

Truth to tell, it seemed to those listening that Barnes was the only man in the court-room who could squeeze through a hole of the dimensions stated, and Boothe's evidence had a visibly favorable effect.

Just at that juncture, however, there sat within the bar, goggling about, a carpenter named Ike Newton, who liked to associate with lawyers and to watch court proceedings. He whispered to Ball, "Any man in this room can get through that hole."

"How do you know?" Ball whispered back.

"Oh!" said Ike, "I have been building houses all my life and know all about measuring things."

"How can I prove it?" Ball anxiously inquired.

Newton said, "Keep Boothe on the witness-stand ten minutes and I will show you."

So Ball kept on spinning out his cross-examination of Boothe until Newton returned with a frame sixteen by eight inches under his coat. Handing it to Ball, he said to him *sotto voce:*

"Make Boothe stand up and slip this frame over him."

So Ball asked Boothe, who tipped the scales at two hundred and twenty-five pounds, to stand up. Neither Boothe nor the court nor the jury nor the bystanders knew what Ball was up to. So Boothe stood up and quick as a flash Ball slipped the frame over his head and pressed it clear down to the floor. When it struck Boothe's capon-lined, protruding paunch it had to be pushed somewhat, but down it went—to the chagrin of Boothe and the merriment of all others present. Then Ball asked the foreman of the jury, Judge Marion Rhea, who stood six feet two to stand up and put the frame over his head, and it descended to the floor easily.

Boothe's cake was dough, and Ball secured a verdict against him for a substantial sum.

When I began to practise law Judge Gilchrist Porter was the presiding judge. He was a Virginia gentleman of the old school—a handsome, portly man of courtly manners and of profound legal learning, particularly well grounded in the common law. He had been circuit attorney, member of the Legislature, and for two terms a Representative in Congress. He was an enormous eater and author of a widely quoted saying that "a turkey is too much for one man, but not enough for two." He was particularly kind to young lawyers. Shortly after George W. Anderson, a man of great parts, who was a colonel in the Union Army, and who finally achieved a seat in Congress, entered upon the practice, he was about to be put out of court on the pleadings.

Judge Porter endeavored to help him by saying: "Mr. Anderson, are you 'taken by surprise'?" which is a technical phrase; but he, not being up in the technicalities, and thinking that the court used it in the popular sense, exclaimed with much fervor: "Good God, your Honor, I am not only surprised, I am utterly astounded!" and so was the court.

In the very nature of things and from the necessities of the case, a lawyer in general practice is brought into contact with much human misery. My judgment is that if all lawyers would endeavor to reconcile disgruntled husbands and wives, even when consulted about divorce proceedings, within a decade our monstrous national divorce scandal would be reduced by one-half. Nisi prius judges, if so inclined, could also do much to reduce it.

I love to recall the conduct of one such trial judge, Theodore Brace—may his tribe increase!—for six years on the Circuit bench and for twenty years a member of the Supreme Court of Missouri. He looked on divorce cases with an unfriendly eye. So one day in the Ralls Circuit Court a buxom young matron presented herself for the purpose of procuring a divorce, while a fat widower waited in the recorder's office near by to secure a license to marry her as soon as she was free.

Nobody else was defending the suit, her husband presumably being glad to be well rid of her, but Judge Brace took a notion to defend the case himself from the bench. He cross-examined her until he discovered that her claim for divorce rested entirely on the fact that she and her husband quarreled occasionally. When he was through he said, in kindly accents:

"My dear woman, my dear, good wife and I also quarrel sometimes, but we kiss and make up again. I advise you and your husband to do the same. Your petition for divorce cannot be allowed, and is therefore dismissed."

The buxom young matron and the fat old widower departed sorrowfully!

It goes without saying that there are cases where nothing but a divorce will suffice. For instance, I had the unique experience of obtaining the fourth divorce which one of my female clients secured from the same man, and between their first and fourth marriages he had wedded three other women. When one of them would die he would return to his first wife and persuade her to marry him again. She was a good woman and he was a thrifty, industrious farmer, and a good husband when sober; but unfortunately he belonged to what brilliant, eloquent

Tom Marshall denominated "the spreeing gentry," and when under the influence of *spiritus frumenti* he acted in such cruel manner toward her as, in the language of the statute, "to render her condition intolerable."

The most bitter enemy I have on earth is he whom I forced to live with his wife three years.

In the large cities the law practice is divided to a large extent into specialties—maritime business, commercial paper, real estate, criminal cases, etc.—but a country lawyer is of necessity a sort of "jack of all trades"—or, more correctly speaking, of all branches of the practice.

The best office to which a young country lawyer can be elected is that of prosecuting attorney, and it is of great importance not only to him but to the county. It forces him into the public eye as a lawyer, and if he discharges his duties well lays the foundation for a good practice.

In due course I was elected for a term of two years prosecuting attorney of Pike County. That was in 1884, and I was re-elected in 1886.

The general run of cases which the prosecuting attorney has to do with in his official capacity is much the same one year as another, but occasionally he must deal with one out of the usual order.

Like the poor, we have with us always the prohibition, local option, and temperance questions, in some phase or other. On the subject of local option I had, as prosecuting attorney, an unusually interesting experience. In 1885 the Missouri Legislature passed an exceedingly stringent statute, known as "the Wood local option law." In September, 1887, when my second term was about one-half gone, the question was submitted to the voters of Pike County, and local option was adopted by a rousing majority—seventeen hundred, as I remember it. It was a most stringent law and the severity of the penalty—a fine of three hundred dollars being the minimum, and one year in jail and a fine of five hundred dollars the maximum — made it difficult to enforce. My immediate predecessor, Edward T. Smith, who was one of the best all-round lawyers I ever knew, and I had enforced with vigor the Downing dramshop law, with a minimum penalty of forty dollars, and had thereby killed off the blind tigers, blind pigs, and speak-easies in the county.

For once I agreed with Senator Marcus A. Hanna's famous slogan, "Let well enough alone."

But the people, thinking otherwise, voted for the severer law with great enthusiasm. It was easy for them to vote for it, but rendered it harder for me to enforce it.

The next day, however, I published a proclamation that I would enforce it, just as I would on my oath of office enforce any other criminal statute, and warned all persons whatsoever to stand from under.

The law applied to all of Pike County except the city of Louisiana, which had more than twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and was, therefore, entitled to a separate election. Incidentally it may be stated that that city remained "wet" until national prohibition came into vogue, but in the rest of the county the saloons were wiped out completely.

It is generally asserted and widely believed that druggists will not obey prohibition or local option laws. One of two things is true, however: first, either this unfavorable judgment on druggists is erroneous or, second, the druggists in Pike County in 1887 were exceptionally law-abiding. They joined in a petition to me to give them an opinion, in writing, as to what they could do and could not do under the local option law, pledging themselves to abide by my decision until the Circuit Court convened the first Monday of the ensuing March, when the instructions of the judge would rank my opinion, and to their credit be it said they lived up loyally to their pledge.

After studying all the Missouri statutes and decisions on the subject of selling intoxicants, for a week, I published an opinion to the effect that under the local option law they could sell no intoxicants except the alcohol of commerce, and then for only three specific purposes: art, mechanical, and medicinal, and then only on the prescription of a regularly licensed physician. I added that if a patent medicine contained more than 3 per cent. of alcohol it was barred. I put that in because, at that time, keg beer contained 3 per cent. of alcohol, bock beer 5, and whisky 21¼. The percentages have been changed somewhat since, but they stood at those figures then. As a war measure, President Wilson reduced the alcohol in beer to 2¾ per cent.

The druggists refused to buy proprietary medicines until the agents submitted their formulas to me.

One man sent me a bottle of some brand of malt extract to pass on. I had no means of analyzing it, so I drank it and marked the effect. I wrote him that it was barred, as it contained at least as much alcohol as bock beer. Another sent me a bottle of "Blue Dick" cider, which I would not drink, as, by observing its effects on others, I knew it was not only an intoxicant, but poisonous. So I ruled it out without any ceremony about it.

One day I had been out in the country fifteen or twenty miles on official business and got back to town about sundown. As I was going up the street toward home a veteran druggist hailed me and said, "There was a drummer here to-day and I ordered three cases of rock and rye. What about it?"

I answered, "Doctor, you have drunk a great deal of whisky in your time, and I have drunk more than was good for me. If you were put on the witness-stand and sworn as an expert, what sort of a tipple would you swear that rock and rye is?"

With a broad grin he replied, "I would swear that it is a blamed good tipple!"

I said, "Three hundred dollars a bottle. Telegraph that order off," which he did.

I never had any more trouble with the druggists until the Circuit judge at the March term so modified my opinion that "a coach and four could be driven through" the local option law—to borrow a sentence from Daniel O'Connell.

As that large county was "dry" outside the city of Louisiana, which is on the extreme edge of the county, on the Mississippi River, it was inevitable that bootleggers would endeavor to ply their clandestine trade. I caught one and sent him to jail for twelve months, with a fine of three hundred dollars. Another I sent to jail for six months, and that was the end of bootlegging in my bailiwick while I was prosecuting attorney. If all the rattlesnakes in the county had had hold of a man in the public square during the last year and a half of my term of office, he could not have bought a drop of whisky in the town. He might have borrowed one from the private jug of some Good Samaritan.

A week or two after the first offender was jailed for twelve months and fined three hundred dollars I learned that two eminent Kansas City lawyers, Colonel Gage and Col. Alexander Graves, ex-Representative in Congress, had visited the jail and held converse with the prisoner. I knew them both and they never even called upon me. I knew what their visit meant and who was back of them, furnishing the sinews of war. I knew that they were not consulting the culprit for their health or happiness. Their failure to call upon me made me angry, and I made up my mind that if they took the prisoner away from me it would be only after a hard fight. If it had been a lawyer from Pike or the surrounding counties endeavoring to rescue the prisoner, I would not have cared very much, but I did not intend, if I could help it, that these celebrated and high-priced lawyers from Kansas City, two hundred miles away, should interfere with the administration of justice in Pike County. I concluded at once that they were employed to test the local option law some way.

So in a few days the thing which I expected happened. I received notice that on a certain day they would apply to the Supreme Court of Missouri for a writ of habeas corpus to test the constitutionality of the penalty of the law on three grounds: first, that it violated this clause of section one of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States—"No state shall make or enforce any law that denies to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Their contention was that on one side of an imaginary line in the city of Louisiana, the minimum penalty for selling intoxicants was a fine of forty dollars, while on the other side of the imaginary line the minimum penalty was three hundred dollars—all in the same county. Second, they contended the local option law contravened the Seventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which is in these words, "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

Third, that it violated a similar provision of the constitution of Missouri.

The Supreme Court set a day for the hearing, about two weeks off. I had a set of Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States for which I had never had much use in my country practice and which I had read chiefly for the political decisions of that august tribunal, for many of its opinions are of far-reaching and enduring political effect. On this occasion, however, I dug into them most diligently to hold up my side of the case at bar. I never worked so hard on any case in my life, and prepared a brief nearly as big as the First Reader. My blood was up because of the gross discourtesy shown by my two eminent and brilliant brethren from Kansas City in their failure to call upon me.

When the day for the hearing arrived both sides wanted to submit the case on briefs, but the court would not have it so. The judges declared that it was a case of first impression, in Missouri, and, so far as they were advised, in the country. Consequently they wanted to hear our arguments. They gave us an hour on each side. Colonel Graves opened in half an hour and Colonel Gage closed in the same time. I had an hour in between.

Judge Thomas A. Sherwood, who sat on the Supreme bench of Missouri for three decades and who was one of the ablest judges ever members of that high court, was still on the bench, still in full possession of his splendid powers. He and I were close friends. I greatly admired him, but he indulged in a habit exceedingly disconcerting to a young lawyer, unless they were in agreement as to the case. If he agreed with the lawyer's argument he would, from the bench, ask him helpful questions, but if he was against the lawyer's contention he would interrogate him in such manner as to bother him and weaken his argument.

Knowing his trend of thought by reading many of his opinions, I had reason to believe and to fear that he would be against me in this particular case, and the event justified and verified my surmise. I had not been speaking long until he interrupted me with this question: "Mr. Clark, do you not think that to uphold this local option law would work confusion worse confounded in the laws of this state on the subject of regulating the sale of intoxicants?"

I replied, "If your Honor please, it would not work confusion. On the contrary, it would cure the confusion now existing. With due respect to the court, I do not believe that your Honors are aware that there are already seven laws on this subject in the statute-books of Missouri.

But such is the fact, which I did not know until I studied this case thoroughly. This local option law will wipe them all out and take their place."

I then cited the seven statutes. I saw a broad smile spread over the faces of the four other judges and concluded that they were friendly to my contention, which they were; for the decision was four to one in my favor.

It is the case of the State *vs.* Flem Swann, decided in 1888, and remains to this day the leading case on that subject.

That night I went to bid the judges, including Judge Sherwood, good-by. He taught me a valuable lesson as to arguing cases in the Supreme Court. When I entered his room, I said: "Judge, I know you are against me in this local option case, but I thought I would call to say good-by, anyway. I did not want to argue it, as it seems to me that arguing cases in the Supreme Court is a superfluous, if not an impertinent, performance, because the judges are elected for the reason that they know all the law."

He replied: "You are mistaken. The entire body of the law may be compared to the ocean, while a particular case may be likened to a particular route across the ocean, and while the court may know more law than any lawyer appearing before it, the lawyer knows more than the court about his own particular case. My advice to you is to argue orally your cases, especially if you feel reasonably certain that you are right in your contentions."

It was capital advice and I have a very kindly feeling for Judge Sherwood, who died only recently in the delightful city of Long Beach, California.

The upshot of the case was that Flem Swann served seventeen months in jail.

One of the most pleasant memories of my life, which will abide with me always, is the fact that while prosecuting attorney I let off with fines or jail sentences for their first offenses twenty-five young men whom I could have sent to the penitentiary. Twenty-three of them made good, honest, useful citizens, have married and reared families, and have in every way deported themselves as patriotic Americans should do.

A few years since a close friend to me was standing on the street corner talking to one of those whom I saved from state's prison. I spoke to them as I passed by. When I was out of ear-shot the young man pointed to me and said: "That man made a man out of me!"—a eulogy well worth treasuring.

At that time there was not a word in the criminal code of Missouri looking toward the reformation of criminals, but I felt that I had the confidence of the people and that they would back me up in any reasonable conduct. So I concluded to reform those boys without any law authorizing it—a somewhat hazardous performance. Then Ohio was the only state in the Union that had a parole law. Missouri has one now, and it works well, so the trial judges tell me.

Among the twenty-five, however, were two incorrigible thieves, who finally were sent to the penitentiary. One of them, a very handsome lad with as good a mother as ever lived, got to stealing from his stepfather. That he had committed a felony—grand larceny—was clear; but I let his mother and his lawyer, Governor Ball, cry me into letting him off with a jail sentence and a lecture. He tearfully promised to be good, but in a short time he lapsed from the pathway of honesty, stole his stepfather's fine gold watch and chain, and pawned them for nearly their full value. The old man was wild with rage. He had evidence in abundance to send the lad to state's prison. Again I was soft-hearted and permitted Ball and the boy's mother to weep me into letting him off a second time with a jail sentence; but I explained to him with an emphasis which he did not disregard that if he committed any other crime while I was prosecuting attorney I would be compelled to send him over the road, for public opinion would not stand for more leniency to him. He took me at my word. My term expired and I was elected to the Legislature. While I was at Jefferson City helping to legislate, somebody broke into Ball's house and stole a lot of things, among them a suit of his clothes. After my service in the Legislature, one afternoon about dusk, I was in Ball's law-office at Louisiana. We were consulting about a case in which we were both employed when a heavily veiled woman came in and asked to speak with him in his private office. When they came out he asked me to remain in his office while he went to the calaboose for a few moments, after which we would go to his house for supper, where we could finish our conversation touching our case.

When he came back and we started to his house he said, "Did you recognize that woman?"

I replied: "No, she was heavily veiled and it was too dark. Who was she?"

He gave the name of the mother of the boy previously referred to.

"What's he been up to now?" I inquired. He replied:

"He burglarized a freight-car and stole a lot of things at a distant town, and is locked up in the calaboose, waiting for the sheriff to come for him. When I went down to the calaboose to see him I called him up to the window as it was growing dark. He was slow about coming to the window and had to be invited two or three times. When he did come I happened to look at his legs, and I'll be hanged if he did not have on a pair of my trousers, which he stole out of my house while you were in the Legislature!"

That was almost as sad a case as where a counterfeiter was acquitted of counterfeiting by a certain lawyer, and paid the lawyer his fee in counterfeit money.

Washington correspondents declare they can pick out the ex-judges in Congress from their judicial style of speaking. I am reasonably certain that I can name the ex-prosecuting attorneys from the savage manner in which they marshal their facts—as if for a conviction. It is a habit which is sometimes as strong as nature.

The best illustration, and the most amusing as to force of habit, is a story told of old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of the Dictionary and of *The Story of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.* It is said that the doctor, the Ursa Major of English literature, went to see a certain widow every night for several years. A friend asked him why he did not marry her, thereby saving himself the trouble of constantly calling upon her, whereupon the gruff old doctor roared:

"Why, my dear sir, if I married her where would I go to spend my evenings?"

The office of prosecuting attorney is an ideal position in which to make enemies, and to make them by doing right. When I was going out of that office I was nominated for the Legislature with little opposition, and at the general election ran considerably behind the ticket on account of having discharged my sworn duty without fear or favor. Indeed, I was in Congress several years before I ceased entirely to lose votes for that reason. Finally it dwindled down to two Democrats who would not vote for me, while lots of Republicans did support me. One of the two would scratch my name off the primary ticket, though running without opposition, and he would vote for my Republican opponent at the general election. The other would scratch my name off the primary ticket, but at the general election declined to vote for Congressman at all, being too stanch a Democrat to vote for my Republican opponent. He simply hated me so much that he would not vote for me. As they have ceased to cut their fantastic capers I conclude they are dead.

If at the close of a long service as prosecuting attorney a man will sit down and try to number o'er the enemies he has accumulated, he will discover that as many of them hate him because he had refused to permit them to make a criminal prosecution the vehicle for the gratification of private revenge as because he had convicted them or their kinsfolks or friends.

While I was prosecuting attorney one fact was impressed upon my mind with such emphasis that I will never forget it; and that is that a criminal statute cannot be successfully enforced unless it is indorsed by a considerable preponderance of public opinion in its favor—a fact which legislators would do well to remember. Another lesson I learned is that the best way to get rid of an undesirable statute is to enforce it strictly.

Having prosecuted and defended divers persons accused of crime, I have necessarily seen much of the seamy side of life, but it did not cause me to grow either hard-hearted or pessimistic. On the contrary, I have a better and kindlier feeling for the human race than I had when in the morning of my life. There is much in the criminal classes to excite compassion, for it should never be forgotten that the criminal tendency is a disease. There are thousands of men and women in jails and penitentiaries who should be in hospitals for persons with diseased minds.

The most cruel thing about criminals is the cruel and senseless manner in which ex-convicts are cold-shouldered or even persecuted by the world generally. I thank God that their situation is growing better, even if slowly. I rejoice in every reformatory feature introduced into our laws—parole laws, reform schools, etc.

The old saying, "Once a criminal, always a criminal," is generally but not always true. Of course, society must be protected against crime, but up to this time our penitentiaries have been to a large extent schools for crime, by herding young first offenders with hardened criminals. We are more and more trying now to help the youthful offenders to better lives.

> I held it truth with him who sings
>   To one clear harp in divers tones,
>   That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

It has always seemed to me that the wisest and most human prayer ever preferred at the Throne of Grace is: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

In the early days dueling was much the vogue in Missouri. One of the first things Col. Thomas Hart Benton did after locating in that magnificent territory was to kill in a duel on "Bloody Island" young Charles Lucas, United States District Attorney. Congressman Pettis and Major Biddle killed each other in a duel, and many other prominent men carried their quarrels to "the field of honor," among them Gov. B. Gratz Brown, Gov. Thomas C. Reynolds, Gov. John S. Marmaduke, Judge Abiel Leonard.

Soon after Missouri was admitted to the Union, however, she enacted the most stringent laws possible against dueling. She made it a capital felony to kill a man in a duel within her borders, and made it a penitentiary offense to fight a duel even wherein nobody was hurt—such as they indulge in in France. Likewise it is a penitentiary offense to carry a challenge, to act as a second, or to promote a duel in any manner whatsoever. It is a penitentiary offense to agree in Missouri to go out of Missouri to fight a duel. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, there were a few old-timers who liked the code.

While I have always endeavored to be a law-abiding citizen, and never had any desire to be mixed up in a duel, I unwittingly carried a challenge once. In the city of Louisiana, when I first settled there, lived two editors, Capt. J. C. Jameson and Major J. F. Downy. Jameson was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived, but had a hot temper; he was an Argonaut in 1849, a filibusterer with General Walker in Nicaragua, a captain in the Confederate Army, and adjutant-general of both Missouri and Oklahoma. He and Major Downy had been conducting a bitter quarrel in their papers. I was on friendly terms with both, especially with Jameson. One day Captain Jameson asked me to deliver a sealed package to Major Downy, I never dreaming that it contained a challenge to mortal combat—which it did. I was innocent as a child in the matter. Downy opened it and became madder than a wet hen. He swore that it was against the law, and that he had a notion to send both Captain Jameson and myself to the penitentiary—which was not a cheerful prospect. I grabbed the challenge out of his hand, tore it to pieces, and then persuaded Captain Jameson to let the matter drop. From that day to this I have been somewhat careful about carrying sealed packages from one person to another unless I have some inkling of the contents, particularly where one of the men concerned was so belligerent as Captain Jameson.

First look at that picture and then on this:

One of the most unique experiences of my Kentucky life was presiding, when about twenty-one years old, as a sort of moderator in a theological debate betwixt Dr. D. B. Ray, a militant Baptist, editor of *The Baptist Battleflag*, and Elder Green Anderson Perkins, a popular preacher in the Church of the Disciples. The reason I was chosen to preside was that I was the only person for miles around who could read Greek except the debaters themselves. The question discussed was not the mode of baptism—for they were thoroughly agreed that immersion was the only proper method—but upon the purpose and effect of immersion. On these points they were wide apart.

It was an outdoor performance for the all-sufficient reason that there was not a house in the county which would have held one-half of the vast concourse of curious folks who had gathered to listen to their champions. It was a delightful day in October, in a fine grove of ash, hickory, oak, poplar, sugar-maple, and dogwood, whose foilage an early frost had glorified in as many colors as were in Joseph's famous coat. The debate began at 10 A.M. and ended at 5 P.M., with an intermission of one hour for a basket dinner, and such a dinner! Chicken, fried and baked, ham, boiled and broiled, eggs, salt-rising bread, fish, quail, coffee, cake, and two or three dozen sorts of pies and preserves. It makes my mouth water even yet to think of that spread.

For six mortal hours those two able preachers cut and thrust and parried and mauled each other in a terrific manner, verbally. Time and again I was compelled to call their excited and enthusiastic partizans to order. It was difficult to keep the peace, but somehow I managed to do it by drowning them out with the noise I made pounding a strong poplar table with a hickory club as a gavel—and with which I could have brained an ox or a mastodon. It was a "no-decision" contest. I would not consent to act as chairman until that point was agreed to, for I would as lief render a decision at a baby show as in a theological combat. At sundown the great crowd dispersed, never to meet again till that tremendous day—*dies iræ*—when metaphysical disquisitions on fine controverted points of theology will be barred, I fervently hope. As usual, each side claimed that its man won!

At that time debating on religion was in flower. Alexander Campbell debated with Archbishop Purcell, Robert Dale Owen, and Dr. Nathan L. Rice. John S. Sweeney and L. B. Wilkes wrestled with Doctor Ditzler. These men, to use ring parlance, were the theological topnotchers of that era. In addition to these great heavyweight champions, the land was full of smaller preachers —middle-weights, light-weights, welter-weights, featherweights—belaboring one another in debates which too frequently degenerated into unseemly verbal slugging-matches. How the laymen and laywomen worked themselves into passions about delicate points of theology, every neighborhood being divided into hostile religious camps! If, in my boyhood, I heard one acrimonious dispute as to whether Christ went down into the river Jordan and was immersed, or whether John the Baptist took him to the river's edge and baptized him by sprinkling or pouring, I heard a thousand. Along with a dozen or more others I participated one day in a "corn-cutting" given by one of the neighbors, which developed into a many-voiced jangle about religious tenets to such an extent that the output of corn-shocks was contracted and minimized to what Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson would denominate an "irreducible minimum." Time and again I heard a dear old friend—a very disputatious person—who could neither read nor write our own language or any other, gravely expound the meaning of the Greek preposition *eis* and of the Greek verb *baptizo*.

Debates on religious themes must have had their uses, otherwise they would have been neither indulged in nor tolerated.

I know not how others feel, but so far as I am individually concerned I am glad they have been abolished—glad that controversial religion is past and that practical religion is more and more.

Recalling those years when wrangling, brawling, and sometimes fights about controverted theological dogmas were in fashion, I love to think of two humble preachers; one, David Bruner, a Baptist, the other, Levan Merritt, of the Disciples' Church, who never debated, but, following the example of Jesus, "went about doing good," riding the hills and valleys and spreading the glad tidings into the obscurest parts. They were unlettered men, knew nothing of rhetoric, little of logic. The Greek and Hebrew alphabets were sealed mysteries to them, but I never saw two nobler men, and they did a vast deal of good. "Brother Merritt," as everybody, white and black, male and female, old and young, rich and poor, saint and sinner, in three counties affectionately called him, left no data as to the results of his labors in the Lord's vineyard; but some four or five years ago "Brother Davy Bruner," at the great age of nearly a century, was interviewed by a newspaper man at Harrodsburg, and stated among other things that during his long life he had baptized about five thousand people, had performed about five thousand marriage ceremonies, and had preached nearly that many funeral sermons! What a record with which to appear at the Judgment Bar in the Last Day!

Yes, here in the Speaker's rooms of the finest Capitol in the world, it is pleasant to rest for a moment from contemplation of the great to remember these two lowly servants of the Master, at whose feet I sat in boyhood, and to rescue their names from oblivion.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

CHAPTER VI

William P. Taylor, legislator, hanged—I was nominated for the Legislature first by a grand jury.

OF the membership of the Legislature in which I served, three of us, Joseph J. Russell, Robert N. Bodine, and myself, got to Congress; and one, William P. Taylor, was hanged for five beastly murders.

The present Congressman, Russell, was Speaker, and gave me choice of committee chairmanships. I chose the chairmanship on criminal jurisprudence because of much practice in that line. Taylor was the youngest man not only on my committee, but the youngest in the House. He was a good-looking, well-set-up, intelligent, mild-mannered, handsomely dressed, industrious young man; both a lawyer and banker by profession, a graduate from the University of Missouri. He was faithful in attendance both in committee and the House, modest in deportment, and able to hoe his own row. Apparently he had as bright a future as any of the members. Looking over that body for a cold-blooded, fivefold murderer, a physiognomist would have passed him up, for none of us looked the part less than this young man, destined to die on the gibbet. It is fortunate for us poor mortals that "Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate."

When Taylor was hanged, besides the four other indictments for murder and one for attempted murder, there were pending against him indictments for forgery, grand larceny, and arson. Why he, possessing a good wife, nice children, an abundance of property to live comfortably on, with an assured position at the bar, in society, and in politics, should have proved to be such a monster of iniquity must forever remain a psychological problem to those interested in criminology. When he entered upon his criminal career no man of his age in that part of Missouri stood higher or had brighter prospects in life. To say that the developments in his case utterly astounded all his acquaintances is to put it mildly.

He was pursued by a series of adverse accidents which is amazing, if not unparalleled.

So far as was ever publicly charged, his first infraction of the law was forgery. A well-to-do farmer of the vicinity was very sick. The doctors said he must die in a few days. While upon what was supposed to be his death-bed, the farmer gave a check for two dollars to a hired hand for labor. He presented it to the bank of which Taylor was cashier and Taylor raised it, so it was charged, to two thousand. Wishing to give the farmer time to die, he sent the check by a circuitous route, expecting he would be dead before it would be presented for collection. The check came back to the rival bank on which it was drawn. There was either something suspicious about the appearance of the check itself or the cashier, knowing the farmer's characteristics and habits, deemed the check larger than he would be likely to give. At any rate, he sent it out to the farmer to inquire as to the facts. The farmer, to Taylor's undoing, being on the highroad to recovery, the opinion of his physicians to the contrary notwithstanding, Taylor was promptly indicted for forgery. The farmer's unexpected recovery was accident number one, which led Taylor to the gallows tree.

Taylor owned a farm about midway between Browning, where he lived, and Milan, the county-seat. In a pasture he had a lot of fat steers. Adjoining his pasture, and separated from it only by a barbed-wire fence, was another pasture full of fat steers, both pasture and steers being owned by a citizen of Milan. On Saturday, so it was alleged, Taylor directed a man named Meeks to take a car-load of steers out of his pasture, and also a car-load out of the Milan man's pasture, and ship them to Kansas City. Sunday morning the Milan man went down to his pasture to salt his steers, discovered that a car-load was missing, hopped on the train, went to Kansas City, and found his lost steers in the pen. Accident number two was that, had Taylor shipped the steers any other day than Saturday, they would have been butchered and in the freezing-rooms, which would have prevented the Milan man from identifying his cattle. Taylor and Meeks were indicted jointly for grand larceny.

Taylor owned a small two-story building adjoining a lumber-yard, the upper story being rented to a photographer, house and gallery both fully insured. Taylor, so it was claimed, for reasons of his own, set fire to the house, which fire burned up the lumber-yard belonging to another man—the lumber-yard being what he wanted to burn. House and gallery were estimated as total loss. The photographer had a fine and expensive camera. Though it did not belong to Taylor, he was so greedy that he could not make up his mind to see it burn. Before setting fire to the house he removed the camera, secreted it, and finally shipped it to St. Louis, where he sold it. In due time the photographer went to that city to purchase a second-hand gallery outfit, and found his camera—accident number three for Taylor. He was promptly indicted for arson.

Taylor and Meeks took a change of venue to an adjoining county, on the indictment charging the larceny of the steers. Taylor secured a severance—also a continuance. Then he told Meeks that as matters stood they were both headed for the penitentiary, but that if Meeks would plead guilty and exculpate him he (Taylor) would see to it that his (Meeks's) punishment would be assessed at the minimum of two years, which by good behavior would be reduced to eighteen months, and that he would support the family of Meeks while he was in prison and reward him handsomely. So the poor devil, being friendless and penniless, accepted the proposition, assumed entire responsibility for stealing the steers, and went to the penitentiary for two years.

A bright, ambitious young lawyer, named Bresnahan, was prosecuting attorney of Sullivan County, in which all these crimes were committed. He studied the Taylor cases till he concluded that Meeks knew about the forgery and arson as well as the larceny of the steers. Consequently, he visited the state's prison and proposed to Meeks that if he would make a clean breast of it and testify in all the cases against Taylor, he would have him pardoned. Meeks agreed, and it was so done.

Now, be it known that Sullivan County is in north Missouri, a comparatively short distance from Illinois. Be it also remembered that a deposition for the prosecution in a criminal case cannot be used in Missouri, the constitutional provision being that "the defendant must be confronted by his accusers face to face"—also that a subpœna or writ of attachment issued by a Missouri court does not apply outside the state. Consequently, Taylor, realizing that if Meeks testified to all he knew, he, Taylor, was certain to be convicted, but that if he could induce Meeks to leave the state and stay out of it he would go scot-free. So, as court was approaching, he made Meeks a proposition that if he would leave Missouri and stay out of the state, he would convey him, his family and belongings, to Illinois, in a good two-horse wagon, drawn by two valuable horses, and at the end of the journey would give him the wagon and team, together with eight hundred dollars in cash. It is said that Meeks's wife and mother both protested vigorously against the arrangement, but without avail, and Meeks accepted, going blindly to his doom.

One dark night Taylor and his younger brother, George, loaded Meeks, his wife and four children, with their household goods, into the wagon, starting ostensibly for Illinois. When they reached George Taylor's farm they killed with an ax Meeks, his wife and three children, hiding the bodies in an old strawstack. They cut the fourth child, a little girl six years old, in the head with the ax and, thinking she was dead, chucked her with the rest into the strawstack.

Next morning the little girl crawled out of the strawstack with her hair all clotted with blood. She had no idea where she was. In sight of where she stood, at a distance of about two hundred yards, was George Taylor's house. About equidistant in the opposite direction, also in sight, was the house of a widow in no way related to the Taylors. If the child had gone to George Taylor's she would most certainly have been murdered instanter. But, by a most marvelous coincidence, she went to the widow's house and said that her mother, father, brothers, and sister were asleep in the strawstack.

The widow alarmed the neighbors and the hunt began. George Taylor had been seen early that morning harrowing around the strawstack—evidently to obliterate the wagon tracks, which would be a clue that he was mixed up in the murders. As soon as he learned that the little girl had crawled out alive he mounted a fine horse and went to Browning as fast as the horse could run, and informed his brother of what had happened. They armed themselves to the teeth, took what money they wanted from the bank, and left for parts unknown. A mob speedily formed, but could not catch them.

Several days subsequently they stopped in an out-of-the-way hamlet in the mountains of Arkansas to let their horses rest, giving it out that they were land-buyers. It developed afterward that they were trying to get to Honduras. While staying in the hamlet Capt. Jerry C. South, a young lawyer, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Arkansas, now chief clerk of the House of Representatives, with the talents and instincts of a Vidocq, a Pinkerton, or a Burns, highly developed, happened to ride over to the hamlet which was some miles from his residence. Strangers were scarce in that neighborhood, it being at that time far removed from a railroad. South saw the strangers and observed that they had gold watches, two revolvers each, and rode magnificent horses. Also that they wore Prince Albert coats, with skirts frayed by briers and bushes. In addition, he noted the fact that their beards were of a growth of two or three weeks. While riding home it kept running through his mind that he had somewhere seen the pictures of those men.

Reaching his residence, he dug into a pile of St. Louis papers, found their pictures, and also discovered that there was a reward of five thousand dollars for their apprehension. He determined to capture them, but how? That was the rub. If he went back to the hamlet with his shotgun they might see him first and either kill him or escape. If he undertook to bag them with only a revolver, it was a game of two to one in their favor. Finally he resolved on this plan of action. He rode back to the hamlet armed with revolvers, but he knew that the keeper of the store where they loafed had a fine double-barreled shotgun in the back room. So he entered the store and found the Taylors still there. He asked the storekeeper for some article which was kept in the back room, into which they went. Being in, he told the merchant that he wanted to borrow his gun, to which the storekeeper was agreeable. Captain South threw out the cartridges loaded with bird-shot, slipped in others charged with buck-shot, walked back into the store with both barrels cocked, and made prisoners of the fugitive brothers.

It so happened that the state convention, to which Captain South was a delegate, was to meet at Little Rock that week. He took the Taylors with him most of the way by boat and for two days they sat in the convention with him—unmanacled, and, as far as appearances went, as free as any other men in that city. They never tried to escape; partly, no doubt, because on the boat Captain South gave examples of his marvelous skill of marksmanship with a revolver by shooting the heads off turtles sunning themselves on logs, which gave his prisoners a wholesome respect for him. In due time he delivered them to the Missouri authorities and collected the reward. They were tried before Judge W. W. Rucker, now and for many years past a Representative in Congress, and sentenced to be hanged. A few days before the appointed time they broke jail. George escaped and, so far as the public knows, has never been heard of since. Bill was recaptured before he got out of the jail-yard, and was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

I did not desire to go to the Legislature when I did, and served only one term. I went by reason of one of the queerest capers ever cut in politics. I was first nominated by a grand jury. It happened thus: I was closing my second and last term as prosecuting attorney. When the grand jury had finished its business, Judge John McCune, foreman, one of the best men I ever knew, said: "Clark, you should go to the Legislature. It's an important revising session." I thanked him, but told him I could not afford to go—that after a long and hard scuffle I had gotten a footing at the bar, was building up a good practice, and didn't want to throw away an opportunity which might not return. He put it to the grand jury—which was unanimous, though one was a bitter Republican. They paid my announcement fees and the primary ratified their choice. I spent the primary election day hoeing out my garden.

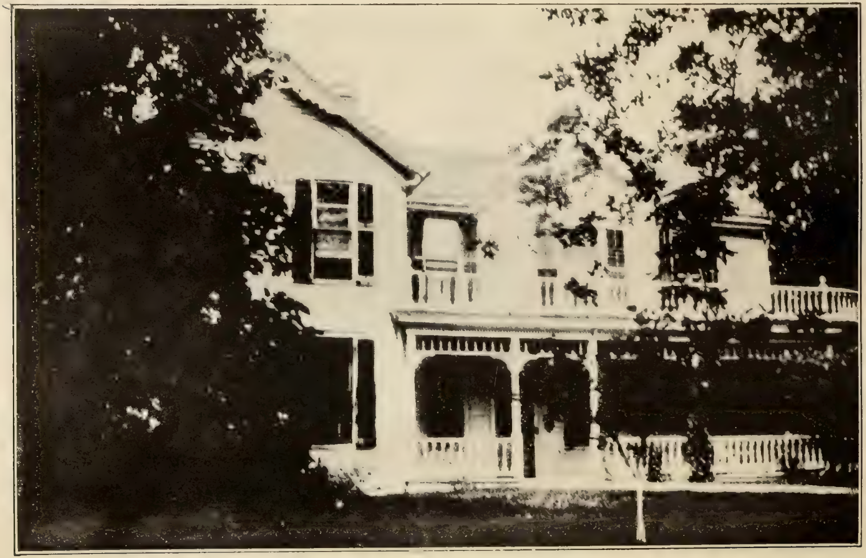
CHAPTER VII

The Norton and Robinson feud—Colonel Hutton got to Congress by Norton's and Robinson's delegates—The "flip-a-dollar" nomination of Norton—Then came the Clark-and-Norton campaign of six months' incessant struggling, and Clark's nomination.

I DID not go to Congress as soon as I expected I would when I was plowing, worming tobacco, binding wheat, mauling rails, hoeing corn, and breaking rocks with a sledge-hammer, down in Kentucky. It was not a case of "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," for I always believed that I would reach the Congressional goal some time. I had a good, growing law business and was prospering moderately. The chief reason for the delay was that when I went to Missouri I located in a Congressional district where there were more Democrats in the prime of life fit to be Members of Congress—all of them older than I—their ages ranging from thirty to sixty—than in any other rural Congressional district in the United States. Judge A. H. Buckner, long time chairman of the great Committee on Banking and Currency, served twelve years, the longest anybody has served from the district except myself. He and I are the only two men to secure more than two terms from that bailiwick so rich in Congressional timber. He could have easily remained in Congress all his life, for he possessed the unshaken confidence of his constituents, who were proud of the commanding position he had attained in the House; but in 1884 he concluded to run for Governor, which opened the way for the aspiring youngsters who had long coveted his place, but feared to shy their hats into the ring against the veteran statesman who had led a high public career of more than twoscore years. They deemed him invincible—as he surely was.

When he voluntarily quit the Congressional field the situation was what it always is at the close of a long service—two generations of candidates lapped over on each other. A free-for-all fight of great intensity and ferocity ensued, which, with four other fights of the same sort, kept that district in uproar and turmoil for a decade. When I first reached Congress the district was popularly called "The Bloody Ninth." Now it has the more pleasing sobriquet of "The Peaceful Ninth," every particle of factionalism having "gone where the woodbine twineth."

There were then nine counties in the district. Ten men declared themselves candidates for the Democratic nomination for Congress and about a dozen more of us wanted to declare, but for one reason or another did not—chiefly because we had no political machines. Judge Elijah Robinson, the youngest Circuit judge in the state, and Judge William H. Biggs, subsequently judge of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, both of Pike, settled their contention in a Pike County primary, Robinson winning. Consequently only nine candidates went before the district convention—nine strong, ambitious men, who fought for a seat in the House of Representatives as though it were the crown of the Bourbons. The contest attracted the attention of the state and wrecked many fortunes. They had one of the old-fashioned conventions, where the "favorite son" business was worked for all that it was worth. All the arts of old-time politics were practised to the limit. They met in Montgomery City and balloted twenty-two hundred times without selecting a candidate. They adjourned to meet two weeks later at New London, in Ralls County, where they balloted two



HOME OF CHAMP CLARK AT BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI

thousand-odd times more. Out of these ten candidates the strongest two were Judge Elijah Robinson, of Pike County, now one of the leading lawyers in Kansas City, and Col. Richard H. Norton, of Lincoln County. They were the same age. They were two of the most successful lawyers in the state. They had read law together in the same office when they were lads and fell out while reading law, so that to the ordinary political complications was added that of the personal feud between these two very capable men. What was the original cause of the mutual animosity I do not know, but whatever it was it had much to do with their three races for Congress against each other.

In 1884 Colonel Norton got within one vote of the nomination, but he could not get the one vote needful, so, to thwart his enemy, Robinson, he threw his whole strength to Col. John E. Hutton, who had only ten votes in the convention, and nominated him. Hutton was a doctor, a lawyer, an editor, and had been a colonel of approved courage in the Union Army. In apparel he was a Beau Brummell. He was a man of high character and Chesterfieldian manners. Withal, he was as proud as Lucifer. No man ever expressed his opinions of men and things with more amazing abandon. He called a spade a spade. If he thought a man was a liar, coward, or double-dealer, he said so. Once, just after the close of the Civil War, when it was risky to make a Democratic speech in Missouri, the colonel was making one—a red-hot one at that—standing in the judge's stand in a certain court-house. A lot of fellows well "lighted up" in the rear of the room started toward him, shaking their fists and making loud and angry threats as to what they would do to him; whereupon he stopped his speech, jumped over the judge's stand, drew his revolver, and invited them to "come on"! They stopped suddenly, while he pocketed his gun, returned to the stand, resumed his speech, and concluded it without further interruption.

His nerve was equal to his politeness—which is saying a great deal.

In 1886 we went through the very same performance, except that one candidate had died, one had dropped out, and a new one was added. We had two conventions, with an aggregate of over four thousand ballots. Judge Robinson came within one vote of getting the nomination and could not get it, so, to spite his enemy, Norton, he threw his strength to Colonel Hutton and nominated him again. In this way Colonel Hutton, who had no such following as Robinson or Norton, and who spent no money and little time or energy in campaigning, served two terms in Congress.

In 1888, all of them that were alive ran again, except Colonel Hutton, with one new man added to the list. They had a deadlock convention at Warrenton. Somebody suggested that as Norton and Robinson—the two leading candidates—were cutting each other's throats all the time, others being the beneficiaries of their warfare, both of them could go to Congress if they would flip a dollar for the nomination, the one winning to go the first two terms and the one defeated to go the next two terms. So they flipped the dollar. Colonel Norton won, was nominated and elected by a reduced majority, which was not to his discredit, as the feeling was so intense that any other candidate would have received a reduced majority.

I have never believed that a man has a right to run for office and worry himself and his friends unless he has a fair chance of succeeding, but in 1890 I reasoned it out this way. There was so much bad feeling about the flipping of the dollar and about the three long-drawn-out and bitter contests that I knew some Democrat would oppose Colonel Norton for the nomination. I believed, however, that the force of the practice of giving a man two terms would renominate him, but the man who ran against him and made a good showing in 1890 would defeat him in 1892, and so it happened. I made the race in 1890 and a change of forty-four votes out of a poll of thirty-three hundred in the primary in Audrain County, which then held the key to the situation absolutely, would have given me the nomination and the election. The truth is I came nearer beating Colonel Norton than either he or I thought I would. I heard that after it was all over the colonel, who was endowed with a keen sense of humor, gave some of his cronies this account of that race: "When Clark began his campaign in Audrain," he is reported to have said, "my friends wrote me that he was shelling the woods in the far reaches of the county, but that I could remain in Washington certain of renomination. In about a week later they wrote me that he was making some progress, and while there was no danger I had best come home a week before the primary and stump the county. In a few days they wired me the situation was critical and that I must come at once, which I did." After he was nominated I supported him loyally, stumping the district for him.

That campaign illustrates forcibly what personal solicitation and a house-to-house campaign will accomplish. I knew very few voters in Audrain—none at all in the western half of the county. All the newspapers in the county except one were for Colonel Norton. So were nearly all the county officials and politicians. He had canvassed the county in three previous races and had the prestige of possession, which, according to an old saying, is nine points of the law. Not one man in ten in the county—even among those supporting me—believed when I began that I had a ghost of a show to carry Audrain. I spoke in the school-houses at night and buttonholed the voters most industriously in the daytime.

To illustrate: Saling township, in Audrain, is a fine, rich body of land with three hundred Democratic voters, and without a town, big or little, and without a railroad.

It lies immediately north of Sturgeon, on the Wabash Railroad, in Boone County, which is not in our Congressional district. The people of Saling, most of them, trade at Sturgeon, receive their mail from there, and to a large extent support the town. I did not know a soul in Saling township, but I proposed to form their acquaintance. So I went to Sturgeon, where I knew only three men. I asked them what my chances were in Saling. They said I had none. I inquired why. They bluntly said that nobody knew anything about me, but they did know that Colonel Norton was in Congress; that the rule was that a man should have a second term, and, what was more, they were weary of the constant and suicidal fighting among Democrats in the district.

I inquired if the good people of Saling could be induced to attend a public speaking. The answer was: "Yes. They are fond of that." One of these men was Doctor Keith, who practised all over the township. The second was Hon. Henry L. Gray, ex-merchant and ex-editor, a politician of high degree. The third was Hon. Thomas S. Carter, a lawyer of large practice, especially among the Saling people. These three men—all dead now, and whose memory I fondly cherish—sympathized with me. They thought I was on a fool's errand and I am sure they felt sorry for me. They laid their heads together, however, arranged for me a string of appointments covering the township—in school-houses—and made me an accurate map, showing the house of every Democratic voter and memoranda giving names and minute biographical data. Then they advised me to employ a liveryman named Joe Palmer, who knew the people and the roads thoroughly, to haul me over the township. Thus equipped and thus chaperoned I sallied forth, spoke every night to fine audiences, and personally interviewed every voter. The upshot was that I carried that township by seventy-five majority.

A change of forty-four votes would have given me the county, the nomination, and the election. I have always believed that had not rain-storms kept the people away on two nights I would have won, for that was the only canvass I ever made in which I knew I made votes every time I spoke.

In 1892 they cleared the decks to let Colonel Norton and me fight it out. Colonel Norton was a man of commanding presence, over six feet, straight as an arrow, smart as a whip, a good mixer, and an effective stump speaker. Moreover, he possessed a substantial bank-account and was not afraid to draw on it. Both of us were right in the prime of life. He was a year and a half older than I. If they had combed the United States over for two young men, strong beyond the average physically, who were determined to go to Congress, they could not have selected two filling the bill better than Colonel Norton and myself. To use a phrase indigenous to Missouri, we were both "strong as mules and tough as whit-leather."

There were other men in the district ambitious for the high honor, but the voters did not encourage their aspirations. They wanted the bitter factionalism in the district settled by a finish fight. This sentiment was so pronounced that the dark horses remained in their stables with such patience as they could muster. They may have champed their bits savagely and pawed the bottom of their stalls ferociously, but they did no audible neighing.

We began the 20th of March. We finished the 31st of August. In all that time there were not forty-eight consecutive hours in which either of us could rest. We both went armed to the teeth, expecting a shooting-match every time we met, but the very fact that we did expect it, I think, prevented it.

March 20th we opened the campaign simultaneously, but not together, in Audrain, which we had contested stubbornly inch by inch in 1890. That county in the new district was not decisive of the contest, as it had been in the old, but its vote was large and important. The weather was simply execrable. That's the only word that fitly describes it. I know not whether the three witches in Macbeth ever met "again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain," but I do know that Colonel Norton and I began that campaign in "thunder, lightning, and in rain," with snow and sleet in addition. Not only began so, but continued under similar conditions for many days. The rich, black, alluvial mud was, as a rule, knee-deep, sometimes much deeper. We plowed and waded through it resolutely, if not cheerfully. Each of us might have been nicknamed, and not inappropriately, "Rain-in-the-Face," because we braved so many rainstorms and were wet and muddy for a month. Being very susceptible to hoarseness, I carried with me constantly a bottle of horse liniment and about a half-yard of red flannel. Every night I anointed my throat and breast liberally with the liniment, heated the red flannel as hot as possible, clapped it on throat and chest, went to bed, and slept like a top. Otherwise I would have broken down with hoarseness and cold on my lungs. What remedy, if any, he used this deponent sayeth not, because he knoweth not. It would not be much exaggeration to say that we wallowed through that campaign in Audrain.

I swept the county by eight hundred and sixty-eight majority.

Outside of Crawford County in the Ozarks, each of us had thirty-one delegates. The way that happened was this: The custom in constituting a convention was that each county was entitled to one delegate for every two hundred and fifty Democratic votes cast in the last presidential election, or a major fraction thereof. Nobody dreamed of any other basis until all the counties except Crawford had selected delegates or were certain for the one or the other of us. It must be remembered that the counties voted under the unit rule. On the basis of the last presidential vote I had thirty-five delegates and Colonel Norton thirty-two, outside of Crawford. But suddenly the Congressional Committee, which was friendly to him, convened, issued the call for the convention, fixing the basis for delegates on the off-year vote of 1890, by which I lost four delegates and Colonel Norton one—a net loss of three to me, with the result that outside of Crawford there would be a tie—thus in effect conferring on Crawford, a new and remote county in the district, the honor and power of selecting a Representative in Congress. On the part of my friends a great uproar ensued.

They denounced the action of the committee in language not fit to be mentioned to ears polite; they got up protests numerously signed; they did all that mortal man could do, short of physical violence, but without avail. The Congressional Committee was deaf, dumb, and blind as to their protestations, objurgations, and maledictions. The committee stood by its guns without flinching or wavering. There was nothing to do about it except to grin and bear it—which I did.

In 1894, when the tables were turned and the Congressional Committee, then friendly to me, performed the same strong-arm stunt by basing delegates on the Congressional vote of 1892 instead of on the presidential vote of that year, thereby placing my renomination beyond a peradventure, so that I had no opposition in the convention, Col. John W. Jacks, editor of *The Montgomery Standard*, now my very good friend, then decidedly otherwise, sadly and tersely remarked in his paper: "It would be a blamed good thing if the Congressional Committee could be abolished altogether!" If the colonel's vocabulary had not been restricted by his high standing in the church, no doubt his statement would have been even more vigorous and somewhat sulphurous, and, to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I would not have criticized him had he sworn after the manner of a Jack Tar or the "Army in Flanders."

The action of the Congressional Committee having narrowed the contest to Crawford, Colonel Norton and I, both utter strangers to her people, proceeded to that county and entered upon the last lap of our Congressional Marathon. It was a fight for blood. No quarter was asked, expected, or given. We worked, talked, and wrote incessantly. We made stump speeches, two daily, sometimes three. We solicited votes personally. We traveled in passenger-cars, on freight-trains and hand-cars; in buggies, on horseback, and occasionally on foot. We had friends and agents by the dozen traversing the county, as old man Harper of Kentucky proudly boasted he ran his horses, "from eend to eend." We never let up for rain, hail, snow, flood, storms, mud, dust, cold, or heat. On March 20th I weighed two hundred and ten. In November I tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty-five. I had worked and sweat off twenty-five pounds and was "hard as nails." Colonel Norton was in the same condition. We were down to our fighting weights —in pink of condition.

In short, we did everything possible that was proper, and, in the retrospect, I am inclined to believe that we did some things which were not strictly proper.

Large in area, hilly, almost mountainous in parts, sparsely populated, cut by mountain streams which suddenly became raging torrents, past fording, at every heavy rain—and it rained almost every day—Crawford was exceedingly difficult to canvass. Nevertheless, there is hardly a quarter-section of land within her wide-extended borders on which Colonel Norton and myself have not both stood, but as a rule not simultaneously.

If any voter escaped being buttonholed by both of us it was because he "saw us first" and was too fleet of foot. It was a six weeks' man-hunt. We both had our wives down there to aid and comfort us. My wife came down first, bringing with her our infant son, Bennett Champ, then a wee toddler two and a half years old, now a strapping big upstanding six-footer. He was a colonel of infantry in our army in Europe. There was only one negro in the county, George, a factotum of the only hotel in the city of Cuba, good-natured, kind-hearted, who frequently looked too long on the wine when it was red in the cup—in his case "mountain dew," or in plain words moonshine whisky. He and Bennett struck up a warm friendship. Mrs. Clark came down first and the Norton adherents made merry, but they soon changed their minds and Colonel Norton sent for his wife. It should be written down here that while these two women entered thoroughly into the spirit of the campaign and worked like beavers in all decent ways for the success of their husbands, they never violated the proprieties in the slightest manner.

I began the canvass in Crawford, wearing heavy winter clothes, including a big chinchilla overcoat and arctic overshoes. June 24th, the day of the double-headed Cuba mass-meeting to select delegates, I wore an alpaca suit, and came near melting with fervent heat. The county was in turmoil and uproar in every nook and corner. Every voter was electioneering with some other voter.

I have already stated that the county abounded in mountain streams which rose to great heights suddenly and unexpectedly. One of these surprising rises came near being the death of me. One evening, through a combined hail- and rain-storm of much violence, I reached a village in the extreme southeast corner of the county, drenched to the skin and mud-bespattered, and spoke at night in a blacksmith shop. This little corner, with only about a dozen Crawford people living in it, was separated from the rest of the county by the Hussah River. Next morning it was booming. In order to reach my next appointment I had to cross that angry and swollen stream. One of my friends, Frank Wagner, was driving the buggy, pulled by two wiry little Mexican mustang ponies. Wagner, an East-Tennesseean, who had served four years in the Confederate Army, had more nerve than discretion and was thoroughly devoted to me. He weighed little above one hundred pounds and was true as steel, but he came near losing his candidate for Congress by drowning. When we reached the bank of the river I told Wagner that it was dangerous and that we had best not try to cross it. He made fun of my suggestion, but inquired of a man close at hand, building a fence, if the river was fordable. He said he thought it was, but that nobody had forded it that morning. So over my protest Wagner plunged in. As soon as the horses struck the water they began to swim and the buggy to float. Being nearly twice as heavy as Wagner, the buggy began to careen on my side. I told Wagner that if I stayed in the buggy it would turn over and we would both go to Davy Jones's locker together. So I jumped out into the icy water, which came up to my armpits, straightened the buggy up, and loosed the head of one of the ponies, whose bridle was entangled with the end of the buggy tongue. Wagner drove out and I waded out. As I had on a heavy chinchilla overcoat and arctic overshoes, I must have weighed several hundred pounds when I reached terra firma. Neither of us had on a stitch of dry raiment.

On a near-by hillside lived a venerable man, "Old Uncle Neal Brickey." We stopped at his house, stripped ourselves naked as we were born, wrung the water out of our clothes, and hung part of them in front of a roaring log fire which was blazing and crackling in an old-fashioned fireplace about ten feet wide. The rest we hung on the fence in the bright sunshine. Wagner came in, winking in a mysterious manner, and asked me if I ever took a drink. I answered, "Yes, at rare intervals, and if ever a man needed one it is now." So he escorted me out to the kitchen, where Uncle Neal produced a half-gallon bottle of "white whisky," colorless as water. We sampled it liberally, and it proved to be an exhilarating tipple and grateful to the palate.

After drying our clothes somewhat, Wagner and I resumed our journey. When we were out of ear-shot I said: "Frank, where did Uncle Neal get that 'white whisky'?" With an illuminating smile, he replied, "Saint Louis!" "Oh!" I said, "tell that to the marines. That's moonshine—the first I ever tasted." There the conversation dropped. That was in April.

Now for the sequel. A few days after the November election I saw, to my regret, in the St. Louis papers an article with flaring head-lines, giving a long and racy account of the arrest and conviction in the Federal court of my venerable host, Uncle Neal, for moonshining. The reporters had great fun at his expense, stating among other things that he was the most incorrigible moonshiner in the Ozarks. (Exit Uncle Neal.)

I had another unusual experience in the Crawford campaign with watercourses, aggravating then, amusing now, dangerous never. I was to wind up my stumping tour in the county with a daytime speech at Cuba, at which a large audience was expected. The night before I spoke at the Iron School-house, some eight or nine miles west of that city. It was a very dark night, but I was anxious to reach Cuba to get my mail, hear the news, consult my friends, and see my wife and baby. I did not know the route, so I asked several men to ride in with me, offering to pay hotel bills and expenses, but they declined, saying they had on their workday clothes and wanted to dress up for the Cuba rally next day. Finally one suggested that he would put me in "the Iron Road" which ran through Cuba, and as the Mexican mustang ponies I was driving belonged in Cuba, all I had to do was to give them their heads and they would go straight home. Knowing a good deal about horses in general, and precious little about the vagaries and perversity of Mexican mustang ponies, I thought that a reasonable program. The man put me in "the Iron Road," so called because over it, before the railroad penetrated the Ozarks, vast quantities of iron and iron ore were hauled to boat landings on the Missouri River. I gave the ponies free rein and they went up hill and down dale as fast as they could clatter. At last I could tell that we were approaching a stream. When they got into the water I knew that they were acquainted with the ford, and let them go as they pleased. They splashed along till the limbs of a tree raked my hat. Then I realized that instead of crossing they had turned up the stream. It was black as pitch. I stopped them and looked as best I could to learn the situation. I discovered that I was in a narrow channel, with high, steep banks, with water up to the bed of the buggy. I tried to turn those hammer-headed ponies around, but there was not room enough. Then I endeavored to back them out, when one of the ponies deliberately lay down in the water. I got on the buggy-tongue and lashed him with the whip, and bellowed at him, but without avail. I yelled at the top of my voice for help, but not a human being responded. I got out in the water up to my waist and carefully felt around to see if his feet were caught in the tree-roots, and found they were not. I tried to lift him up, but could not. I kicked him in the ribs, but that had no effect on him. He was enjoying his cool bath, while I was sweating at every pore. I pulled my knife out, cut the harness off of him, made him get up, mounted the other pony, and rode bareback four miles into town, stripped my wet clothes off, and gave George, the sole man of color in the county, a dollar to sit up all night and dry them out by the kitchen stove. All the Norton men swore I got into that hole of water because I was drunk—a wicked fabrication which I did not hear the last of for many a day. Crawford was detached from my district and put into a new district ten years later, but that fable may be floating around in the Ozarks yet, for all that I know, but I do know that for me it was a most unpleasant night.

All the hairbreadth escapes were not for me. Of course I am not so fully informed as to what happened to Colonel Norton as I am as to what happened to me. However, I heard of one ride that he made, which neither he nor I would have made by night at any time since for a thousand dollars. One Saturday night he was making a speech, about fifteen miles from the nearest depot, Keysville, on the Salem branch of the Frisco Railroad. About ten o'clock a messenger galloped up and handed him a telegram, calling him to meet in St. Louis on Sunday morning a very prominent man of our district on most pressing business touching our campaign. The night was of inky darkness. Colonel Norton and his *fidus Achates*, Hon. Frank H. Farris, since state senator, now and for several years a prominent member of the Legislature, set out for Keysville in a buggy drawn by a pair of Mexican mustang ponies—the meanest of the equine species—over one of the worst and most dangerous roads in America, at a breakneck speed. They reached Keysville a few minutes after the last train on the branch line had left for the junction with the main line at Cuba, and there was no Sunday train on the branch! But Colonels Norton and Farris were too resolute to balk at a little thing like that. So Colonel Norton aroused the section boss and paid him liberally to take them to Cuba—a distance of ten or twelve miles—on a hand-car. Alack! and also alas! they reached Cuba just in time to see the tail-lights of the St. Louis passenger-train disappearing in the distance! After the fashion of Lord Ullin, on an occasion made famous by the poet Campbell, Colonel Norton was "left lamenting." The tradition in the neighborhood is that for some minutes the atmosphere about the Cuba depot was of a decidedly cerulean hue; but he was not to be balked of meeting the prominent citizen aforesaid in St. Louis, so in four or five hours he boarded a freight-train, and in much discomfort rode ninety-odd miles to the great "City of the Iron Crown."

To everything an end must come, and finally the campaign in Crawford was closed in dramatic fashion.

Colonel Norton controlled the County Committee which selected Cuba, almost on the edge of the big county at the junction of two branches of the Frisco, as the place for the mass-meeting. I wanted it at Steeleville, the county-seat, almost in the center of the county. Norton and I each ran two special trains into Cuba for the use of our supporters, one each from the southern line of the county and one each from the northern line thereof. No matter which of us won, the Frisco Railroad Company was ahead. Hundreds of men rode thirty miles in buggies or farm-wagons and horseback, to participate in that famous mass-meeting, an event from which other events in that vicinage have been dated ever since. Many trudged the weary distance on foot, starting the day before. Scores of women graced the spectacle with their presence. It was a great day for Cuba.

While there were only twelve hundred and fifty Democrats in the county, at least two thousand marched in our processions, with banners waving, fifes shrilling, drums beating, and brass bands braying. Where the extra eight hundred men came from I do not know. They may have been Republicans out for a lark, which is probably the truth—though each side vociferously asseverated that the other had imported them from outside the county. If I were going to guess I would say that it was about an even break in that regard.

Under a wide-spreading umbrageous oak on the college green, the chairman of the Democratic County Committee, Captain Ferguson, standing in a wagon-bed, called the mass-meeting to order promptly at one o'clock, the hour agreed on, whereupon the county attorney, Hon. John T. Woodruff, only twenty-four years old, now one of the most prominent lawyers in southwest Missouri, nominated five delegates and moved that they be instructed for me, which was done instanter and with a whoop, and the mass-meeting adjourned *sine die.* For some reason not many of Colonel Norton's supporters attended that mass-meeting.

In a few moments his followers arrived, organized another mass-meeting, elected five delegates, and instructed them for him; but as the credentials of my delegates were signed by the venerable chairman of the County Committee, who was also chairman of the mass-meeting which selected them, and were signed also by the county attorney, who was also secretary of both the County Committee and of the mass-meeting, they were considered regular.

Much acrimonious newspaper controversy ensued, growing out of the double-headed Cuba mass-meeting.

This testimony should be borne to the good people of Crawford County. With the town overrun by a crowd too big to be comfortably entertained on a blistering hot day, in the midst of a personal and political contest waged with exceeding fury, not a fight occurred, not even a scrap of fisticuffs. Some angry conversation was had, some loud, tumultuous, offensive, and profane language was hurled through the air; but there were no bloody noses and no broken bones.

Though more than twenty-six years have gone to join the centuries since that spectacular performance, many of the men who most earnestly and most stoutly opposed me that sweltering day at Cuba have been among my stanchest friends and supporters.

At last came the district convention. The Montgomery court-house was crowded. So were the lobbies, the corridors, and other rooms. A multitude of excited people filled the court-house yard and the near-by streets. Men were there from every nook and corner of the district. Many hot, verbal encounters were had, and at least one bloodless fist fight. Reverend Doctor Hardesty, a Norton enthusiast, now one of my best friends, prayed for peace in tones which Stentor might have envied. He has since been chaplain of the Missouri Senate. Each, as before stated, had a delegation from Crawford County, of five delegates. The Norton delegation was the contesting delegation. I had thirty-six regular delegates. He had thirty-one regulars besides his five Crawford County delegates. The Congressional Committee was for him. They brought in a rule that his five Crawford County men should sit in the convention and vote the same as the other delegates did—even vote on the question of their own seats. Of course this made an absolute deadlock. The Congressional Committee named Henry Clark for chairman. My friends on the committee brought in a minority report, nominating George W. Whitecotton for chairman. They voted on Whitecotton and it was a tie. They voted on Clark and it was a tie. Then a distinguished statesman argued that because Whitecotton failed to get a majority Clark became chairman *ipso facto*. The temporary chairman of the convention did not exactly decide that way, but he did what was equivalent to it—he appointed a committee to escort Clark to the platform to act as chairman. Just as Clark, who was a large, handsome man, reached out to take the gavel, with a broad smile on his face, Whitecotton tapped him on the arm and said: "When you preside here, I preside." Clark wanted to know what he meant. Whitecotton said that he was elected chairman of the convention by precisely the same vote that Clark was and that if Clark presided he would preside, and if Clark wanted to get along peaceably all well and good, and if he did not, all well and good. Of course pandemonium ensued, and at least thirty pistols clicked in a half minute. Finally somebody suggested that they adjourn until after supper, which they did, and no doubt thereby prevented a general fusillade.

During the recess Clark sent for me and I went to see him, accompanied by two reliable witnesses. He said that he did not want to preside, but that his friends wanted him to preside, and that if I would agree to his presiding he would not cast his vote as chairman even on the question to adjourn, but would vote in his own delegation, where he had a right to vote. I said, "Mr. Clark, some years ago when you were chairman of the Montgomery County Committee you insisted that you had a right to cast your vote as a member of the committee to make a tie and then cast your vote as chairman to untie the tie, and I will have none of that." He replied that that was the one political act of his life that he regretted and that he would keep the faith in this Congressional Convention. I consented, and so did Whitecotton, that when the convention reassembled after supper Whitecotton would withdraw his name and move that Clark be elected by acclamation, and it was so done; but the time was so short that several of Colonel Norton's delegates had not heard of this arrangement and, not knowing what was up, voted against their own chairman when the vote was taken. It should be stated here, and I do so with pleasure, that Mr. Chairman Clark, being an honorable man, did precisely what he said he would do. Clark and Whitecotton are both in their graves; I hope that "after life's fitful fever they sleep well." We stayed there six days in convention assembled. We could not even adjourn for our meals, or overnight, unless Norton and I both consented to it. Finally we signed an agreement to adjourn for ten days so that we could attend the state convention and log-roll for a State Committeeman, as we both knew that we would finally land in the hands of the State Committee. At the state convention Norton got the State Committeeman by one vote. After this recess agreed upon the convention met again and stayed in session three days. Finally I told my men that I had a majority in the convention and wanted the nomination—wanted it in time to go to St. Louis. So they organized a convention in the convention and nominated me. Three hours later Colonel Norton's delegates nominated him. Finally the State Committee notified us both to appear before them to see if anything could be done to iron out the ugly situation. The State Committee ordered a primary, not a blanket primary, but they rigged up a scheme whereby they hoped to beat me out of the nomination and at the same time satisfy my friends. They ordered that on the same day each county should hold a primary not to vote for Colonel Norton and me, but to vote for Clark delegates and Norton delegates to a new convention to be held at St. Charles on August 31st, which was done. I carried the district, if they had counted the votes under the blanket primary plan, by over three thousand, but they voted by counties, and I carried Montgomery County, which in the new district was the pivotal county, by only eleven votes out of a poll of two thousand. On a recount demanded by Colonel Norton it turned out that I carried it by twelve. I was duly nominated at St. Charles, August 31st.

There never would have been any trouble about it if a reapportionment had not been made between 1890 and 1892. One county was taken out of the old district and two brand-new counties down in the foot-hills of the Ozarks put in. I carried Audrain County in 1892 by eight hundred and sixty-eight, which was the pivotal county in 1890, when Colonel Norton beat me eighty-seven votes in that county. The placing of the two new counties in the new district and taking out the old one was what made such a long-drawn-out and ugly contest.

The bitterness of these various campaigns, beginning with '84 up to and including '92, was indescribable. So while I had nothing to do particularly with the campaigns of '84, '86, and '88, I inherited the bitterness. Men who had been friends for a lifetime got so angry at each other that they would not speak as they passed by.

Two men who had lived side by side ever since they were boys on adjoining farms, and who had never seen either Colonel Norton or myself, met in the big road, fell to arguing about us, then to quarreling about us, then got down off of their horses and, grabbing fence stakes, nearly killed each other. The upshot of all of this bitterness was that I ran five hundred votes behind the ticket. If Colonel Norton had been the nominee he would have run behind the ticket. As a matter of fact, no Democratic candidate for Congress in the district ever ran up with the ticket from 1882 to 1898. That year I ran up with the ticket and have been running more and more ahead of it ever since. Colonel Norton went back to his law practice and amassed a new fortune. Judge Robinson went to Kansas City and is making fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year practising law, perhaps more.

Thus in brief is stated an eight-year warfare in the district which perhaps has no parallel in any rural district in America.

The day of the double-headed convention at Montgomery City I went to St. Louis. After supper I walked into the editorial rooms of *The St. Louis Republic*, and learned more about metropolitan journalism in a few minutes than I had learned in forty-two years of tabernacling in the flesh. A big fat man seemed to be the presiding genius. I inquired where Col. Charles H. Jones, editor-in-chief, one of my warm friends, was. "He's in Europe," quoth the obese one. I asked him where Col. Bob Yost, second in command, another of my steadfast friends, was. "At Hot Springs, Arkansas," replied the editorial Falstaff. "Who's running this paper?" I queried. "I am!" he answered, firmly. "Who are you?" I murmured. "I'm the city editor," was his answer. I said, "I am Champ Clark; Col. Dick Norton and I were both nominated for Congress to-day at Montgomery City and I want *The Republic* to give me a square deal to-morrow." He rose from his chair and, while a broad grin spread over his expansive countenance, he replied: "Never fear. I will give you both a square deal. I want to see you both defeated—I'm a Republican!" If the stars had fallen I would not have been more surprised, for in my innocence and ignorance I had always supposed that all the editors and reporters of a Democratic paper were Democrats, and *vice versa.* I was utterly dumfounded. After I recovered my equilibrium somewhat I said: "What! a Republican running a great Democratic organ in the midst of a hot presidential campaign?" He said, "Yes—precisely; and if you will inquire you will find that half the reporters on this paper are Republicans. Then, after you have absorbed that information, go over to *The Globe-Democrat* office, the Republican organ, and you will discover that half of the writing force on that sheet are Democrats. It may add to your amazement that Joe McCullough, the brilliant editor-in-chief of *The Globe-Democrat,* is a mossbacked Democrat and votes the Democratic ticket straight!" By that time I was limp as a dish-rag. I felt very humble, but I collected my wits sufficiently to invite him down-stairs for refreshments, both liquid and solid. He accepted.

Over the coffee and cigars I said: "*The Republic* correspondent at Montgomery City, Col. John W. Jacks, and I are not on speaking terms. He skins me in his paper and I skin him in my speeches. He will put me in bad in his account of that double-headed convention and I want you to see that I get a chance for my white alley." I then gave him my version of the campaign and the convention as best I could. By that time he had become very friendly and sympathetic. When I had finished my story he inquired: "What can I do to help you?" I replied, "I want you to sit up till Jacks's letter arrives and see to it that I get fair treatment," which he did. I have never seen my friend since. I have no doubt that Colonel Norton and Colonel Jacks were somewhat astonished next morning when they saw *The Republic*, whose big black head-lines ran in this wise: "Champ Clark nominated for Congress —Dick Norton bolts!"

I do not mean by the foregoing to convey the idea that Colonel Jacks would have misstated the facts intentionally, but he was so enthusiastic for Norton and so hostile to me that it was inevitable his feelings and point of view might color his description of things. That was what I was afraid of.

Colonel Jacks and I were long since reconciled. For years he has been one of my most loyal and most sensible friends. Our reconciliation came about in an interesting way. During the month which intervened between the extraordinary and regular long session of the Fifty-third Congress, in the autumn of 1893, I traveled over my district, looking into post-office squabbles. One Sunday afternoon I reached Montgomery City and was told that Rev. Noah Dale would preach that night in the Christian Church. I had known him in Kentucky when I was a boy. He had been very kind to my sister when she was a girl and had been instrumental in getting her into the Midway Female College, where she obtained a good education. I thought I could not do less than go to hear him preach, recall myself to his memory, and thank him for his kindness to my sister. So with some friends I went to the church before services began. It was a cool evening and a fire was burning in a box-stove about the center of the room. I sat down by the stove and was engaged in conversation, when Colonel Jacks, an elder in that church—as I am an elder in the Bowling Green Christian Church—came in. He walked down to the pulpit platform, where he deposited his overcoat and hat. Then he looked around and saw me. He stood there three or four minutes, pulling his long chin whiskers, which he has since shaved off, walked back to where I was sitting, and offered his hand, which I took gladly—thus ending in happy manner the feud betwixt us twain.

I have often wondered what was passing in the mind of Colonel Jacks while he was pulling his whiskers. My guess is that he was considering what was his Christian duty in the premises. At any rate, he did it. For more than a year he has been journal clerk of the House on my appointment!

There never would have been any deadlock had the Congressional Committee not changed the basis of representation in the Congressional convention.

Even with that change there would have been no deadlock but for an incident, amusing now, but aggravating and almost disastrous to me then.

Gasconade County has only about five hundred Democrats, and is therefore entitled to only two delegates. Colonel Norton and I both were strangers therein. I knew only one man in the county and had seen him only once. He heard me make a speech in another county and liked me and the speech. Consequently, when the mass-meeting convened in Gasconade he was for me. He was a fine man, but an incorrigible joker. So when somebody nominated him for the position of delegate, his humorous faculty getting the better of him, he arose, declared he did not desire to be elected without opposition, and nominated an opponent to himself, and, unfortunately for me, his opponent, who turned out to be a strong Norton man, received a majority of one vote!

Just why men, usually rated as sensible, will endure all sorts of labors, hardships, and hazards, even to jeopardizing their lives, for an office, the reputation for holding which is as evanescent as "the rainbow's glory" or as "poppies' spread," or as "the snowflake in the river," is an unsolved and insoluble mystery of human nature; but there is something inspiring, fascinating, and exhilarating in a stump campaign for an elective office, particularly when the rivals are anything like equally matched. They are animated by

> The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

While Colonel Norton and I were as determined to go to Congress as any two men that ever lived, I doubt whether either one would have entered the contest if on the 20th of March we could have read the Book of Fate sufficiently to realize the labor, turmoil, and risks we were compelled to endure before August 31st.

I am still in Congress and I am glad to inform the readers hereof that my antagonist and friend prospered greatly in business and the practice of the law. Since the foregoing was written he has died, leaving his family amply provided for. He was one of the foremost citizens of Missouri and his death is a serious loss to the state.

CHAPTER VIII

The Congress.

LORD BACON ranks the founders of states (*conditores imperiorum*, he denominates them) as among the greatest of mankind.

The Constitutional Convention was composed of the wisest men that ever met under one roof. The most sensible thing done by the Fathers of this Republic was the distribution of the powers of the Federal government into three departments; the legislative, the executive, and the judicial.

The fact that a bill must be passed by the House, and also by the Senate, before it is sent to the President for his signature gives time for reflection, discussion, and analysis, not only by Representatives and Senators, but by the public, for in this age of electricity nearly everybody betwixt the two seas knows of any event of considerable importance the same day, or not later than the morning after.

The next wisest thing was to divide the Congress into two branches. Some lady asked George Washington at a great dinner what the Senate was created for and why there were two legislative branches instead of only one. He said that the Senate would perform the same function for legislation that a saucer did for tea; that they would pour the hot tea of the House into the saucer of the Senate to cool off.

Evidently, while General Washington was both a great soldier and a great statesman, he was not up to date in pink-tea etiquette or he would not have said anything about pouring tea into a saucer. I have sometimes thought that, in these latter days, it is the hot Senate tea that needs cooling off quite as often as the House tea.

In a few matters the legislative and executive powers overlap and coalesce.

For instance, no bill becomes a law unless it is signed by the President, or unless it is passed over his veto by a majority of two-thirds of both the Senate and the House; or by the failure of the President to sign a bill within ten days (Sundays barred) after the bill is presented to him, while the Congress is in session, under which circumstances it becomes a law.

No nomination for office sent by the President to the Senate becomes effective unless confirmed by it. The President negotiates treaties with foreign Powers, but they are of no avail unless ratified by the Senate.

In one instance the legislative and judicial functions mingle. That is when the President is impeached by the House and is on trial in the Senate. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presides, for the manifest and sufficient reason that the Vice-President, who would be the beneficiary of the conviction of the President, should not be permitted to preside.

Of course in such case the Chief Justice cannot vote as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. He simply presides, passing on the admission of evidence, etc. As a matter of fact, the whole impeachment proceeding is quasi-judicial, the House sitting as a grand jury, and the Senate afterward sitting as a petit jury, though it is called the High Court of Impeachment.

One of the most unseemly events in our history was when Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, president *pro tempore* of the Senate, voted on the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson—though he would have been

President in the event of Johnson's conviction—which, happily, did not occur.

Most assuredly the reason which impelled the Fathers to prohibit the Vice-President from presiding in the impeachment trial of a President was the fear that self-interest might warp the decisions of the Vice-President. That alone should also have excluded Senator Wade from voting.

It will be understood that I speak of the Senate and of the House not as two legislative bodies, but as two branches of the Congress—which is correct, notwithstanding popular usage to the contrary.

A few years ago Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, for thirty consecutive years a prominent Senator from Missouri, denominated the United States Senate as "the greatest legislative body in the world," whereupon Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, an eminent constitutional lawyer and considerable of a wit, said: "The Senate is not the greatest legislative body in the world. It is one of the branches of, I think, perhaps the greatest legislative body in the world, and the Senate may be the greatest part of the greatest legislative body in the world. I am not disposed to dispute that. We all admit that ourselves."

The making of the Congress in its present shape was one of the many compromises of the Constitution, without which compromises there would have been no Constitution and no Union. The little states, fearful of being blotted out or absorbed, insisted on equal representation in both Houses, while the big states, reading their future greatness by the eye of faith, demanded that representation in both Houses should be based on population. Consequence, a deadlock.

Finally a philosophic patriot, believing that safety in that matter, as in most others, lay *in medias res*, cut the Gordian knot by suggesting equal representation in the

Senate and representation based on population in the House.

The little states, however, still afraid of being swallowed, insisted that these words be inserted in the Constitution: "No state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate," and it was so done, which was a notable victory for the smaller states.

As it is a thing incredible that any state will ever consent to being deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate, those folks who, impatient of the influence of the smaller states in the Senate and ignorant of that peculiar provision in the Constitution, propose to deprive them of their equal representation in the Senate or to abolish them entirely run up against an insurmountable obstacle.

That is the only part of the Constitution which cannot be amended by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress with the assistance of three-fourths of the states.

Most assuredly the delegates to the Constitutional Convention from the little states were wise in their day and generation. The result is that so long as grass grows and water runs, if the Republic endures, Nevada, though her population never reaches the hundred thousand mark, will continue to have equal voice in the Senate with New York, though her millions of people should go on multiplying *ad infinitum*. New York and other big and populous states chafe at this arrangement, but they cannot escape it, for it is so nominated in the bond.

In the First Congress under the Constitutiont here were fifty-nine Representatives and twenty-two Senators. Until Rhode Island and North Carolina came into the Union, when there were sixty-five Representatives and twenty-six Senators. To-day the Congress has four hundred and thirty-five Representatives and ninety-six Senators.

In the House there sit also two territorial delegates, two commissioners from the Philippines, and one from Porto Rico. The delegates have all the privileges enjoyed by the Representatives except that of voting and making a motion to reconsider. The commissioners are still further limited in their privileges.

The only portions of our vast possessions, continental or insular, which have no citizen of their own to speak a word for them in the House are the District of Columbia, Guam, the Canal Zone, and the Virgin Islands.

Two days out of every month the House sits as a common council for the half-million citizens of the District of Columbia, who, living under the shadow of the Capitol, have no more voice in their governmental affairs than if they were denizens of the Cannibal Islands.

A man who can think of a sadder commentary on our boasted theory of representative government is possessed of an imagination gorgeous beyond sanity! And yet our fathers precipitated the Revolutionary War for the principle, "No taxation without representation."

Daniel Webster grandiloquently declared that we "went to war on a preamble," but the kernel thereof was, "No taxation without representation."

It will be noted from the foregoing figures that at the opening of the First Congress the voting strength of one Senator equaled that of $2\frac{15}{22}$ Representatives, whereas now it equals the voting strength of $4\frac{51}{96}$ Representatives.

If the membership of the House continues to increase at each decennial period—which is certain to happen so long as the population continues to increase—the voting strength of a Senator as compared with that of a Representative will continue to increase until more new states are admitted, which in all human probability will not occur soon.

The only chance for new states within a generation is that Texas might conclude to divide herself into as many as five states, which she has a right to do under our contract of annexation whenever she gets ready, without asking the consent of anybody except her own people—a thing which no other state can do. But the partition of Texas is not at all likely. State pride is too strong.

There is, however, a strong feeling in both Congress and the country against further increase in the membership of the House, although we have the smallest membership of all the great nations, population considered, in the more numerous branch of our national legislature. For instance, the British House of Commons has seven hundred and seven members, with not half our population. Under the census of 1850 the Congress actually reduced the membership of the House in numbers, but no serious attempt in that direction has been made since, though there has been talk about it.

It is superfluous to state that we borrowed our framework of government from England, including a legislative body with two branches, substituting an elective Senate, the term of whose members is six years, for a hereditary House of Lords.

If "imitation is the sincerest flattery," as the old proverb runs, we have abundant reason for self-congratulation, for almost every civilized nation on the globe, monarchical as well as republican, has adopted our plan of a two-branched elective legislative body.

In passing it may be remarked—though not particularly pertinent here, that when Bismarck modeled the German Empire, composed of twenty-eight kingdoms, principalities, and states, each with its separate local government, so closely on our dual system of government, he paid us the highest possible compliment.

We boast that our people are the most intelligent on the globe. There is more politics to the square mile in this country than in any other under the sun. Men fight for seats in the House of Representatives as if to gain that greatly coveted goal were a matter of life and death.

From forty to fifty thousand voters in each Congressional district every two years work themselves into a passion as to whom they will send to Washington to represent them. The momentous first Tuesday after the first Monday in November arrives; four hundred and thirty-five men are elected; the sovereigns discuss the figures for a little while and then go their various ways, forgetting all about it—till the next campaign.

They know in a general sense what Congress does—that is, what laws are placed upon the statute-books—but most of them have only the haziest sort of idea as to the processes by which legislation is hastened, delayed, accomplished, or defeated, or what part members take in the legislation.

One of two things seems to be true: either the great body of the people have implicit faith in their representatives or do not care what they do.

The legislative body in every free country is the most important of the three branches—legislative, judicial, and executive. We come from the people; we represent the people; we reflect the will of the people; and at short intervals we return to the people to render an account of our stewardship. I undertake to say, without fear of successful contradiction, that when the American people make up their minds that they want a thing, the Congress will grant it to them as soon as it finds out that the people desire it. The Congress of the United States is the greatest legislative body in all history, and I take pride in that fact. Yet every evil-disposed person in the land can find some slander to utter about the American Congress. If the House takes time enough to discuss an important measure these slanderers savagely assail it for being too slow. If the House puts in overtime and hurries a bill through these same malignants fiercely denounce it for sending half-baked measures to the Senate. They revel in such foul work. For instance, the House was abused and denounced because we discussed for two days instead of only one, a bill providing for the issue of seven billion dollars in bonds—far and away the biggest money bill ever authorized up to that time. Think of that—in two days! And then remember that all the property in America—real, personal, and mixed—was estimated at only sixteen billion dollars in 1861, when Sumter was fired on. I hope and pray that these impatient and palpitating superpatriots who belabored us so savagely for consuming two whole days in providing for seven billions of bonds will be equally impatient and anxious to get an opportunity to help pay them when due.

No right-thinking man objects to fair, honest, intelligent criticism. That is wholesome and altogether proper, but abuse, ridicule, and slander are very different things from criticism and do immense damage, because they have a tendency to bring our whole system of representative government into disrepute, thereby sapping its very foundation.

At the very moment when the country was engaged in the most stupendous war in all the bloody annals of mankind, and the Congress was doing its duty—its whole duty—manfully, industriously, and patriotically, to bring the war to a speedy and triumphant conclusion—as all good citizens hoped most fervently that it might be brought—Representatives and Senators were abused like a lot of pickpockets. Representatives and Senators not only voted unheard-of sums of money for the prosecution of the war, but to the limit of their financial ability they contributed to the cause by purchasing bonds to foot the bills, and gave to the Red Cross and similar organizations. Representatives and Senators not only voted other men's sons into the army, but they sent their own sons to fight—perchance to die—for the starry banner of the Republic.

There is not even a shadow of doubt that the Congress voted every man and every dollar needed in the titanic world struggle into which we entered, for in the beginning we solemnly pledged all the immense and various resources of this puissant nation in that behalf and we faithfully kept that pledge.

To a close observer it is clear that for some years there has been a conspiracy—tacit or expressed—among certain newspapers and magazines to write the legislative department down and the executive department up. The reason is plain—the executive department has a vast patronage to bestow, while the Congress has none. This line of conduct by the portion of the press referred to was not entered upon in President Wilson's administration—it had been pursued for years, but has grown constantly and rapidly worse of late. It is my deliberate opinion that those writers who assail and slander the Congress are enemies of the Republic, for they must know that in so doing they are, so far as in them lies, weakening the people's faith in a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

These base slanderers of the Congress sometimes go to such length as to insinuate that large numbers of Representatives and Senators are financially dishonest—extending their insinuation so as to include all classes of public men—which is as big a lie as has been told on earth since Ananias and Sapphira had that ill-starred land transaction. The fact that a majority of public men quit office poorer than when they entered should be a sufficient answer to the wicked charges of these character-assassins. In very recent days we have seen three of our most prominent officials—Hon. John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations, one of the ablest chairmen that committee ever had; Attorney-General Thomas W. Gregory, and Hon. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, Director-General of Railroads, etc., etc.—resign because they wanted to make some money to take care of their families and to educate properly their children, which they averred they could not do on their government salaries. Billions of dollars went through their fingers without one cent sticking. These men are absolutely honest, but not one whit more honest than their fellow-officials. I understand that Fitzgerald is making fifty thousand a year—which I hope is true—and I have no doubt that Mr. Secretary McAdoo and Attorney-General Gregory will do as well—perhaps better. Dozens of Representatives refuse to stand for re-election because they find good opportunities to recoup their fortunes in private life.

Another railing accusation, also false, is that Representatives and Senators spend much time guzzling, gambling, and in other manner of riotous living, when as a matter of fact they do little of that sort of thing. The truth is that a vast majority of them are sober, serious, industrious, intelligent, capable, and patriotic men, most of them discharging their religious duties more completely in Washington than at home.

What may surprise those prone to think evil is that the morals of public men are better now than in past generations, and are constantly improving, which should be a matter of pride for the American people.

The constant abuse of public men is a gross and unpardonable outrage. It surely and inevitably has a most deleterious effect upon the rising generation. It makes a young man who has an inclination toward public life think that to succeed therein he must be corrupt—that is, if he believes these foul charges.

What effect must it have on the foreigners who come to our shores—because in foreign lands they have been taught that we have the best government under the sun—to read in the first paper they see, upon landing, or hear from the first person with whom they converse, that all our public men are semi-idiots or rascals? A man does not have to be a Solomon to realize that the effect is wholly bad, frequently demoralizing.

For the good of America—indeed, for the good of the human race—for the perpetuity of the Republic—this wholesale slander of public men should cease at once and forever.

The words "the House" mean "a quorum," which in turn means one more than half of the members elected, sworn and living, and who have not resigned or been expelled. Theoretically no business can be transacted without a quorum being present. As a matter of fact, much business—I think I would be within the limits of truth to say the major portion of the business—is transacted without a quorum. That comes about in this wise: at the beginning of each session the roll is called to ascertain a quorum. If a quorum is developed it is presumed to be present during the rest of the session, unless a roll-call reveals the absence of a quorum or unless some member "raises the point of no quorum," which is the constitutional right. If the roll-call shows the absence of a quorum, and the Speaker cannot eke out a quorum by counting members present and not answering on roll-call, it is his duty to announce the fact. When the point of no quorum is raised it is his duty to count the members present and to announce the number. The formula is this: He states the number, and says "a quorum" or "not a quorum," as the case may be. If in either of the cases stated no quorum is present, then one of two things happens. An adjournment is taken, or a "call of the House" is ordered, which means that the doors are closed, absentees are notified by electric bells, which ring in all the committee-rooms and members' rooms, and the roll is called to see if a quorum responds. If so, somebody moves "to dispense with further proceedings under the call," which motion being agreed to—as it usually is—business is resumed. If not, an adjournment is had, or the arrest of absent members is ordered, and under writs signed by the Speaker and attested by the clerk of the House and the seal of the House the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies arrest all absentees they can find and bring them into the House until a quorum is secured.

The point of no quorum is raised for various reasons: First, to defeat a bill which some member deems obnoxious—and it is a perfectly legitimate way to defeat a bill; second, because some one is angered by the proponents of a bill; third, because some member believes that no business should be transacted without the presence of a quorum; fourth, because some member who is not opposed to the pending bill wants to kill time so that some other bill to which he is opposed cannot be considered; fifth, because of a desire for revenge for the recent defeat of his own pet measure; sixth, because he desires to annoy somebody else or to show his power; seventh, because he is weary or hungry or has an engagement or thinks the House has sat long enough, and hopes by raising the point of no quorum to force an adjournment.

From the foregoing definition of a quorum it is apparent that the number constituting a quorum varies from time to time. Under the present apportionment there are four hundred and thirty-five Congressional districts, and a full membership consists of four hundred and thirty-five members, of which two hundred and eighteen make a quorum, but no member-elect can participate in the proceedings after the House is organized unless he has been sworn or has affirmed, as the case may be. Only those members who belong to the Society of Friends affirm. If there are ten vacancies a quorum consists of two hundred and thirteen members, and so on, and so on.

There was a continuous dispute as to what members-elect should be counted on the quorum question until Mr. Speaker Henderson rendered an elaborate and well-considered opinion, as heretofore stated, "Members-elect, sworn and living, who have not resigned or been expelled." As Mr. Speaker Cannon and myself have both followed Mr. Speaker Henderson's ruling, I take it that his ruling is a finality on that subject because the House sets as much store by precedents as do the courts. In passing it may be stated that while it has always been difficult to keep a quorum present, it has been almost impossible since the House office-building was erected, in which each member has a large work-room of his own and in which he spends much time in the transaction of business pertaining to his official duties.

The Constitution of Missouri contains the wholesome provision that any bill, to become a law, must receive the affirmative vote on roll-call of a majority of the members of each House, and be signed by the Governor. The same rule prevails in some other states.

When it is shown that no quorum is present, no motions are in order except to adjourn or to order a call of the House together with such subsidiary motions as go with or grow out of the motion for a call of the House.

Until Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine, became Speaker, when the roll was called no member was counted as being present unless he responded to his name when it was called. The Republicans at the beginning of the first Reed Congress had the very small majority of eight —not a working majority. So the Democrats concluded to prevent Republican political legislation by remaining mute when their names were called. This went on for some time, till one fine morning when Reed astounded them by counting enough Democrats who were present, but not answering, to constitute a quorum when added to the Republicans who had answered.

> At once there rose so wild a yell
> As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of Hell.

The epithets hurled at Speaker Reed's head went far, far beyond the bounds of parliamentary decorum. The bitter warfare raged for days and weeks, but in the end "The White Czar," as Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, dubbed him, prevailed, and a quorum-counting rule has been adopted by every Congress since, except the Fifty-second, which had such a great Democratic majority that it did not need it, and the bitterness growing out of Reed's performance, on which his fame must rest in the coming time, was still too intense to permit a Democratic House to adopt it.

The story briefly told is this: Quorum-counting, as a cure for the then great and growing evil of filibustering, had been suggested to Mr. Speaker Colfax in the Thirty-eighth Congress, but he would have none of it. It was also suggested to Mr. Speaker Blaine. He turned it down in these words: "It would be an absurdity for the Chair to oppose his opinion to the actual record of the roll-call. The Chair cannot declare a quorum except on a yea and nay vote. The moment you clothe your Speaker with power to go behind your roll-call and assume that there is a quorum in the hall, why, gentlemen, you stand on the very brink of a volcano." Thus two Republican speakers *contra.* But still worse for the Reed contention, he had himself opposed quorum-counting, once in 1879, when it was proposed by John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, an eminent constitutional lawyer as well as a distinguished Democrat, and again when Mr. Speaker Keifer suggested it in the Forty-seventh Congress. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention, and Mr. Speaker Reed realized that he could not do business with so small a majority as eight—which, however, was soon increased to a working majority by the simple process of throwing out enough Democrats—and realized further that with only eight majority he could not, on account of sickness and unavoidable absence of members, be able to muster a Republican quorum. Therefore the only way to be certain of having a quorum was to count enough Democrats not voting to make a quorum, which he proceeded to do, although there was no rule authorizing him so to do. In fact, no rules were adopted by that Congress until he secured his working Republican majority. During the two months when the House had no rules he claimed to be acting under very elastic "general parliamentary law." Thus Mr. Speaker Reed achieved his niche in the temple of fame. It is said that many Republican members threatened to vote against the code of rules containing the quorum-counting provision. Subsequently asked what he would have done had his quorum-counting rule been defeated, he replied: "I should have simply left the Chair, resigned the Speakership, left the House, and resigned my seat in Congress. If political life consisted in sitting helplessly in the Speaker's chair and seeing the majority powerless to pass legislation, then I had had enough of it, and was ready to step down and out."

In fighting against the throwing out of Democrats in that Congress, Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, made enough reputation to land himself in the Speaker's chair in the Fifty-second Congress.

Mr. Speaker Reed claimed complete vindication when the Democratic House of the Fifty-third Congress adopted a quorum-counting rule, and he was thoroughly justified by the facts.

Everybody has heard the expression "a wheel within a wheel," and understands the meaning thereof. The House of Representatives is composed of fifty-eight wheels within a wheel. The fifty-eight committees are the smaller wheels within the big wheel, which is the House itself. Most of the really hard and important work is done by the committees, of which the value is fully realized only by the members of the House, by Senators, by officials, and by those who are in close contact with the Congress or by critical observers.

Committee work gives little reputation to the members of the committee except among their fellows, because they, while at their committee labors, are not in the limelight and do not occupy the center of the stage, except in rare instances. But good committee work leads to promotion.

A committee, having considered a bill or resolution, presents its conclusion to the House, which accepts, rejects, or amends, as it sees fit, with or without debate. No bill or joint resolution is considered or passed by the House without a report, except in cases of extreme emergency.

Committee work is hard work, but pleasant where a member secures assignment to a committee which he likes. When it is remembered that there are some thirty thousand bills and resolutions introduced into each Congress, and distributed among the committees, it is easy to understand that the committees never run out of grist. Many of the bills are duplicates, triplicates, etc., of each other; some are of no importance, a few are ridiculous, and some are mere replicas of existing statutes introduced by mistake or through ignorance; but after these are counted out "the irreducible minimum," to use the favorite phrase of Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac*, is very large, and must be considered if time permits. At the time the *Titanic* sank there were scores and scores of bills and resolutions introduced for the purpose of regulating ships, routes, appliances, etc. On divers bills there is no necessity for hearings, because they are so plain and simple that any one can comprehend their full import at one reading, and the advisability of passing or not passing them is so clear that there is no necessity for argument or evidence; but on many others hearings are absolutely necessary, and in some cases the evidence taken at the hearings grows into several large volumes. Examples of this sort of bills are tariff bills, pure-food bills, railroad-rate bills, parcel-post bills, and sundry other bills of an intricate and important nature or on subjects entirely new. Evil-minded persons try to make it appear that these elaborate hearings are a mere waste of time intended to delay or thwart legislation. No doubt there have been cases of that kind, but they were exceptions and not the rule.

When a committee has heard as much of evidence and argument as it is willing to listen to, it takes up the bill for amendment. As there are twenty-one members on each of the larger committees, it takes considerable time for them to talk it out among themselves and come, if possible, to a unanimous conclusion, an exceedingly desirable consummation, for a unanimous report generally, but not always, means the passage of the bill through the House; whereas, if there is a minority report, its passage is endangered, the danger increasing with the number of members who sign the minority's report.

Where a committee unanimously reports a bill it is very hard indeed to defeat it on the floor of the House, because in the very nature of things it is impossible for every member to investigate every bill, and, having faith in the intelligence, capacity, and integrity of the members of the committee, they are much inclined to accept its conclusions. This is particularly true where the bill is on a subject on which there has been much legislation, but when a bill proposes legislation on a new subject, especially where a new principle is involved, members are much slower about accepting the findings of a committee. Again, the House may in a general way be in favor of legislation upon a given subject, but opposed *in toto* to the bill reported by the committee, or, what is more common, opposed to certain of its provisions. In such cases the members of the committee advocating the bill are vigorously and elaborately cross-examined, and amendments of all sorts are proposed.

In rare instances a bill, after discussion and amendment, is recommitted without instructions—which kills it. More frequently it is recommitted to the committee which reported it, with instructions to incorporate into it certain propositions and to report it back at some fixed time—usually "forthwith." In order to preserve this privilege inviolate, the rules provide specifically that one motion to recommit with or without instructions is in order on every bill and that in recognition for that purpose the Speaker shall give preference to the opponents of the bill. The reason for that rule is that when there is a great bill to be finally voted on there is a much fuller attendance of members than during the period of debate and amendment. Consequently, a proposition which cannot be forced into a bill during the amendment stage in a thin House may be forced in by the fuller vote on the motion to recommit with instructions. Only one motion to recommit is in order, and it is made after the engrossment and third reading. The motion to recommit with instructions is generally made for the purpose of putting members on record on roll-call.

From the foregoing statement it is easily seen that in reality the bulk of legislation is done in the committees. That is one reason why members fight tooth and nail to secure membership on the more important committees. Another reason is that being on an important committee gives them the right to manage important bills on the floor, where reputations are made.

By reason of these struggles for the choicest committee assignments there is much jealousy, heartburning—even bitter hatred—and a consuming desire for revenge.

It has been repeatedly stated that one reason why James Gillespie Blaine was defeated for the presidential nomination at Cincinnati, in 1876, was that Representative Tyner, of Indiana, claimed that Blaine as candidate for Speaker had promised him the chairmanship of the great Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, in exchange for Tyner's support for him for Speaker, and failed to keep his word. Consequently he knifed "The Plumed Knight."

In popular estimation, since the foundation of the government, the four great committees are and have been, Ways and Means, Appropriations, Judiciary, and Foreign Affairs.

At first the Committee on Ways and Means also discharged the duties and functions of the Committee on Appropriations. Finally the work became too heavy and the Committee on Appropriations was created. For many years that committee had charge of all appropriations.

Another reason for creating the Committee on Appropriations was that the health of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who was boss of the House at that time as well as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, was rapidly failing, and he desired to be relieved of part of his labor. Of his own choice he became chairman of the new Committee on Appropriations, and he held that position as long as he lived.

When Samuel J. Randall, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, broke away from the main body of Democrats on the tariff, they, not desiring to demote him, determined to shear him of a large part of his power by giving authority to half a dozen other committees to report appropriation bills. An effort is now being made to create a Budget Committee, after the British fashion, which it is purposed shall first determine the total of appropriations for the fiscal year and then decide how much shall be appropriated by the various committees authorized to report appropriation bills. The proposition was defeated in the one caucus to which it has been presented, not because members were opposed to the budget idea, but because they were opposed to some of the details, It will probably be presented again in revised form and may be adopted in some shape. The argument in its favor is economy.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Committee on Ways and Means has little work to do except when questions touching revenue are to the fore, the probabilities are that it will always be rated as the premier committee of the House—certainly so if it continues to be a committee on committees.

Of almost equal rank, dignity, and power with the aforementioned committees are the committees on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Post-offices and Post-roads, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Public Buildings and Grounds, and Rivers and Harbors. While I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I make bold to predict that, at their present rate of growth, in ten or fifteen years the committees on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and Post-offices and Post-roads will be the most powerful and most sought-after committees in the House. The physical inventions of our times, as well as our increasing population and wealth, are constantly augmenting the business of those two committees.

Occasionally service on one of the minor committees gives a man of parts opportunity to make a great reputation. When Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, first entered the House he was assigned to the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department. His golden opportunity came when he discovered and dragged to light of day the peculations of Gen. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War. In the twinkling of an eye he made reputation enough to enable him to come within two votes of defeating Speaker Randall for renomination to the Speakership—to elect him to the Senate for eighteen years, and to make him Governor of the Canal Zone.

Of course the Committee on Rules is a committee of great power and dignity, but as its functions are not legislative I did not place it in the foregoing list. Its chief function is to expedite desirable or necessary legislation, by bringing in special rules providing for the consideration out of order of bills esteemed important.

On account of taste or local environment some members prefer to be on committees of less general importance than those named above.

Reputation, so far as the public is concerned, is made on the floor of the House. Some of the most frequent debaters are very remiss in committee work. The House Rules constitute an intricate and elaborate machine, most delicately adjusted for results. Some members come to understand them speedily and others never learn them. As it stands to-day it is the outcome of centuries of experience in the British House of Commons and of one hundred and thirty years in our Congress. It is not perfect. Nothing created by man is perfect, but it is gradually, if slowly, approximating perfection.

Some very good people think committees should be abolished utterly, which is absurd. Without them the House would get nowhere—would accomplish nothing. The "town meeting" plan of legislating was one potent cause of the downfall of Poland. If one member of the Polish Diet shouted "*Nie potswallam*," that was the end of the measure under consideration, and by that practice the Diet was paralyzed. Let us hope that in the resurrected Poland the "*Nie potswallam*" theory will not be practised. It was called "*Liber veto*"—free veto.

There are periodic outbursts against making up the committees by the rule of seniority. The crusade against that practice was extremely vehement and virulent in the campaign of 1918—being nothing more than part of the Republican scheme to secure control of the House.

There was absolutely no sincerity in the cry except among a few theorists who, as St. Paul said of the Greeks on Mar's Hill, "were always seeking something new."

The utter hypocrisy of the whole performance is demonstrated beyond cavil by the Republicans as soon as they got in, making up their committees largely by the same rule of seniority which they so savagely condemned in 1918.

Of course no party will ever make committees solely by the rule of seniority—which would be exceedingly unwise and would end in disaster—but that seniority always has been and always will be an important factor in making committee assignments is absolutely certain and no mortal man can give any philosophic or tenable reason why it should not be. Other things being equal, why should not length of service count in a member's favor? It is practised to some extent not only in the House, but in all the affairs of life. No sane man would for one moment think of making a new graduate from West Point a full general, or one from Annapolis an admiral, or one from any university or college chief of a great newspaper, magazine, or business house. A priest or preacher who has just taken orders is not immediately made a bishop, archbishop, or cardinal. In every walk of life men "must tarry at Jericho till their beards are grown."

Even the Fathers of the Republic practised the rule of seniority when they wrote in the Constitution the provision that no man is eligible to the Presidency unless he is at least thirty-five years old; or to the Senate before he is thirty; or to the House of Representatives before he is twenty-five.

The rule of seniority cannot keep down a man of great parts in any department of human endeavor. Napoleon was commander of the army of Italy at twenty-seven. Gen. Leonard Wood and Gen. John J. Pershing were promoted over hundreds of their seniors. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was elected Speaker at the early age of thirty, and Henry Clay at thirty-four. President Lincoln made Grant lieutenant-general of all our armies, bouncing him over the heads of a score of major-generals whose commissions were senior to his. Indeed, the Congress resurrected the rank of lieutenant-general for the sole purpose of enabling President Lincoln to bestow it on Grant.

When Stephen Arnold Douglas entered the Senate at the age of thirty-four he had already been circuit attorney, member of the Illinois Legislature, Registrar of the Land Office, Secretary of State, judge of the State Supreme Court, and member of the Federal House of Representatives. In six years' service in the House John C. Breckenridge made himself leader of the pro-slavery Democrats.

Those who make up the committees find ways of promoting men of extraordinary merit over their seniors, and it will be so to the end of time.

"*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*" are the opening words of Cæsar's Commentaries, familiar to the eyes and ears of every boy and man and every girl and woman that has ever wrestled with Latin. In passing it may be truly stated that when Cæsar took his stylus in hand to write an account of his battles and campaigns he did far more to achieve earthly immortality than by winning his victories.

Even as the great Imperator divided Gaul into three parts, the duties of Senators and Representatives in Congress may be roughly divided into three parts: first, floor work; second, committee work; third, departmental work.

So far as the general public is concerned, the floor work is the most important. It is the showiest, and from it and by it most Representatives and Senators make their reputations both with the newspapers and the public. The average reader will be surprised to know that with many Senators and Representatives the floor work is the easiest work. It goes without saying that much labor and research are bestowed upon the speeches in House or Senate which attract attention and really influence the course of legislation and public opinion. But speechmaking is such a facile performance with Americans that to stand on his feet and talk is easy for the average Senator or Representative.

Committee work is hard, important, and pleasant, provided the Senator or Representative is assigned to one of the great committees—particularly if the work is congenial. For instance, long service on the Committee on Ways and Means in the House or the Finance Committee in the Senate, which discharges among other things part of the functions of the House Ways and Means Committee, is a liberal education. Sooner or later every class of our citizens, except fools, is heard before those committees; men of fine ability and more or less thoroughly posted on the questions involved—great lawyers, editors, manufacturers, railroad men, merchants, artists, authors, farmers, labor leaders, importers, exporters, etc., etc. They come to enlighten the committees and some of them depart very much enlightened themselves. Battles royal take place in those committees. Some men appear there with carefully prepared statements or arguments, half false, which smell of the midnight lamp—and which they and their employers fondly hope would deceive the very elect. They enter the committee-room, intent upon and confident of pulling the wool over the eyes of the committeemen. Generally they come to grief, their falsehoods are exposed, their carefully prepared stories are chopped to pieces ruthlessly, and they go thence after the fashion of little Bo-peep's sheep, dragging their tails behind them.

These smug knaves, however, are the exceptions to the rule, for most of the men appearing before the committees to express their views for or against pending measures are honest. Such men are treated courteously and they are heard gladly.

For example, when Charles M. Schwab testified before the Committee on Ways and Means—on which committee I was the top Democrat during the hearings on the Payne Tariff bill—I cross-examined him for two hours, and when the committee adjourned he waited for me and said: "Mr. Clark, I want to thank you for the kindly way in which you treated me, for I had been told that you went after witnesses with a meat-ax and figuratively chopped them to pieces."

I replied: "You seemed to be trying to tell the truth, answering fairly all questions propounded to you. My meat-ax is used only on liars and dodgers."

All in all, the departmental work is hardest. Representatives, Senators, and newspaper men call it "doing the chores." Much senseless humor is poked at it. It consists in looking after the business of one's constituents, of whom each Representative, on the average, has two hundred and twelve thousand five hundred, and each Senator half a state full. It is flat drudgery. Some Representatives and Senators do it cheerfully and successfully; others irritably and grudgingly; a few not at all. It seems to me that this work is a necessary portion of the duties of members of House and Senate. At any rate, I have always done it as best I could. It is utterly impossible to catalogue the things folks want looked after. They range all the way from the smallest and most trifling inquiries to inquiries touching fabulous, fanciful, and colossal fortunes in Europe. The business of humbugging the American people and swindling them out of their hard-earned dollars and dimes by means of bogus fortunes, in Europe, is systematically carried on by certain law firms in London and perhaps in other European cities, co-operating with certain law firms in New York. This swindle was a great nuisance to Senators, Representatives, and the State Department, entailing much useless labor, until finally the State Department published an elaborate circular exposing the thievish game, which it keeps in stock and furnishes to Representatives, Senators, and others, on request. This has done much to mitigate the evil and reduce the labor attached thereto, but it has not stopped it. Thomas Carlyle, in a fit of anger which appears to have been his normal condition, once said: "There are thirty millions of people in Great Britain—mostly fools!" While the percentage of fools in this country is not so large, there are still enough to fatten the swindlers, who pretend to discover tremendous fortunes in Europe which belong to American suckers—of whom the late lamented Phineas T. Barnum declared "One is born every minute." Phineas T. places the birth-rate too low. One every second would have been nearer the mark, but even that would have been too low—much too low. These swindlers always select a name widely disseminated, such as Smith, Jones, Brown, Williams, Fisher, Ball, Clark, etc., and reap a rich harvest. The percentage of fools in this country is not so great as Carlyle states it, but nevertheless it is quite large.

Here are samples of "Congressional chores." It so happens that for women to become members of "The Dames of '76" or "The Daughters of the Revolution," they must prove up a Revolutionary pedigree straight as a string. So when those two great patriotic organizations spread over the Mississippi Valley, every woman, the traditions of whose family led her to believe that any of her ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, inevitably and very properly desired to join, and just as inevitably and properly had to produce her pedigree papers in due form as a *sine qua non.* Consequently some four or five hundred applied to me for the necessary documents, and through my very efficient secretary, Wallace D. Bassford, I applied to the Secretaries of War and the Navy and to the keepers of the archives of most of the Original Thirteen States, as well as of Kentucky and Tennessee—the population of Missouri being very cosmopolitan in character. To me it was a labor of love. What it was to my secretary, Doctor Bassford, who did most of the work, this deponent sayeth not.

Of course, looking after pension claims and private claims for property lost, injured, destroyed, or confiscated through government officers, agents, or laborers, soon becomes a confirmed habit with Representatives and Senators. Claims to the astounding amount of four billions of dollars are pending in Washington—a majority of them, perhaps, more or less meritorious. There are thousands and thousands of honest claims for property taken or destroyed or injured which have never been made. Uncle Sam is such a slow paymaster and the process is so long and wearisome that many persons never present their claims at all, preferring the loss to the worry of collecting their just dues.

A government claim once made is immortal. The only way to get rid of one is to pay it, and even that does not always put an end to it. Age does not wither claims or diminish their infinite variety. They come down from pre-Revolutionary days. Like Tennyson's brook, they go on forever.

During my first term in Congress some of Harman Blennerhasset's descendants who live in my district wrote me concerning a claim which they and others had against the government by reason of damage to their celebrated ancestor's property on Blennerhasset's Island during the days of the Aaron Burr hysteria—particularly for the destruction of fruit-trees and shrubbery—that shrubbery which, according to the perfervid eloquence of William Wirt, Shenstone would have envied. Being much interested in the Burr episode, having read everything ever printed about him, having declaimed, when a boy, Wirt's magnificent philippic, which immortalized both himself and Blennerhasset, having delivered a lecture on him frequently, and supposing, of course—being a green hand at the bellows—that the claim had never been presented before, I went at the investigation with much energy and enthusiasm. I was anxious to win my spurs as a vigilant and effective representative of my constituents. For days, and even weeks, I put in all the time I could spare from my larger duties delving into the journals of House and Senate. Finally I discovered that in 1812 some Senator had introduced a bill providing for the payment of this same Blennerhasset claim, that a committee was appointed to investigate and report on the same. All of which was done. The report, a long, comprehensive one of twelve or fifteen pages of fine print, recited the damage, which was unquestionable and of considerable amount, but found further that the damage was wrought by the Virginia militia not acting under the authority or by order of the government of the United States, and therefore the state of Virginia, and not the Federal government, was responsible in damages to the heirs-at-law of Harman Blennerhasset.

Some years ago a man in Wisconsin, of whom I had never heard, wrote me to send him at once, by return mail, a copy of all the *Congressional Globes* and *Records* from the foundation of the government to the day when he wrote me. I answered that I could not possibly do it, as I had been trying for years to save up the seven or eight hundred dollars which they would cost in order to buy a set for myself—which was the literal truth. They do cost seven or eight hundred dollars and I was very anxious to own a complete set, as they are well-nigh invaluable to a public man who is interested in the legislative and political history of the country. Five or six years ago a queer thing happened. An attaché of the House came to me and asked how I would like to have a full set bound in turkey morocco. I told him how glad I would be and inquired the cost. He replied, "Not a cent; I found three sets in the basement, left there by some unknown Congressman ten years ago. You are welcome to one set!" I offered to make him a nice present, but he would not accept any. I esteem the books very highly.

When I was a boy back in the hill country of Kentucky, attending the old log-cabin school-house, with slabs for seats, the teacher was fond of setting us this copy: "Many men of many minds." To suit the exigencies of this case it might be changed to: "Many requests by many people." In 1894 one of my friends wrote me, while I was busy in Washington with my Congressional duties, that he wanted me to prepare him, at once, two humorous lectures, each one hour and a half long, which he proposed to deliver over the country for pay. I answered him that I was very much crowded for time, and, anyway, a man could not write lectures by the yard at any time as he would sell calico or cotton cloth, but he had to wait for the spirit to move him. It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote *Rasselas* at one sitting in order to make money enough to pay his mother's funeral expenses—but there are not many Doctor Johnsons, and few men can rival the literary feats of the Ursa Major.

Not long since I received a long letter from a worthy woman in a small town in Pennsylvania—a total stranger—who wanted me to send her money enough to put up a fence of wire-netting around her premises to restrain her ducks, geese, and chickens from foraging on her neighbors. Clearly her heart was in the right place and she aspired to be neighborly in the best sense, but as the balance was on the wrong side in my bank-account at that time, I failed to send her the desired remittance.

Another Member of that Congress was Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, who had been United States Senator and Governor and a member of the Cabinet, and who subsequently was Minister to Mexico.

CHAMP CLARK AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE

About that time a patriotic brother, with an eye to the main chance, wrote me a most affectionate epistle, lauding me to the skies and winding up by offering to sell me a well-preserved hickory stick once carried by Georgia's renowned statesman, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, for the modest sum of fifty dollars—which offer I was compelled to decline for the lack of funds.

Another prolific source of "chores" for Representatives and Senators is helping boys into the army and navy or in helping them out. Applications to get out are much more numerous than applications to get in. During the Spanish-American War I put in a large portion of my time for three months getting them in and for six months getting them out. Of course applications of this sort piled up sky-high during and subsequent to the World War. Senators and Representatives do the best possible in these cases.

Boys away from home "go broke," can find no employment, and as a *dernier ressort* enlist in the army or navy. The flaming multicolored posters which everywhere meet the eye lure many a boy into enlisting. Many of them soon grow weary of the hard work, monotony, and strict discipline. They write home letters in the nature of jeremiads. Then the mother and father appeal to their Representative or Senator to help get him a release from the service because he was under age when he enlisted and that they did not give their consent, or that mother or father is sick and needs his labor, etc., etc. Frequently a youngster, homesick and heartsick, deserts, and then the appeals to Representatives and Senators to save the delinquents from punishment and disgrace are heartrending. Saving them is difficult—generally impossible—for desertions are so much the fashion that army and navy officers and war and navy departmental officials are loath to aid in reducing the punishment, not from hardness of heart, but because of the demoralization which letting deserters off scot-free would work in the service.

In this connection it is apropos to state that while desertions are amazingly numerous, the number of instances where men re-enlist are still more numerous. The re-enlisted men get better pay, have a good chance to become non-commissioned officers and a very long chance to win commissions, but the chief reason why they re-enlist is that they have become habituated to the service and prefer it, with a certain living attached, to getting out and entering into what the late Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition, horrid grind" of competing with the vast jostling multitude for "a place in the sun," to borrow the Kaiser's famous phrase.

A distinguished army officer told me not long since that should Congress increase the regular army to any considerable extent the trouble would be to secure the necessary enlistments in good times, but that it would not be so difficult to secure enough in hard times.

At any rate, the double process of getting youngsters into the army and navy and of getting them out gives Representatives and Senators considerable extra work to do.

Hon. Amos J. Cummings, brilliant both as a Congressman and journalist, filibusterer under Walker in Nicaragua, soldier in the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, whom he idolized, disciple of Horace Greeley, whose *outré* and bizarre utterances he was always quoting, figured it out that the average length of service of a Representative in Congress is only four years. One of two things is true: either Amos was wrong or the average length of service has been increased in recent years, for since I entered the House, March 4, 1893, the average is somewhat over seven years. Undoubtedly the tendency is toward longer service.

During the twenty-five years I have been in Congress only three ex-United States Senators have been members of the House—Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, Charles A. Town, formerly of Minnesota, now of New York, and William E. Mason, of Illinois, now a Representative—but there has been a constant procession of House members to the Senate. So it has been from the beginning. Out of ninety-six Senators at the present time, thirty-four are ex-Representatives. It may be of interest to state that twenty-two Senators are ex-Governors, and that ten have been both Representatives in Congress and Governors. More ex-Governors than ex-Senators come into the House. I have served with three ex-Governors of Maine—Dingley, Burleigh, and Powers; with one, McCreary, from Kentucky. At the present time there are two ex-Governors in the House—Montague, of Virginia, and Sanders, of Louisiana. Once in a long while an ex-Cabinet Minister is elected a Representative. In his *Twenty Years of Congress* James G. Blaine says that David Davis, of Illinois, was the only ex-Justice of the Federal Supreme Court to serve in the Senate, and John Rutledge, of South Carolina, the only one to serve in the House. Rutledge had also been Chief Justice. Everybody knows that John Quincy Adams was the only ex-President to serve in the House, while Andrew Johnson was the only one to serve in the Senate. In 1861 Kentucky sent to the House two veteran statesmen, John J. Crittenden and Charles A. Wickliff. The former has been Governor, United States Senator, and Cabinet member, while the latter has been Governor, Cabinet member, and in the diplomatic service.

There are various reasons why Representatives desire translation to the Senate: First, the longer term; second, Senators being fewer, their votes are more important; third, patronage; fourth, participation in treaty-making power; fifth, greater social recognition.

The primary-election method of nominating candidates for membership in the House helps the sitting member to retain his seat if he is at all worthy of it. "The favorite son" scheme cannot be so successfully worked as under the old convention system. The more "favorite sons" who shy their castors into the ring the better for the incumbent, unless a popular man from his own stronghold competes.

Independent of this, however, there is a growing disposition among the voters to give a man, when once elected to the House, a longer lease. The truth is being more and more realized by the public that, other things being equal or anywhere near equal, the value of the Representative or Senator increases in proportion to his length of service. A man must learn to be a Representative or Senator, just as he must learn to be a farmer, carpenter, blacksmith, merchant, engineer, lawyer, doctor, preacher, teacher, or anything else. Of course some men learn quicker than others—some of exceptional ability and powers of observation very speedily, and some not at all. The best plan for a constituency to pursue is to select a man of good sense, good habits, and perfect integrity, young enough to learn, and re-elect him so long as he retains his faculties and is faithful to his trust. Such a man grows into power and high position as surely as the sparks fly upward. As a rule, in both House and Senate, the best places go to men of long service, provided they are capable, sober, industrious, vigilant, and punctual in the discharge of their duties. No man should be sent to either House of Congress solely to gratify his own ambition, but because he has qualifications for the position which he seeks—indeed, better qualifications than any of his opponents.

New England, together with Pennsylvania, has understood all these things from the beginning, and has profited largely by it. Finding a good man, they send him to Congress and keep him in harness as long as he lives, or until he voluntarily retires or until he is promoted or until he is landed high and dry by a political revolution. Consequently New England and Pennsylvania have an influence at Washington out of all proportion to their population, wealth, or intelligence. For instance, in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses, Maine, with only four Representatives, held in the House the Speakership, together with the much-coveted chairmanships of the great committees on Ways and Means, Naval Affairs, and Public Buildings and Grounds, while at the other end of the Capitol Senator Frye was President *pro tempore* of the Senate and chairman of the Committee on Finance, while Senator Hale was chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs and stood second on the Committee on Appropriations. Most assuredly Maine held the coign of vantage in those Congresses. To borrow one of "Uncle Joe's" favorite expressions, Maine was "the whole shooting-match."

At that time Speaker Reed was one of the two most prominent Republicans in America, but he could not have displaced either Frye or Hale in the Senate, because the Republicans of Maine realized that they had served them faithfully and well and would not turn them out. Consequently Senator Frye stayed in the Senate till he died, and Senator Hale, after thirty years' service, was retired only by a Democratic landslide. Otherwise he would have remained in the Senate all his life.

In 1876 James Gillespie Blaine was the most popular man in America and had ten times more fame than both the Maine Senators combined, but he had no chance to go to the Senate until Senator Morrill resigned from the Senate to serve as Collector of the Port of Portland, so as to save some money for his old age.

The Representative longest in continuous service is called the "Father of the House." When General Harmer, of Philadelphia, who held that title, died, General Bingham, also of Philadelphia, succeeded to the title. In announcing his predecessor's death he said that, including himself, five Philadelphians, Kelley, Randall, O'Neal, Harmer, and Bingham, had in immediate succession borne the title of "Father of the House," and that their joint services amounted to one hundred and forty-seven years! Happily for the country, General Bingham, gallant soldier, splendid gentleman, able statesman, served ten years longer, running the total service of these five men up to one hundred and fifty-seven years. When he died, *mirabile dictu!* Hon. John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, became the "Father of the House," and would still be but for the political cataclysm of 1912. He is one of the ablest House Republicans in twenty years, to my certain knowledge.

Certainly six Pennsylvania "Fathers of the House," in an unbroken line, should set the rest of the country to thinking.

All of this illustrious sextet died in office, except Dalzell, and he was succeeded as "Father of the House" by Hon. William A. Jones, of Virginia, a lineal descendant of "Light Horse Harry" Lee.

When "Father Jones" died he was succeeded in that honorable seniority by Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, and the man from Massachusetts is now also the Speaker as well as "Father of the House," and that is indeed a very rare conjunction of honors.

When I first came to Congress there was a superstition to the effect that no Representative would ever serve thirty years. A few had served over twenty-nine years, but all of them had died before they finished the thirty-year period. Judge William S. Holman, of Indiana, "The Great Objector," the watch-dog of the Treasury *par excellence*, broke the hoodoo March 4, 1895, when he concluded his thirtieth year of House service. He was nominated twenty times, being elected sixteen and defeated four. Since Holman's day several members have exceeded the thirty years' limit. Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Illinois, my immediate predecessor in the Speakership, holds the record for longest House service, with forty-five years. He was nominated twenty-five times. He won twenty-three times and lost in two Democratic landslides. If he lives out his present term he will have been in the House forty-six years. In 1890 he, William McKinley, and Benjamin Butterworth, the brilliant orator and statesman from Cincinnati, were all defeated. By accident they all met in Chicago just after the election and were dining together. McKinley, not then realizing his splendid future, and Butterworth expressed the idea that they did not regret the result; in fact, were rather glad than otherwise, as they could now attend to their private affairs, etc. Uncle Joe, who is a plain, blunt man, as Mark Antony claimed to be, listened to this line of conversation until his patience was exhausted. Then he blurted out: "Oh, hell! boys, tell that to the marines. There's no use for us to lie to one another! It hurts, and it hurts damned bad!" It looks as though Uncle Joe has a life-tenure, as all parties in his district have agreed to give him a unanimous nomination in 1920.

The first man to serve thirty consecutive years in the Senate was Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. Had he been willing to conciliate anybody he would have served in the Senate till his death, April 10, 1858, which would have given him one month and six days more than thirty-seven years in that "august body." Subsequently to his thirty years in the Senate—"six full Roman lustrums," as he boasted—he served two years in the House, where he was regarded and referred to as a great historical personage. He had the queer experience in the House of hearing the first volume of his great work, *Thirty Years'*

View—without which the library of no student of our affairs is complete—quoted freely as an authority on the floor.

When Colonel Benton finished his one term in the House he not only held the record for length of senatorial service, but also for length of combined Congressional service in the two Houses—a period of thirty-two years. Nobody equaled his senatorial length of service until March 4, 1897, when the venerable Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, entered upon his thirty-first senatorial year. Morrill had had twelve years in the House prior to going to the Senate. He served twelve years in the House and thirty-one years, nine months, and twenty-four days in the Senate, which, added to his twelve years as a Representative, gives him a total of forty-three years, nine months, and twenty-four days of Congressional service, and the record exceeding that of William B. Allison, of Iowa, by four months and twenty-four days. He had eight years in the House and thirty-five years and five months in the Senate.

Since Benton's day several men have equaled Benton's senatorial length of service: John Sherman, of Ohio; John P. Jones and William M. Stewart, of Nevada; Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois; Eugene Hale, of Maine; Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri; Henry M. Teller, of Colorado; John T. Morgan, of Alabama; and William P. Frye, of Maine. Sherman served thirty-two years in the Senate, in two sections of sixteen years each, resigning once to be Secretary of the Treasury and once to be Secretary of State. His public service in Washington was close to forty-six years in House, Senate, and Cabinet. The senatorial service of Stewart of Nevada and of Teller of Colorado was in two sections, so that Missouri, which was the first state to furnish the country a Senator for thirty years of consecutive service, remains to this day one of two states to give two Senators each thirty years of consecutive service—Benton and Cockrell—the other state being Maine. Colonel Benton was defeated for a sixth term by reason of a bitter feud in the Democratic party, while General Cockrell lost his sixth term because of the Roosevelt landslide, which gave the Republicans a majority of ten on joint ballot in the Missouri Legislature.

In order for a Representative to serve a long time, he must begin young, the politics of his district must remain the same, and he must continue to be the favorite of his constituents. Likewise, in order for a man to have a long senatorial career he must begin young, the politics of his state must remain the same, and he must continue his party favorite in his state.

It not infrequently happens that a prominent member of the House is defeated for re-election. Indeed, a prominent member seems as liable to defeat as an inconspicuous one. About half of the prominent ones who are defeated "come back." Examples of these are Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois; "Silver" Dick Bland, of Missouri; Gen. Daniel E. Sickles; Sereno E. Payne; General Ketcham, all of New York; Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania; and William S. Holman, of Indiana. Usually, if they ever come back, it is at the next election—but there was an interval of thirty-two years between General Sickles's two terms and of over thirty-one years between Grow's two services. Grow, who succeeded David Wilmot, of Wilmot Proviso fame, in 1851, was elected for six consecutive terms, being Speaker the last term, and was defeated for re-election to the House in 1862. He is the only member ever defeated for re-election to the House while Speaker. He re-entered the House in the summer of 1894, served several years, being highly regarded as a sort of antique political curio.

William E. Gladstone served sixty-five years in the House of Commons. So far as I have been able to ascertain, his is the longest service in that body, although

I am not certain about it, but the British system, particularly the old British system before the day of reform bills, was much more favorable to length of service than is our system. In the first place, they were permitted to enter Parliament at an earlier age than we do. Charles James Fox, for instance, began his great parliamentary career at nineteen.

The facts that in Great Britain a man may represent any constituency and that the various constituencies do not hold elections on the same day are favorable to the continuance of the more prominent members in the House. If a prominent member is defeated by one constituency he can appeal to another. Indeed, Mr. Balfour, the great Tory leader, was defeated by two constituencies in the last sweeping Liberal victory, and was forced to appeal to a third before he could obtain an election, and it is generally believed that he succeeded even then only through connivance of the Liberal leaders and by reason of their generosity or wisdom. The one fact, however, which contributed most to length of service in the old times was the rotten-borough system, where there were few voters, and they controlled absolutely by certain great families. A duke or earl sometimes practically owned a dozen or more seats in the House of Commons, disposing of them to whomsoever they pleased—generally, of course, to their sons or to those who would be of the greatest political benefit. Some of the most brilliant and famous British statesmen began their careers by representing rotten or pocket boroughs—among them the elder Pitt, Edmund Burke, and Charles James Fox—and a few of them never represented any other sort of constituency. Practically they were appointed rather than elected to the House of Commons. The various reform bills, however, have to a large extent abolished the rotten boroughs, and they now have a representative system somewhat approximating ours.

Henry Clay was first appointed to the Senate of the United States for a fragmentary term in 1806, and died in the Senate in 1852, there being forty-six years between his entrance and his exit. It is almost a certainty that he could have retained his toga and his curule chair during that entire period had he so desired, but he was gunning for bigger game and spent the major portion of his manhood days chasing the Presidency, only to see himself passed over and inferior men preferred; for, from the close of Jefferson's administration in 1809 to the end of Fillmore's in 1853, during which Clay reached the end of his long and tempestuous search for the unattainable, as a popular leader—indeed, as a popular idol—he overtopped all the Presidents save Andrew Jackson alone—his most relentless foe. Between the beginning and end of his senatorial career Clay held several offices and played many parts, always with an eye on the White House. After his brief senatorial service by appointment, he was again a member of the state House of Representatives, and its Speaker; served another fragment of a senatorial term, that time by election. He was then elected to the national House of Representatives, and chosen Speaker, for six full terms, but not consecutive. In 1814 he resigned to go to Ghent as Peace Commissioner, along with John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell.

As soon as he returned to America he was, as a matter of course, again elected to the House, and, equally as a matter of course, again chosen Speaker. Once more he resigned to mend his financial fortunes. After a year or two at the bar he once more returned to the House and to the Speakership. After serving in both the House and the Chair ten years and two hundred and forty-five days on his six elections to both—for his services in the House and the Chair were synchronous—he quit both forever to become Secretary of State under the younger

Adams—unfortunately for his own fame and fatally for his presidential aspirations. He ran for the Presidency in 1824, 1832, 1840, 1844, and 1848—the longest chase on record. He was gouged out of the Whig nomination in 1840 and 1848, chiefly through the Machiavellian machinations of Thurlow Weed, one of the New York Whig triumvirate of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, which was dissolved in 1854 by the angry "withdrawal of the junior partner" in a letter which is the queerest compound in all literature of wit, sarcasm, caustic, and pathos. Greeley was madder than a bald hornet because he had received no pap, but he evened up the score with his senior partners at Chicago in 1860, when he slipped his stiletto under Seward's fifth rib and commended the poisoned chalice to their own lips.

After his defeat for the Whig presidential nomination in 1848, Clay uttered this plaint, which will forever echo down the corridors of time: "I am the most unfortunate of men—always nominated when no Whig can be elected—always defeated for the nomination when any Whig could be elected."

CHAPTER IX

Cleveland's second inauguration—Gresham—Carlisle—Lamont—Bissell—Olney—Vice-President Stevenson.

THE weather in Washington, March 4, 1893—the day on which Grover Cleveland was inaugurated the second time, and on which I began my long Congressional service—was as bad as mortal man ever endured—windy, stormy, snowy, sleety, icy. It was prophetic of the political weather during the last Cleveland administration. Scores of people lost their lives by braving that tempestuous weather.

The day of Cleveland's first inauguration was ideal—bright, sunshiny, balmy—and for eight years his enthusiastic followers dubbed every fine day "Cleveland weather," just as Napoleon and his worshipers were forever prating of "The Sun of Austerlitz"; but the marrow-freezing day of his second inauguration ended the rejoicing about "Cleveland weather." No ear has heard of it any more.

The outgoing and incoming Presidents, who had taken it turn about in defeating each other, rode up to the Capitol together and entered the Senate Chamber side by side—Cleveland towering a full head above Harrison and weighing nearly twice as much. Sitting down, Gen. Benjamin Harrison looked as tall as Mr. Cleveland. His low stature grew out of the shortness of his legs, whereas Abraham Lincoln's towering height was due chiefly to the extraordinary length of his legs from the knees down. There was nothing unusual in the fact that the two rode and walked together. That is the rule in such cases to which there are only three exceptions.

John Adams was in such a huff because of his defeat that he would not remain in Washington to see Jefferson inducted into office. John Quincy Adams would not stay to witness General Jackson's inauguration because the old hero had not called on him—which the old hero failed and neglected to do because, as he alleged, Adams had helped circulate slanders about his wife. Nobody believes that now, but the Iron Soldier did believe it with all his heart, for he believed anything and everything discreditable to his enemies.

Andrew Johnson and General Grant hated each other so cordially that neither was willing to ride or walk with the other. Consequently Johnson was not present at Grant's inauguration.

The President-elect, uncovered, delivered his inaugural address at the east front of the Capitol, without notes and with perfect sang-froid, in a clear, ringing voice, to a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens, most of whom were clapping their hands, threshing their arms about their bodies, stamping their feet, and moving about to prevent being converted into pillars of ice, as Lot's wife was converted into a pillar of salt. The cadets from West Point and Annapolis threw down their guns and danced a war jig, to keep their blood from congealing in their veins. When the President concluded, a mighty shout went up, and everything was merry as a marriage-bell. The President's beautiful young wife, muffled in handsome and abundant furs, was the cynosure of all eyes, and even the President's heavy and solemn countenance lighted up with a glad smile when he gazed upon her happy face.

It appeared queer to me that the Congress did not, at its next session, change the inaugural date to a season when experience shows that pleasant weather may be reasonably expected, but I did not know then half as much about Congressional *vis inertiæ* as I know now.

The city was full to overflowing with jubilant Democrats, who counted President Cleveland not only the Moses of Democracy who had led them through the Red Sea and the Wilderness into sight of the Promised Land, but also the Joshua who had brought them safely into Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. They were anxious for the feast. All sorts of Democrats were there—men and women from the plains, the mountains, the valleys, the seashore, from mine and forest and mill and shop, from farm, village, and city, from the army and navy, from the prize-ring, the college, the pulpit—old mossback Democrats who lived on husks had for a generation jostled and touched elbows with a lot of dilettante eleventh-hour converts who were as hungry as the most ancient old-timers. The regular soldiers were there by the thousand, men of wars, men with their jaunty uniforms were there by the hundreds—all fraternizing with the handsome lads from West Point and Annapolis and with several thousand National Guardsmen. Every species of musical instrument known among men, together with every sort of toy for noise-making, was in use that day, mingling with the cannon's roar, the shrill whistles of engines, and the ear-splitting shout of an innumerable throng of hilarious Democrats chanting:

> "Grover! Grover! Four years more of Grover!
> And now we'll live in clover!"

Even our Republican friends, with that generosity characteristic of Americans, acting on the biblical injunction, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice," helped us celebrate our wondrous victory. Perhaps with clairvoyant power they could read the future!

Most assuredly no set of men in all the flood of time had better reason to jubilate than the Democrats, on that great and noisy day. That was the first one since the 4th of March, 1859—a period of thirty-four long, wearing, wearisome years—that we had had the President and both Houses of Congress. No body of men in the annals of politics had ever made such a long, courageous, disheartening, but triumphant fight as Democrats had made from the split in the Democratic Convention at Charleston in 1860 to the close of the polls in 1892, when they swept the country from sea to sea, securing an overwhelming majority of both the popular and the electoral vote, carrying all the doubtful states, together with such rock-ribbed Republican strongholds as Wisconsin and Illinois. They captured half the electoral votes of Michigan, and, to the surprise of everybody, Mr. Cleveland secured one electoral vote in Ohio, which magnificent state—mother of statesmen and Presidents—had not voted for a Democratic President since 1852, when Franklin Pierce carried all the states in the Union except four. In fact, she had rarely chosen Democratic electors even prior to 1852. "'Twas a famous victory!"

After hard trials and great tribulations, after a long series of humiliating defeats, we stood proudly on the Mount of Victory, sat in the seats of the Mighty, held every coign of vantage, and had every place of power at our disposal.

> No pent-up Utica contracted our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent was ours.

Most assuredly we had a right to rejoice, and we did rejoice to the limit.

No people ever went to bed happier than the Democrats on the night of March 4, 1893.

In looking back upon that uproarious and eventful day I recall the pregnant words of Alexander Pope, the greatest epigrammatist that ever lived:

> O blindness to the future kindly given
> That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
> Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The unalloyed joy of Democrats was of short duration. March the 5th President Cleveland announced his Cabinet, and thereby slapped every Democrat betwixt the two seas squarely in the face by appointing Gen. Walter Q. Gresham, of Chicago, Secretary of State. That appointment had the effect of an ice-bath upon the enthusiasm of old, battle-scarred Democrats who had borne the heat and burden of the day—many a day—who had cheerfully and gallantly led many a forlorn hope, who had been often defeated, but never conquered, and who believed that the election of 1892 was a Democratic triumph, pure and simple. It was a blow over the heart from which the veterans never recovered. They could neither understand nor justify it, and, truth to tell, the remnants of the Old Guard cannot understand it to this day. They resented it bitterly; they still resent it; not only those seeking appointive offices, but the "boys at the forks of the creek" and "in the trenches," who want no offices and expect none, but who fight the battles of Democracy for the love of fighting, for what Cæsar denominates *guadium certaminis*—the joy of the conflict. These men, all over the country—and there was a vast army of them—denounced President Cleveland as a "mugwump." Their idol was shattered, their mouths were in the dust, and they were utterly inconsolable.

They believed that Simon-pure Democrats were entitled to the rewards, and they knew that whatever else General Gresham was, he was not a Democrat, or that if he was on March 5, 1893, his conversion had been as sudden, if not as miraculous, as that of Saul of Tarsus as he journeyed from Jerusalem down to Damascus.

General Gresham was a man of high character, of commanding presence, of fine ability, of perfect integrity, of spotless reputation, and with an unimpeachable record in both civil and military service. He bore honorable scars acquired in the war between the states. He rose to the rank of major-general in the Union Army. He had held two Cabinet portfolios under President Arthur, and had discharged his duties faithfully and well. For many years he was Federal district judge in Indiana, and when President Cleveland made him Secretary of State he was a Circuit Federal judge and lived in Chicago. All these honors had been conferred upon him as a Republican. In the famous Chicago Republican Convention of 1888 he had been a strong contender for the presidential nomination, but his hated Indiana rival, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, walked away with the glittering and greatly coveted prize, very much to the disgust and disappointment of General Gresham. There was an ancient and deadly feud between this twain—bitter as that between the Montagues and Capulets. How it originated this deponent saith not, because he knoweth not, but it is a matter of common knowledge that it existed—not only existed, but was of the proverbial intensity of a family feud—both being Union generals, both Indiana Republicans—rivals both at the bar and in politics. Whether General Gresham voted for General Harrison in 1888 and 1892, or sulked in his tent, or voted for President Cleveland, is problematical, but the patent fact remains that as late as 1888 he was a full-fledged Republican of influence and eminence. This fact the rank and file of Democrats knew full well, and they did not believe that even if he came over to the Democrats in 1888—which they doubted—he should be given the highest place in a Democratic Cabinet. Perhaps if they had thought that there would be no more cases on all-fours with his, they might have forgiven the President, but they feared that his appointment was only a precursor of many more of the same sort and they were sick at heart.

It so happened that the Secretaryship of State turned out to be apples of Sodom to General Gresham. The duties of the place were not to his taste, and he found no pleasure in them. He would have made a capital attorney-general or justice of the Supreme Court—because they were in the line of his profession—of his life-work.

So on the night of March the 5th "a change came o'er the spirit" of the dreams of thousands of Democrats, and they began filing out of Washington, headed for the cave of Adullam, ready for revolt.

Of General Gresham's appointment, Mr. George F. Parker, one of Mr. Cleveland's most partial and enthusiastic biographers, says: "The Secretaryship of State, conferred upon Judge Walter Q. Gresham, was the one surprise of the Cabinet. I have never yet heard of any man to whom Mr. Cleveland had spoken about this office in connection with the appointee, and nobody was ever able to explain how or why he was chosen."

The President appointed as his Secretary of the Treasury John Griffin Carlisle, of Kentucky, then the most popular Democrat in America, but who lived to be rotten-egged in his home city of Covington, so bitterly did his old constituents resent his advocacy of the Gold Standard. What Mr. Carlisle thought on that sad and unfortunate occasion can only be imagined. Being a well-read man, he may have had the poor consolation of recalling certain historical facts—that Hannibal was banished by the Carthaginians and died by suicide in a foreign land; that John DeWitt was torn limb from limb in front of his own Senate House by an infuriated mob; that Socrates was compelled to drink the fatal hemlock; that the windows in the home and carriage of the Duke of Wellington were broken fifteen years after Waterloo, by his enraged countrymen; that the doors of Faneuil Hall were shut in the face of Daniel Webster; that the Legislature of Massachusetts passed resolutions of censure upon Charles Sumner in his old age, and other like instances; but all these and all other similar cases where the people, "the plain people," as Abraham Lincoln loved to call them, had turned against popular idols, justly or unjustly, could have afforded little compensation for the loss of the love of a mighty people which he had thrown away "like the base Indian who cast a pearl away, richer than all his tribe," for, after Henry Clay and John C. Breckenridge, Carlisle was more fondly loved by the Kentuckians than any other man.

He had had a long and notable career. He was a great lawyer. He had served in both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature, and as lieutenant-governor. He served many years in the National House of Representatives; was Speaker thereof for three full terms, and by common consent is rated as one of the great Speakers. At the time of his appointment to the Treasury portfolio he was a Senator of the United States, with every prospect of retaining his toga and curule chair, till he died of old age or voluntarily retired. To him more than to any other is due the long and successful fight for Tariff Reform which culminated in the tremendous Democratic victory of 1892.

The masses wanted him for President in 1892, and most probably he would have been nominated had the leaders believed he could get the aid of as many independent voters as could Grover Cleveland. The desire to secure the independent vote gave the nomination to the ex-President by the skin of his teeth. The truth is that any respectable Democrat could have been elected that year.

In view of all the foregoing facts, the bestowal of the Secretaryship of the Treasury upon "the Great Kentuckian" was very popular, particularly among the Silver Democrats, who looked to him as their chief. They were especially glad to have him conduct the financial department of the government. He had made the greatest Silver speech that ever fell from human lips—a speech unanswered and unanswerable, which Mr. Carlisle himself came nearer answering than anybody else ever did. He enjoys the peculiar distinction of having made both the best double-standard speech and also the best single Gold Standard speech ever delivered since the world began. When he bécame a single Gold Standard advocate it nearly broke the hearts of his friends, who had followed his fortunes with unshaken fidelity and who had dreamed for twenty years of placing him in the White House. In hundreds of thousands of homes his name was accursed. Right or wrong, his Gold Standard speech ended his political career. He supported Palmer and Buckner, neither of whom was worthy to untie his intellectual shoe-latchets. It was a sad close to a public career which added a new glory to the Republic.

To me, a Kentuckian born and bred, his change of base and his political downfall constituted a sore political and personal bereavement. My feeling for him was not only one of profound admiration, but also of deep personal affection. I have never abused him. I could not find it in my heart so to do. But I have grieved ever since he committed political suicide. If he had continued as he began, he would have been nominated, and elected President in 1896, for it was Carlisle far more than President Cleveland who created the Gold Standard sentiment in the West and South. And what a President he would have made! easily the peer mentally of any Chief Executive of the Republic.

Daniel S. Lamont, of New York, was Secretary of War —a most capable official as well as a delightful gentleman.

There have been about fifty Secretaries of War. The first one with whom I was personally acquainted, Daniel S. Lamont, filled the place once held by men illustrious in their lives, but most of whom are as thoroughly forgotten in their graves as though they had never been born. It is said that the reason why Colonel Lamont left off making money hand over fist, to accept the war portfolio, was the fame which it would bring his children. If his reputation proves as ephemeral as that of most of his predecessors, it was hardly worth acquiring.

One feat of memory of which Thomas Babington Macaulay boasted was that he could give the names of all the Popes in both regular and reverse order. The chances are a thousand to one that no citizen of the Republic can repeat seriatim the names of the Secretaries of War. Truly fame is a vapor.

There are, however, some familiar, a few great, and one or two well-beloved names in that list. It contains one President of the United States—James Monroe—and the only President of the Confederate states—Jefferson Davis, and it is a curious coincidence that while these two illustrious men achieved their most enduring reputation as civilians they cherished most their reputations as soldiers. The same thing is true of Aaron Burr and Thomas H. Benton, though neither attained higher rank in the army than lieutenant-colonel. Burr wanted to be a brigadier-general pending our troubles with France during John Adams's Presidency, and there was serious talk of making Benton the Commander-in-chief of the American Army in Mexico, with the rank of lieutenant-general. Had that project been consummated, "Old Bullion" would probably have reached the Presidency, and thereby have taken from Missouri her great reproach of barrenness in that regard.

Two other Secretaries of War—Lewis Cass and John Bell—were nominated for the Presidency, but failed of the glittering prize.

William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, William L. Marcy, John McLean, Simon Cameron, and perhaps other

Secretaries of War, aspired to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. Calhoun came nearer it than the others, as he was twice elected to the Vice-Presidency. Had it not been for Peggy O'Neil's tantrums, and the row which grew out of them, and the active part which Mrs. Calhoun took in the crusade against the Irish beauty, and the cunning political use which sly Mr. Van Buren made of the tempest in a teapot, the great nullifier might have succeeded "Old Hickory." But no man whose wife was anti-Peggy found favor in the eyes of the grim old Lion of the Hermitage.

John Marshall, who was Secretary of War for six days, was afterward Chief Justice of the United States for nearly thirty-five years.

Lamont was entitled to one benediction from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the peacemakers." In politics, especially when he was the President's private secretary during Mr. Cleveland's first term, that was his chief business; and certainly since that famous utterance no man needed a peacemaker on his staff more than Mr. Cleveland. He had no equal in provoking men to wrath and Lamont no rival in applying poultices and administering soothing-syrup. As an emollient for soreheads and sore-headed politicians he excelled slippery elm or anything else in the *materia medica.*

Thurber, presidential secretary in the second Cleveland administration, was just the reverse, and after the President had rubbed the skin off a visiting statesman Thurber came in the nature of strong fish brine to make his wounds smart—not that he wanted to be *persona non grata* to any human being, but because he was so rigged up that his efforts to be hail-fellow with disgruntled statesmen only aggravated them the more. A man whom Mr. Cleveland made mad got madder when Thurber undertook to patronize him and to convince him that the President could do no wrong—both of which he invariably attempted. In truth, Thurber lived as much in an enchanted world as did the melancholy Knight de la Mancha, and to him Mr. Cleveland's hat was a veritable enchanted helmet of Mambrino.

Lamont was the nonpareil of private secretaries, and was decidedly the smoothest member of the Cabinet. He accomplished more with less friction than any of the men who stuck their legs beneath the presidential mahogany. Physically he was blond, bald, willowy, graceful. For Lamont the country is indebted to Daniel Manning, a past-master in both politics and journalism. When Mr. Cleveland was unexpectedly elected Governor of New York he knew very few public men in the state, and asked Manning to select some bright young man, with good manners, common sense, and a large acquaintance among politicians, as his private secretary. Manning picked Lamont, who was then a reporter on his paper, *The Albany Argus*.

Thus began Lamont's political rise, which was as rapid as that of his patron.

Newspaper work is a first-rate schooling for public life. Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Henry Watterson, James Brooks, Daniel Manning, Thomas Hart Benton, Carl Schurz, B. Gratz Brown, Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst, "Sunset" Cox, James G. Blaine, Amos J. Cummings, Senator Hawley, Governor Dingley, Captain Boutelle, and divers others who have succeeded in politics once set type, did reportorial work, or edited papers.

Speaking from a somewhat varied experience, I state for the benefit of all boys that even my short career of eleven months as a country editor has been of more lasting benefit to me than any other equal portion of my life.

Newspaper work forces rapidity of thought and facility in writing. A newspaper man must frequently fire offhand without a rest. He can't afford to scratch his head and chew the end of his pencil a week, waiting for an idea or for inspiration. He must strike while the iron is hot. Consequently newspaper men in Congress are among the readiest talkers and most skilful wrestlers. They may not be as profound as the philosophers, but in the general mêlée usually come out on top.

Another habit of incalculable value to a public man is induced by newspaper work—that is, of noting people's peculiarities, habits, capabilities, and idiosyncrasies—or, in other words, of reading human nature. Mr. Cleveland seemed to have a penchant for editors as constitutional advisers, having had one, Daniel Manning, in his first Cabinet, and having three, Lamont, Hoke Smith, and J. Sterling Morton, in his second.

Over and over again the saying that all that glitters is not gold finds confirmation. Mrs. Lamont was one of the most popular of the Cabinet ladies. Her soirées and dinners and receptions were universally pronounced delightful. She lived in a beautiful home, had lovely children, a distinguished husband, and a host of friends. Thousands of women envied her. But after the manner of Lot's wife, she sometimes looked back with longing eyes, so it is said, toward vanished scenes.

Somebody once asked her what was the happiest period of her life. "When Dan was a newspaper reporter at one hundred dollars per month," replied the lady whose liege lord then stood fourth in the line of succession to the White House.

No able-bodied man in America looked less like a son of Mars or a disciple of Bellona than Mr. Secretary Lamont, unless it was Gen. Joe Wheeler, who was a lieutenant-general at twenty-seven, and who did a vast deal of hard fighting.

Lamont looked better fitted to lead a quadrille than an army, but in piping times of peace executive ability more than martial talent is needed in the War Office. Anyway, army officers are so jealous of one another that they prefer a civilian to a soldier for a Secretary of War; consequently a majority of the Secretaries have been civilians.

To borrow a simile from railroaders, Colonel Lamont, as private secretary, was the best "buffer" that ever stood between a President and the surging multitude of Congressmen and their place-hunting constituents, and the same suavity, tact, graciousness, and bonhomie which made him a universal favorite then stood him in good stead in his higher station.

Above all, he was a man of wondrous common sense, and an excellent judge of men, with an astonishing facility for keeping his mouth shut except when it was necessary for him to talk. If it be true that "speech is silver but silence is golden," then Lamont was a bonanza gold-mine. Since his day the President's "private secretary" has been promoted to "the secretary to the President," with an increased salary, but the duties are the same. The secretary to the President is a far more important functionary than most people wot of, and exercises a potent influence on the course of public affairs, having the presidential ear whenever he desires it. He hears many things about persons that the President does not hear. He sees many folks that the President cannot see for lack of time. When somebody asked Gen. Joseph E. Johnston why he did not capture Washington the night after the first battle of Bull Run, he replied: "Because I did not have soldiers twenty feet tall so they could wade the Potomac!" Probably the reason why the President cannot receive all callers is that the year has only three hundred and sixty-five days, and the day only twenty-four hours. The chances are that a President is the busiest man in America, and the secretary to the President the next busiest. In patience he must *ex necessitate* rival the Man of Uz.

Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama, an ex-Confederate soldier, long a prominent member of the House, rising to the chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs, was Secretary of the Navy. His service in Congress caused him to take things by the smooth handle, and made him a prime favorite.

The Postmaster-General was Wilson S. Bissell, of Buffalo, New York, the President's old law partner. He was much of the Cleveland type both mentally and physically—in the latter regard being about one and a half times as large as the President. General Bissell had had no experience in public service, no taste for it, did not want to be in the Cabinet, and gladly quit it in the middle of his term.

There has for years been an apocryphal story floating around in the Mississippi Valley to the effect that once upon a time a man found Col. E. D. Baker, then a youth in Illinois, afterward a Senator from Oregon, who was colonel of the "California Regiment," and died a soldier's death at Ball's Bluff, sitting on a log in the woods, crying as though his heart would break. Interrogated as to why those tears, he blubbered out that he was weeping because he could never be President of the United States, by reason of having been born an Englishman.

Nobody need shed many briny tears at the idea of never being a Cabinet Minister, for it is certainly not a bed of roses. Under almost any circumstances it is what Mr. Mantalini would have called "a demnition horrid grind." Under such a domineering, dictatorial President as Mr. Cleveland, a Cabinet position was nothing more than a head-clerkship. Why any man of reputation would resign a seat in the Senate or House for that gilded slavery is one of the unfathomable mysteries.

Christopher Columbus, Ulysses S. Grant, and Grover Cleveland were all alike in one respect—they all went on voyages of discovery—the immortal Genoese sailor to discover a new world, and the two Presidents in search of unknown men to place in charge of Cabinet portfolios.

Grant was a soldier and distrusted all civilians until he learned, by bitter experience, that he could not get along well without trusting such men as Roscoe Conkling, who had never set a squadron in the field.

Cleveland appeared to delight in digging up and inducting into high places statesmen who had studiously and successfully hidden their talents in a napkin until he turned his flashlight upon them.

Four of his second Cabinet were utterly unknown outside their own particular bailiwicks. The great body of the people had never heard of them.

When their names were announced on March 6, 1893, men pinched themselves to see if they were awake, gazed at each other as stupidly as Dickens's Fat Boy, suddenly roused from sleep, and wonderingly asked one another, "Who is Bissell? Who is Olney?" Nine-tenths of them pronounced Olney's name wrong—for be it known that the "o" in his name is long, as in "note," and not short, as in "hop." Yet Olney and Bissell were the only ones in the list destined to quit Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet-table with enhanced reputation and enlarged popularity.

Bissell was a tall man—over six feet—a huge man—and by no means bad-looking. Neither was he fat-witted. That law firm of Cleveland & Bissell must have had great weight in court.

In manner General Bissell was blunt, brusk, austere, irascible, until you penetrated the case of reserve in which he had ensconced himself, when he was pleasant, playful, and gracious. There was nothing bizarre, dilettante, or whimsical about him. He discharged his onerous duties conscientiously, according to his lights. These were sometimes flickering, dim, and uncertain, growing largely out of the fact that he had had no official or political experience, and had confined his energies to the practice of corporation law, which brought him very little into contact with the masses. Nevertheless, he did his best.

His office of Postmaster-General, more than any other Cabinet position, brings the incumbent into personal relations with Senators, Representatives, and office-seekers. During the first few months of his term he was the most unpopular man in Washington. Gradually he wore off his angularities, increased his acquaintance, softened the asperities of his style, and grew in popularity, so that when he quitted the office at the end of two years everybody felt very kindly toward him. Under no circumstances whatever would he ever have inspired enthusiastic devotion to his person, but I believe that if he had filled out the four years he would have been the most popular man in the Cabinet, always excepting Col. Daniel S. Lamont, who was a universal favorite.

The truth is that, like old Doctor Johnson, General Bissell had nothing of the bear about him except the coat.

In the beginning General Bissell was much disposed to run things with a high hand. Whether he learned that from Cleveland or Cleveland learned it from him, or whether they were both born that way, or whether that was the bond of union between them, I don't know.

The saying, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," had a fine illustration when General Bissell and Bailey of Texas ran afoul of each other, if a piece of gossip which floated around Washington was true.

Nothing that ever wore the human form could bully Bailey. He would hold himself erect and express his honest convictions in any presence, however august.

The story ran in this wise: During the month between the calamitous extra session and the more calamitous long session of the Fifty-third Congress, Bailey made some speeches down in Texas, in which he spoke his mind freely about the administration, and his remarks, as reported in the papers, were by no means complimentary. Of course, certain persons not exactly *en rapport* with Bailey lodged marked copies of his speeches in hands where they would do the most harm to Bailey. So when he returned to Washington and went to see General Bissell about appointing a postmaster, Bissell said: "I don't know that I ought to pay any attention to your recommendations. I understand you have been making some speeches down in Texas lately. What sort of speeches did you make?"

Bailey was young, but he had the courage of Richard Plantagenet himself, and he replied: "It is none of your blanked business what sort of speeches I made. I wasn't sent to Congress to represent you or Cleveland. I answer to nobody but my own constituents and my own conscience for my speeches. You can appoint this man or I will withdraw all my recommendations and will never set foot in this office again while you are here."

Bailey didn't get his man in, and, true to his wrathful promise, he never set foot again in the Post-Office Department until General Bissell vanished from the scene.

Once I heard General Bissell in a rather heated controversy with a New England Congressman. The latter had filed charges against the postmaster for "offensive partizanship," or something of the sort, and was insisting that Bissell bounce him without ceremony or dilly-dallying. "But," said Bissell, "he has written to me demanding that he be heard in reply." "He does not deserve to be heard," answered the Representative. "He shall be heard," roared the Postmaster-General. "In New York we try a man before we hang him. I do not hope to please everybody while in this office, but there is one man whose mind and conscience I will be sure to satisfy, and that man is Wilson S. Bissell."

It is my firm belief that the law ought to require the incoming President to appoint his Cabinet at least three months before his term begins, and ought to compel him then to put in that period traveling over the United States to learn what a large country this is, and somewhat of the manners and customs of the various sections.

Now the average citizen will hardly believe that running a livery-stable is to a man's discredit or in any way disqualifies him from being a postmaster. Yet that fact came near preventing my naming a postmaster in my own town.

I recommended one—as under the pernicious and pestiferous custom which had grown up I was expected to do. Divers and sundry charges were filed against him, supported by affidavits. I did my best to explain them away, and succeeded very well in convincing the general that the things complained of were mere indiscretions of youth, and not such as to show any moral turpitude.

I have always believed that membership in any church argues favorably for a man's character, so as a clincher I said to the general: "He can't be a very bad man, as he is a member in good standing in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church."

"What sort of church is that?" he replied. "I never heard of it. How is it differentiated from the old school?" I never was much of a theologian, but I entered on a disquisition as to the differences which led up to the organization of the Cumberland Church—aided somewhat by friendly suggestions from Benton McMillan, Judge Ellis, and other Kentuckians and Tennesseeans who happened to be present.

I had never expected to be placed in a position to expound the doctrines of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and I am not cocksure that my good friends, President Black, Rev. Taylor Bernard, Rev. Alonzo Pearson (one of my old pupils), and others will accept my exposition as up to the standard, but of one thing they can rest assured—their church lost nothing in dignity, influence, or numbers from my version of its origin and history.

When I had concluded my theological address I felt reasonably sure of success, but several times I have been sorely disappointed in verdicts of juries and decisions of courts, and what happened just then did not give me a favorable opinion of my persuasive powers as an orator or of General Bissell as a subject.

He looked at me, solemn as an owl, and said, "I don't want to appoint that man." "Why?" I asked. "Because he runs a livery-stable," came the astonishing answer.

Now be it remembered that General Bissell had a temper of his own. I have very little reputation for being wanting in that respect myself. So I concluded if we undertook then and there to argue so preposterous a proposition that it wouldn't increase our friendship to any remarkable extent or end in helping my man, which was the main thing.

In order to collect my scattered thoughts I went over to the House. There I saw John DeWitt Warner. I said, "Warner, what sort of a man is Bissell, anyhow?" "He's honest, and firm in his convictions," replied the great free-trader. Then I told him my case. "Oh," he said, "Bissell is all right, but he has never been out of Buffalo much. He sometimes forms his conclusions from inadequate premises—deduces a rule from too few instances. He probably knew some disreputable man in Buffalo who ran a livery-stable, and jumped to the conclusion that all livery-stable keepers are a tough lot."

So I thought and thought all day. Bissell had told me once that he could remember what I wrote better than what I said, consequently I wrote him an affectionate epistle, in which I explained that I did not know anything about New York, its politics, manners, customs, society, etc., but did understand the country west of the Mississippi, and that to conduct a livery-stable out there was as respectable as to practise law or sell dry-goods, and that frequently the livery-stable man was the most influential man in the community, and much more of the same sort.

The letter appeared to have the desired effect, for in a few days the man whom I recommended got the office.

The very next morning I went after the general for another postmaster. "Not to-day, young man," he said, with a benignant smile. "You are too greedy. You must take your turn and give others a chance. I appointed a man for you yesterday and I don't believe yet that he ought to have been appointed, but I did not want to give you a black eye in your own town"—which was certainly kind and generous in him.

At the end of two years, after he had become acquainted with everybody, and everybody had come to like him, General Bissell grew weary of his honors and the trappings of power, and resigned his place to return to his law practice. No wonder, for no slave on a treadmill ever worked harder or more constantly. It's astonishing that it did not worry him into the shape of a living skeleton.

J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, a pioneer Democrat in that state while it was yet a territory, was Secretary of Agriculture—the third to hold that office, Gov. Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, being the first, and "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, of Wisconsin, the second. At that time the Secretary of Agriculture was called "the baby of the Cabinet," the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor not having then been created.

Hoke Smith, of Georgia, a prominent lawyer and editor, as well as proprietor of *The Atlanta Journal*, since Governor of his state and now United States Senator, was

Secretary of the Interior. By reason of the President's attitude toward the Democratic presidential ticket in 1896 Secretary Smith resigned about six months before his term was up, and supported the Democratic ticket. He was succeeded by Gov. David R. Francis, of Missouri, now the American ambassador to the Court of Petrograd.

There was a good deal of gossip as to the why and wherefore of the appointment of so young a man as Mr. Smith to the Cabinet. Nobody who knew him doubted his ability but Georgians, who loved him not, asserted that he was selected to punish Evan P. Howell, the veteran editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, a rival paper to Smith's *Journal*. *The Constitution* had vigorously supported Governor and Senator David Bennett Hill for the presidential nomination, while *The Journal* had just as vigorously supported Mr. Cleveland. The President was very human, and while he did not agree to the proposition contained in Representative Tim Campbell's witty and far-resounding query, "Mr. President, what is the Constitution betwixt friends?" he did possess the rare virtue of standing by his friends, and Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, was one result of that trait in President Cleveland's character and one of the chief beneficiaries thereof.

He in turn was loyal to his Georgia friends, and appointed so many of them to office that Republican humorists made merry with him, saying that "We once marched through Georgia under General Sherman, but now Georgia—under the leadership of Mr. Secretary Smith—is marching through us."

Richard Olney, an eminent Boston lawyer, was Attorney-General. He discharged his duties well, no doubt, but in that office he did not enhance his reputation. When, however, Mr. Secretary of State Gresham died, and Mr. Attorney-General Olney was promoted to his place, he at once entered upon such a vigorous foreign policy as to challenge the attention and admiration not only of his country, but of the world. His strong, emphatic, luminous, almost bellicose, assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, in the celebrated squabble with Great Britain touching her threatened encroachment upon the territory of little Venezuela, warmed the cockles of the American heart and gave him enduring fame as one of our greatest Secretaries of State. Those new-fangled statesmen who think the Monroe Doctrine is obsolete would do well to consider Mr. Secretary Olney's pronouncements on that subject and be wise.

Rev. Sidney Smith—one-third preacher and two-thirds wit—declared that when God created the world He made round holes and three-cornered holes, and round people and three-cornered people to fit into them; but the trouble was that many round people got into three-cornered holes and many three-cornered people got into round holes, and consequently there were many misfits. General Gresham and Mr. Olney, as Cabinet Ministers, are fine illustrations of Sidney's theory. From the beginning Olney should have been Secretary of State and Gresham Attorney-General.

Illustrations of Sidney's theory abound on every hand. For instance, General Grant was a flat failure as a cordwood dealer, a real-estate agent, and a merchant, but was a superb soldier. Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew stoutly maintains that most men desire to be what they cannot be, and he declares that General Grant's consuming ambition was to be an orator!

It is nowhere recorded that Samuel F. Miller—one of the greatest justices of the Supreme Court—was a shining success as a shoemaker or as a country doctor, which he was till past thirty, but nobody will deny his pre-eminence as a lawyer and a jurist. Blessed is the man who discovers what he is fit for—and does it.

Mr. Cleveland used the veto more freely than any other

President. Indeed, he vetoed more bills than all other Presidents put together, Andrew Johnson standing second in that regard. The fact that he used many hours in writing vetoes of hundreds of small, individual pension bills, during his first term, contributed much to his defeat in 1888. But he believed that he was right in so doing, and nothing could turn him from his course of action. The Republicans printed them in book form and circulated the book widely as a campaign document, greatly to his injury.

While he could lay no claim to oratory, he was an effective speaker. His voice was not loud, but it was resonant and carried far, filling the largest hall. His enunciation was excellent and distinct. His gestures were few and appropriate. His stage presence was impressive. One great virtue he possessed as a public speaker—he thoroughly believed what he said, and thereby he made his auditors believe what he said—which is a matter of vast advantage on the stump, platform, or hustings, or in the pulpit.

Evidently he had a fine memory, for he rarely used notes, and yet he adhered closely to the text of his written addresses. He indulged in no rhetorical flourishes, eschewed wit and humor, quoted little poetry, and made few historical allusions. He was not blessed with imagination, but was a matter-of-fact man.

> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

When first elected, Mr. Cleveland had seen very little of his own country. He had never been in Washington City until the day before he was sworn in as President. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, was neither a wit nor a humorist, but he made a very funny speech in the Senate one night during the great Silver debate, by ringing innumerable changes on the sentence, "He moved West and settled at Buffalo," which Stewart found in the President's autobiography, published in *The Congressional Directory*. According to the Nevada Senator, that was the most preposterous sentence ever put into print. Of course his purpose was to belittle the President, whom he most cordially disliked.

He seemed to be much enamoured of the coterie of very able Southern statesmen then to the fore in the Senate. He appointed three of them to his first Cabinet—Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, Secretary of State, who had been one of his competitors for the nomination, and whom, in his second term, he made ambassador to the Court of St. James's; L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior, whom he promoted to the Supreme Bench; and Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas, Attorney-General. He thereby weakened very much the Democratic contingent in the Senate, but acquired three extraordinarily strong advisers in his Cabinet.

Mr. Cleveland is perhaps the only President to have made money in Washington real estate. He is said to have cleaned up something in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars on his summer suburban home, popularly known as "Redtop," in a perfectly legitimate manner.

He was one of two bachelors to be elected to the Presidency—James Buchanan being the other; but President Cleveland soon joined the ranks of the benedicts by marrying Miss Frances Folsom, who by common consent was one of the most graceful and most gracious mistresses of the White House.

He was one of three Presidents who married while in that high office, the others being John Tyler and Woodrow Wilson. The Cleveland wedding was in the White House, while Tyler's was in New York, and Wilson's at the home of his bride, in Washington.

While in Washington, President Cleveland and his wife usually worshiped in the Dutch Reformed Church.

When Mr. Cleveland was sworn in the second time he lacked fourteen days of being fifty-six years old, and was in the prime of robust manhood. He stood about five feet ten, of massive build, and weighed close to three hundred avoirdupois. His eyes were gray, his hair drab and thin, his complexion drab, his nose large and high-bridged, his visage solemn. While generally in good health, at times he suffered intensely from gout. He had a large, shapely head, set on a short neck of unusual circumference, which rested upon shoulders of Herculean proportions. So conspicuous in his *tout ensemble* was his neck that the wits of the opposition tried to make capital by such side-splitting squibs as "he wears a number *seven* hat and a number *nineteen* collar," and "he can pull his shirt off without unbuttoning his collar"—sorry wit, surely, but everything goes in a campaign. His girth was aldermanic, his feet large, and, to use a popular non-classical expression, "he was firm on his pins." He wore a small, grizzled mustache, neatly trimmed. While not by any manner of means a Beau Brummell, he dressed well and in good taste. He seemed to have taken to heart the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Among other things, he generally wore a dark silk polka-dot necktie with a dash of red in it. He displayed little jewelry. In manner he was what Mark Antony vaunted himself to be, "a plain, blunt man," which Mark most assuredly was not. While nothing of an Apollo Belvedere, he was of distinguished appearance. He was slow-motioned, walked with ponderous tread, and spoke clearly and deliberately. He not only moved slowly; he also thought slowly. He never went off half cocked. He wrote a beautiful hand, in small characters, and was exceedingly fond of using polysyllabic words of Latin derivation. The one word which best expresses his appearance is "sturdy"—which *descriptio personæ* he illustrated on every proper occasion.

His office was near the head of the stairs in the White House proper, in a bright, sunny room whose windows afforded a splendid view of the Potomac, the Washington Monument, and the Virginia hills. At ten o'clock every morning, except Sundays and Cabinet days, Senators, Representatives, office-seekers, and visitors were received by the President. He stood near the northwest corner of a big, flat-topped desk, and the company—at the beginning of his second administration a very large one, but toward the close a small one—passed in line before him. He shook hands with all in a very uncordial fashion, speaking a few well-chosen words to each. Evidently he regarded the entire function as a great bore and endeavored to make it a rapid-fire performance. Consequently, if any one talked to him longer than he desired, he began to back toward his desk, and if the conversationalist followed him up, he turned his back and greeted the next visitor.

He had a sort of patent way of shaking hands which he probably invented for self-protection. He grabbed the visitor's hand, gave it a slight squeeze, and dropped it like a hot potato. He never under any circumstances whatsoever permitted a visitor to grip his large, fat hand.

He possessed a sense of humor notwithstanding his face was usually solemn as that of a graven image. Sometimes I have seen him smile at some stray remark which touched his risibles, and once, but only once, I heard him laugh out loud at some witty sally of the genial and irrepressible Timothy Campbell, popularly called "Tim."

Before the bitter fight on Silver, for a new member I got along with him very well. One morning shortly after his inauguration I called on him for the first time, and was urging him to appoint one of my constituents, Col. Richard Dalton, Surveyor of the Port of St. Louis. The President said, among other things: "But Mr. Dalton lives one hundred and twenty miles from St. Louis." "I know that, Mr. President," I replied, "but he does not live as far from St. Louis as Daniel Magone lived from New York when you appointed him to a good, fat office in that city." That may have been somewhat impertinent in a new member, but it seemed to amuse him. At any rate, he remembered it, for when I next visited him and started to tell him who I was, he grinned and said: "Oh, I remember you! You are the man who jogged my memory about Dan Magone living farther from New York than your friend lives from St. Louis."

Dalton finally received the appointment. It is not probable that the reference to Magone accomplished it, but I have always believed that it helped a little.

Mr. Cleveland's only recreation appears to have been hunting and fishing. After finally quitting the White House he wrote a series of very interesting articles on that subject for a widely circulated journal, which articles were subsequently published in book form. It is dear to the disciples of Daniel Boone and Izaak Walton.

He always rode in a carriage. At least I never saw him on a horse. He was so heavy that he would have needed a Norman Percheron or a Clydesdale for a mount. When that delightful gentleman, former President William Howard Taft, who was heavier even than Mr. Cleveland, was Governor-General of the Philippines, the administration was uneasy about his health. One day Governor Taft cabled Mr. Secretary of War Elihu Root that he had been out horseback-riding and was feeling fine. Mr. Root cabled back the witty query, "How is the horse feeling?"

There is no tale in the *Arabian Nights* more incredible than Cleveland's rise to the Presidency. Luck helped him amazingly. He was born in the village of Caldwell, in northern New Jersey, where his father was pastor of a small Presbyterian church. He and his flock did not get on well together, and severed their relations in such a way that President Cleveland resented it all his days. A society has purchased the house in which he first saw the light and has made of it a show-place. It has erected a monument to his memory, but nothing ever induced him to set foot in the town. When he had risen high in the world, the citizens of Caldwell more than once cordially invited him to visit them, but their blandishments availed not. Evidently his recollections of the place and people were unpleasant.

When I lectured in Caldwell several years ago, a very old man told me that he remembered well seeing the elder Cleveland start on the long trek to western New York with his wife, children, and all their earthly possessions in a Conastoga wagon, little Grover sitting in the rear with his bare, chubby legs and feet dangling over the hind gate.

He taught school as soon as he was old enough, read law and practised it, was elected sheriff of Erie County, served as assistant prosecuting attorney by appointment, ran for the office of prosecuting attorney and was defeated, on a reform wave was elected mayor of Buffalo in 1882 by a combination of Democrats and Independents.

At the beginning of that year the betting would have been at least twenty to one that the Republicans would carry the state. They had both United States Senators, the Governor, and all the state officers, both branches of the Legislature, and, to cap all, the President of the

United States, Chester A. Arthur, with the vast and valuable patronage pertaining to that office.

The Democratic mayor of nearly every big city in the state was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, to get their names in the papers, and Cleveland won. When made, his nomination was apparently almost worthless.

In an hour, lucky for him but fatal to the Republicans, President Arthur forced the nomination of his Secretary of the Treasury, Charles J. Folger, a "Stalwart," for Governor, and it was charged by the "Featherheads," or "Half-breeds," that a telegraphic proxy had been forged by the Stalwarts to control the State Committee. A great uproar ensued, and, notwithstanding the facts that Folger was a man of high character and was universally conceded to have been an able judge of the state's Supreme Court, they would have none of him, and on Election Day either bolted openly or sulked in their tents. Consequently Cleveland was elected by a plurality of one hundred and ninety-two thousand, unprecedented till then, and his road to the White House was clear. Though his plurality was one hundred and ninety-two thousand, he ran eight thousand behind David Bennett Hill, who was the candidate for lieutenant-governor on the same ticket with him, but by some queer and convenient lapse of memory his biographers fail to mention that small but interesting fact.

In 1884 the Democrats set aside their old and tried leaders and nominated him for President. All they wanted was a man who could be elected, and his enormous plurality for Governor in 1882 caused them to believe that he would be a sure winner. As a matter of fact he won by a scratch, carrying New York by a plurality of only eleven hundred and forty-nine, thereby achieving the Presidency. He once told a friend that after his election as Governor he had no doubt of reaching the White House. Quite naturally he believed in predestination.

He was much given to making epigrams. His first one to become popular was, "Public office is a public trust." He never said it that way. A skilful scribe took one of Cleveland's long-involved sentences containing the idea and the words above set out, but not the foregoing collocation, and by leaving out some here and some there presented as the finished product the epigram which aided Mr. Cleveland very much all his days. The idea was sound and the verbiage was catchy, but the fact announced was not new. No doubt it was used by the first honest man who ever spoke on the subject. The contrary has been expressed in this wise: "A public office is a private snap!" Somebody declared that certain other men thought that.

His most exquisite phrase, and entirely original, so far as I know, was "Innocuous desuetude," still frequently quoted and perhaps to be quoted as long as our vernacular is spoken by the children of men.

"The power of pelf" is strong, but does not measure up to the two first mentioned.

Another of his famous mots is, "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory."

President Cleveland was an exceedingly painstaking and industrious man.

This illustration fell under my personal observation: Senators Vest and Cockrell and myself were pressing the claims of one of my constituents for an important office, and thought we had about succeeded. So one morning we went to the White House to clinch the matter. To our surprise the President said, "There are serious charges against your man!" Senator Vest inquired: "What are they? Who filed them, and when?" Whereupon the President gave this amazing answer: "I do not know who filed them or who made them. I do not know precisely when they were filed. What I do know is that about one o'clock this morning I went into my office and found on my table an anonymous protest against the appointment of your candidate, making serious charges against him and attaching as evidence of the truth of the charges about fifty pages of legal cap excerpts from court records. I sat down and read all of it before I went to bed!"

Think of such conscientious labor by a President of the United States at that unseemly hour! While millions of his constituents slept he was toiling onward in the night. We borrowed the papers referred to. He had not only read them, but he had read them carefully enough to mark certain passages which struck him forcibly and had in a few instances indicated his opinions on the margin!

It required some time and much labor to disprove the charges so as to induce him to change his mind and make the appointment—which he finally did. It is apropos to add that our candidate was recommended for the place by nearly every prominent man in Missouri.

I set forth the foregoing incident for two purposes: First, to illustrate Mr. Cleveland's method of work; second, to disabuse the minds of sundry folks of an obsession that public men in Washington spend their days and nights in having a good time—merely that and nothing more.

The Vice-President elected with Mr. Cleveland was Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois. He was what is called "a Democratic war-horse." He was certainly a Democrat without guile and without the shadow of turning. Mugwumps and Independents doted on Cleveland while they looked askance at Stevenson, but as they could not vote for the former without also voting for the latter, in order to get the former they swallowed the ticket, making wry faces much after the fashion of the pupils in Professor

Squeers's "Dotheboys Hall," when his spouse administered to them their morning dose of treacle and brimstone.

Stevenson was born and bred in Kentucky, looked, talked, and acted as one, possessed all the distinguishing characteristics of the proud, brave race from which he sprang. He graduated at or graduated from or, to use Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's formula, he "was graduated from" Center College at Danville, of which institution the renowned Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, one-third preacher, one-third scholar, and one-third politician, was president. Among Stevenson's classmates were Mr. Justice John Marshall Harlan, Senator George Graham Vest, of Missouri, Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, Col. William C. P. Breckenridge, and Col. Robert J. Breckenridge—certainly a brilliant coterie of students in one small college. Doctor Breckenridge was at first a lawyer. Thomas F. Marshall, most brilliant of mortals, said: "Dick Menifee drove me to the bottle and Cousin Bob Breckenridge to the pulpit, and I have stuck to my job closer than Bob has to his," which was the literal truth. Doctor Breckenridge was temporary chairman of the convention which nominated Lincoln and Johnson.

General Stevenson was a successful and resourceful lawyer. Like most country lawyers, he practised politics about as much as he practised his profession—his profession for profit, politics for sheer joy. He was one of the most popular campaigners in the land, and was the delight of the multitude. Stevenson always spoke right out in meeting and did not mince his words.

One thing that commended him to his audiences was his handsome presence. Tall, slender, erect, graceful, well knit, lean of flank, he always reminded me of a Kentucky race-horse. His information was wide and varied, his voice musical and far-carrying, his elocution good, and he was not afraid. He had the nose, eye, and chin of a fighter, which he was.

He had made four races for Congress, winning two out of four.

During Cleveland's first term he was the Assistant Postmaster-General, who had charge of the appointment of postmasters. He flung Republicans out and put Democrats in with such expedition that those who loved him not dubbed him "The Headsman" or "The Axman." Hence the feud betwixt him and the civil-service reformers. They regarded him as a bad man from Bitter Creek, but he was the idol of *hoi polloi*. They loved him for the enemies he had made. They would much rather have had him in the White House than Grover Cleveland, and looked forward eagerly to a time when he would reside in that garish but greatly coveted mansion.

He and President Cleveland were not at all chummy. Quite the contrary. The heir-apparent and the king are rarely close friends. Practically the same is true with Presidents and Vice-Presidents. This situation grows out of the nature of things. "Watchful waiting" for a dead man's shoes is a gruesome occupation.

General Stevenson presided over the Senate with grace, dignity, and impartiality. Being a first-class raconteur, he was a prime favorite with the Senators.

HARRIS, OF TENNESSEE

When I first entered the House of Representatives, one of the ablest, and certainly the most picturesque man in the Senate was ex-Governor Isham Green Harris, of Tennessee. In many ways he was the Democratic leader of that body. More than any other one man, he took the state of Tennessee into the Confederacy. He was, perhaps, the ablest of the war governors—in the Confederacy, at any rate.

He performed one of the most remarkable feats in that remarkable era, by carrying around with him, during the entire war, in camp and field, six hundred and fifty thousand dollars belonging to the public-school fund of Tennessee. He even carried it with him into Mexico during his brief expatriation after the Confederacy had collapsed, but he finally restored every dollar of it to the proper officials.

He and the celebrated "Parson" Brownlow were at loggerheads, politically. The "Parson," who was a militant Christian, was Governor of the "Old Volunteer State" during the days of "Reconstruction," and afterward was United States Senator.

While the "Parson" was Governor, the state Legislature passed a resolution authorizing and directing the Governor to offer a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest and delivery of Governor Harris to Governor Brownlow; and accordingly Governor Brownlow issued his proclamation, accusing Harris of treason and other high crimes and misdemeanors. It was a bitter document, and contained this *descriptio personæ* of Governor Harris:

"This culprit, Harris, is about five feet ten inches high, weighs about one hundred and forty-five pounds, and is about fifty-five years of age. His complexion is sallow—his eyes are dark and penetrating—a perfect index to the heart of a traitor—with the scowl and frown of a demon resting on his brow. The study of mischief, and the practice of crime, have brought upon him premature baldness and gray beard. With brazen-faced impudence he talks loudly and boastingly about the overthrow of the Yankee army, and entertains no doubt but the South will achieve her independence. He chews tobacco rapidly and is inordinately fond of liquor. In his moral structure he is an unscrupulous man—steeped to the nose and chin in personal and political profligacy—now about lost to all sense of honor and shame—with a heart reckless of social duty and fatally bent upon mischief.

"If captured, he will be found lurking in the rebel strongholds of Mississippi, Alabama, or Georgia, and in female society, alleging with the sheep-faced modesty of a virtuous man that it is not a wholesome state of public sentiment, or of taste, that forbids an indiscriminate mixing together of married men and women. If captured, the fugitive must be delivered to me alive, to the end that justice may be done him here, upon the theater of his former villainous deeds."

Now, anybody reading that severe arraignment would naturally conclude that if the "Fighting Parson," in his capacity as Governor, had ever got his clutches on Governor Harris, he would have inflicted some awful punishment on him—perhaps death; but the son of Governor Brownlow, Col. John B. Brownlow, writes to me the following account of what really happened:

"In 1866, Neill S. Brown, who was elected Governor as a Whig, in 1847, and later, under Taylor's administration, was Minister to Russia, came to my father (Governor Brownlow) with a letter from Harris to him, Brown. It read: 'I wish to return to my home. My family need me; I wish to resume the practice of the law, but I would not feel it safe to do so without a pledge of protection from the President of the United States or the Governor of Tennessee. I would rather die in exile than ask or receive a favor at the hands of Andrew Johnson. I am willing to ask it of Governor Brownlow, confident that he will do whatever he promises to do.'

"When my father read this letter, he said: 'Tell Harris to come home. Johnson has released many men as reprehensible for the part they took in the war as Harris, without Harris's good qualities. He shall not be arrested if I can prevent it, and for the purpose I will, if necessary, turn states' rights advocate.'

"Harris returned, got to Nashville at midnight on Saturday without any one knowing he had returned, and called on the Governor Sunday morning. He asked the

Governor what steps he proposed to take for his protection.

"He replied, 'I have already taken them. I have seen Glascock, the U. S. Marshal for Middle Tennessee, an old Whig friend of mine, and he pledges me he will not interfere with you. More important than that, I have seen Gen. George H. Thomas, the commander of this department, and he promises me he will not interfere with or arrest you.'

"'But,' said Harris, 'what about the state's attorney in my district in west Tennessee?'

"My father replied: 'I have attended to that. After the quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun over nullification, the Legislature of Tennessee, under Jackson's inspiration, passed a law that rebellion against the government of the United States was treason to the state, and providing drastic penalties for the same. After secession our Confederate Legislature repealed that law, but the Republican Legislature and the government at Washington did not recognize the legality of anything done by the Rebel Legislatures.'

"Harris referred to that law that the state attorney under it might have him presented to the grand jury and indicted.

"The Governor replied: 'I have attended to that. I appointed the state attorney to his office. He is my friend. I have written him not to interfere with you, and I am sure he will not.'

"Harris replied: 'Governor Brownlow, you have taken every possible means for my protection. I shall go home to resume my law practice feeling assured of not being interfered with.'"

STORY OF THE STILL

Colonel Brownlow, who speaks in the most kindly and eulogistic terms of Senator Harris, declaring, among other things, that "he had as great physical and moral courage as any man that ever lived," tells this refreshing and characteristic story of the Senator and Gen. Joe Shelby, of Missouri:

"During the second term of President Cleveland a visitor came to the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber and asked the watchman at that door to call out Senator Harris, of Tennessee, saying:

"'It will not be necessary for me to send in my card, as I am an old friend of Senator Harris.'

"The doorkeeper delivered the message, and Senator Harris soon came out into the dimly lighted corridor. As soon as he appeared the visitor grasped his hand, saying:

"'Governor Harris, I am mighty glad to see you.'

"'I am glad to greet you, sir,' said Senator Harris, hesitatingly, and intently peering at the caller.

"'Governor, you don't seem to remember me,' said the visitor, adding, 'and I am an old friend of yours.'

"'I am very sorry, sir,' replied Senator Harris, 'but it is my misfortune that I cannot remember the faces of all of my friends, although I wish that I could do so.'

"'Of course I understand that, Senator,' answered the visitor, 'for it would be impossible for you to remember the face of one man in five hundred or in a thousand of those to whom your name and face are perfectly familiar, but I supposed that you would remember me, for we were once partners in business.'

"The Tennessee Senator, who became irritable and irascible in his latter years, tartly replied:

"'My memory and eyesight may not be as good as formerly, but I'll be damned if I could forget any man that ever was my partner in business.'

"'Why, Governor Harris,' said the visitor, earnestly, 'I can easily prove that we were in business together. You may be ashamed of the business, but still we were partners.'

"'Damn you, sir, explain yourself,' angrily retorted the now enraged Tennessee statesman. 'I was never engaged in any business of which I was ashamed or of which I am now ashamed. What do you mean?'

"Maintaining composure and confident suavity, the visitor then said:

"'You remember, Governor, do you not, that when General Lee surrendered, in 1865, many of us old Confederates deemed it prudent to expatriate ourselves?'

"'Yes, I remember that,' replied the Tennessean, showing renewed interest in his caller.

"'Well, at that time Gen. Sterling Price, you, and I happened to meet at a dirty, greasy little hotel at Cordova, Mexico. We all were low-spirited, not certain that we might ever again see our wives and children. There was no bar, nor any visible means of reviving our drooping spirits with libatory spirits, and the situation was desperate. I told you and General Price that I had worked in a distillery in Missouri, and that if I could get a copper still I could make all of the pineapple brandy that we needed.

"'You and General Price furnished the money, giving me a third interest in the business, and I proceeded to produce all of the brandy that we needed.'

"'Joe Shelby, by Jove!' exclaimed Senator Harris, as he heartily grasped the hand of his caller, and further said:

"'Sure enough, we were partners in business, and I am not ashamed of that business, either. I beg your pardon, Joe, for not remembering you. Now tell me, Joe, if there is anything that I can do for you?'

"Gen. Joe Shelby told Senator Harris that President Cleveland had selected him for the office of United States Marshal for Missouri, and added:

"'The other candidates for the job threaten to prevent my confirmation by the Senate, because they claim that

I am in the habit of drinking too much whisky. I do drink a little, but never to excess.'

"'I drink a little, too,' replied Senator Harris, 'and I don't care a continental if you do the same as I do in that regard. Your nomination shall be confirmed.'"

Colonel Brownlow further informs me that Gen. Joe Shelby was confirmed, and that he held that office during the remainder of his days, and that this story of those days gone by has not been given to any other maker of the leaves of history.

CHAPTER X

Reed and Crisp.

THERE have been a few striking rivalries in American politics, the most memorable being Jefferson and Hamilton, Jackson and Clay, Lincoln and Douglas, Blaine and Conkling. There can be no question that the current of our history was largely influenced by these lifelong political rivalries, to which was added the element of intense personal hate, except in the case of Lincoln and Douglas, who were friends always from the day when they, as mere boys, were sworn in together as members of the Illinois legislature. This friendship was the cause of an act much commented on at the time—the gracious conduct of Douglas at Lincoln's first inauguration. Lincoln, who was an awkward man, was bothered as to how to dispose of his hat. Douglas gracefully stepped forward and held the silk tile of his successful rival while he delivered his inaugural address. No human power could have induced Hamilton, Clay, or Conkling to render such kindly service to their rivals.

In the rivalries just mentioned the whole nation was the theater and the Presidency was the glittering and greatly coveted prize for which they contested.

There was a notable rivalry on a smaller field—the House of Representatives—and for a great but smaller prize, the Speakership—betwixt Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, and Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine. They were thrice pitted against each other as the nominee of their parties for the Speakership, Crisp winning two out of three. The defeated nominee for the Speakership becomes, through immemorial usage, *ipso facto* minority leader. Consequently, during both of Crisp's terms in the chair, Reed was minority leader, as was Crisp during his last term in the House. These two men were commonly pitted against each other in public estimation, and, though of very different characteristics and mental endowments, they were not unequally matched.

While the House of the Fifty-third Congress was inharmonious, quarrelsome, and factional—considered as to its personnel—it was a great body. Toward its close the venerable Jehu Baker, of Illinois, whose chief distinction was that he defeated Col. William R. Morrison for a seat in the House, told me that he had served in the House off and on—mostly off—for a quarter of a century, including the famous Forty-fourth Congress, which was exploited widely as containing all the talents, and that in his judgment the House of the Fifty-third Congress possessed the highest average ability of all the Houses in which he had sat.

Mr. Speaker Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, was the most influential personage in that House in whose membership were so many men distinguished then or thereafter. Among them were four men destined to be candidates for the Presidency—Thomas Brackett Reed, Richard Parks Bland, William Jennings Bryan, and myself, and a future Vice-President, James Schoolcraft Sherman. Side by side with us sat sixteen generals of the Civil War, ranging from Joseph Wheeler, a Confederate lieutenant-general, to brevet brigadiers. The military element was numerous and capable. Colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates were thick as autumnal leaves. Ex-Governors and Governors-to-be, future Cabinet Ministers, and representatives to foreign courts, a large brood of embryo United States Senators, college presidents and professors, judges of every degree, past or future, editors, lawyers, great and small, two preachers, one poet, and one ex-United States Senator, answered the roll-call. The only Greek ever in Congress—Miller of Wisconsin—was a member. His mother and father were both killed in the battle in which Markos Bozzaris went to his heroic death and to immortal glory. An American couple—the Millers—picked the baby orphan up on the bloody field, and, not knowing his name, gave him their own and adopted him as their son. David Gardner Tyler, son of President John Tyler, was conspicuous. He is one of three presidential sons to serve in the House, the other two being Scott Harrison, son of President William Henry Harrison and father of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, and John Quincy Adams, who served in the Senate before he was President and in the House for seventeen and one-half years after he left the White House, dying with harness on his back—as no doubt he preferred to die.

Mr. Speaker Crisp was of right head of the House. His vast influence grew out of his strong personality, coupled with the tremendous and abnormal powers then centered in the hands of the Speaker. At that time the Speaker appointed the committees, which enabled him not only to largely shape legislation, but to retard or promote the careers of members, except the careers of the strongest, who could not be kept down. His position as *ex-officio* chairman of the Committee on Rules of five members, two Democrats and two Republicans, made him practically the whole Committee on Rules and gave him a tremendous leverage on the business of the House.

Mr. Speaker Crisp was not a brilliant man. He was able, level-headed, dependable, vigilant, urbane, and courageous. He was not an orator, but was a strong, clear, luminous speaker. He was of middle size, about five feet ten in stature, weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, with a round face, a large, shapely head, clear gray eyes, dark complexion, dark mustache, sparse dark hair—altogether a good-looking man. His father and mother were actors and he was born in England while they were residing there temporarily—which rendered him eligible to the Presidency as though born in America, as his parents were Americans.

He was a youthful soldier in the Confederate army and had a good record in that regard. He was a successful lawyer and had long been a *nisi prius* judge.

He was nominated for Speaker in the Fifty-third Congress without opposition, but he achieved the nomination for the Speakership in the Fifty-second Congress, after a long and most bitter fight. It was a great field—Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia; Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, subsequently a United States Senator; Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, afterward Governor of his state as well as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Peru; William M. Springer, of Illinois, subsequently a judge in the Indian Territory; Judge William S. Holman, "the great objector," universally called "Watch-Dog of the Treasury"; and Col. William Henry Hatch, of Missouri, the man who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of the nascent Committee on Agriculture.

As soon as it was ascertained that the Democrats had elected a majority of the House of the Fifty-second Congress, the country at large assumed that Roger Q. Mills would be Speaker thereof. For years he had been to the fore in Congress. He was a crack debater, a favorite of Speaker Carlisle, the personification of Tariff Reform, and had been chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means, fastening his name on "The Mills Tariff Bill," which was indorsed by a national Democratic convention. He was a fine figure physically and the

Murat of the army of tariff-reformers. Safe to say that he was, next to Carlisle, the most popular man in America with the rank and file of Democrats.

On the other hand, Crisp was not widely known. His fellow-Representatives and other observing folks in Washington had a high opinion of Crisp, and considered him a rising man of great ability. It was a long-drawn-out fight. From the beginning, the knowing ones felt that the contest was betwixt Mills and Crisp. With all his popularity and prominence, Mills labored under certain handicaps. He was credited with a too peppery temper; by some he was accounted as too extreme as a tariff reformer, and was charged by the out-and-out Free-Silverites with having gone out of his way in the Ohio campaign of 1890 to make a single gold standard speech. Crisp's strength in the House rested on the game fight he had made against the Reed rules, his splendid handling of election cases, and his reputation for moderateness, level-headedness, and unfailing good temper. One by one the candidates dropped out until only Crisp, Mills, and Springer were left. Springer, with a small bunch of followers, held the balance of power. On the night before the finish Springer sent word to Crisp that he and his faithful band would go in a body to Crisp *provided* he would make Springer chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and also make William Jennings Bryan, a first-termer from Nebraska, a member thereof. Crisp declined, but next morning on the first ballot he came so near defeat that he sent a trusted friend to Springer, and accepted his proposition. Many persons have been puzzled to understand why Bryan, a new and unknown member, was placed on Ways and Means, to the exclusion of able old members. The foregoing is an explanation which explains.

My first verdict on Speaker Crisp was expressed in a letter to my wife, in these words: "Crisp is a big man, bigger than his reputation, with a big body, a big mouth, and a large head full of brains." I have had no reason to change that first impression. He had no wit, no fancy, no eloquence. He did not adorn his speeches with anecdote, poetic quotation, classic allusion, or historic illustration. Nevertheless, he invariably delivered a strong address. His style of speaking was what might not be inaptly called the "judicial," acquired by a long occupancy of the bench. He was endowed with abundant physical courage and men had implicit faith in his integrity and common sense, which, after all, is the best sort of sense.

Like most men, he had a temper of his own. I never saw him thoroughly angered on but three occasions—once when Mr. Reed would not come to order till the sergeant-at-arms was commanded to arrest him, once when Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, became obstreperous on the Hawaiian question and was about to precipitate a riot, and again when Col. John T. Heard, of Missouri, and Col. William C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, had their celebrated and spectacular row in the House.

Speaker Crisp demonstrated his patriotic sense of duty by declining a United States Senatorship for an unexpired term when tendered him by the Governor of Georgia. It was certainly a tempting offer—the realization of his ambition—but because he thought that he could be of more service to his party and his country in the Speaker's chair, with self-abnegation, rare among men, he refused the exalted honor—which action doubled his influence in the House. It is pleasant to remember that after his career as Speaker ended he was nominated by the Georgia Democrats for a full term in the Senate, a nomination being equivalent to an election, but it is sad to relate that he died before he could take his seat.

Shortly after I was sworn in, one morning I was leaning against the Speaker's stand, talking to Speaker Crisp, while a very dry member was delivering a very dry speech on a very dry question of personal privilege. I said, "Mr. Speaker, how did that man break into Congress?" He replied, "When you first look over a new House you wonder how half of them got there, but after you come to know the members well you will find that, barring a few accidental members, they are strong in specialties"—a saying so wise that it deserves to rank with King Solomon's Proverbs or Lord Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*. Speaker Crisp's sizing up of the House is the reverse of the estimate of the Senate by the witty Senator Nesmith, of Oregon. When he returned home for his first vacation one of his constituents asked him what he thought of the Senate. Nesmith replied, "The first month I was there I wondered how I ever broke in, and ever since I have been wondering how the rest of them broke in!" While Speaker Crisp did not make many epigrams, here is one of his coinage which is a gem. Speaking of Speaker Reed, he said: "The unquestioning loyalty of the Republicans to Reed reminds me of the Hindu, who, kneeling in prayer before his idol, consoles himself with the idea that he knows his God is ugly and thinks he is great."

For a score of years there was a masterful, scintillating aurora-borealis statesman, known as "the Man from Maine," who strove with marvelous dexterity for the glittering prize of the Presidency, who kept the country in a turmoil for nearly a generation with his ambition, and who finally went to his grave cut off before his time, bitterly disappointed, if not broken-hearted.

A more brilliant man never figured in American politics than James Gillespie Blaine. His friends are fond of comparing him to Henry Clay, and indeed the two careers are filled with startling parallels.

Sometimes we build more wisely than we know. Through the idiocy of Burchard's fatal speech of three words of alliteration, Blaine lost the Presidency of the

Republic, but he wrote a book which will perpetuate his fame long after half the Presidents have been forgotten. In my judgment it is the best historical work ever written by an American.

There was another "Man from Maine," a giant, intellectually and physically, ambitious as Lucifer, with his covetous eyes constantly fixed on the chair of Washington and the mantle of Jefferson, straining every nerve to become Chief Magistrate of the Republic, and doomed by his geographical habitat to follow "the Plumed Knight" to the tomb, full of chagrin and bitter thoughts.

Intellectually, Thomas Brackett Reed, like another King Saul, towered head and shoulders above his Republican competitors.

These two "Men from Maine" did not love each other with the fervor of Jonathan and David or of Damon and Pythias. Blaine managed men by what the French call *finesse*. Reed was direct in his methods, and accomplished his ends by main strength. Blaine was a money-maker; Reed was not blest with much of this world's goods. Blaine was a Pennsylvanian; Reed was the typical downeaster. Blaine's influence was based on personal magnetism; Reed appealed to the reason, the prejudices, and the risibilities of mankind.

Blaine entered politics from the field of journalism; Reed came fresh from the triumphs of the bar. People loved Blaine for his charm of manner; they admired Reed for his brain power. Both were college-bred men, both served in the state Legislature, both became Speaker, both were defeated candidates for the Presidency, both were Republicans, though if the secret workings of their lives were laid bare it would probably be ascertained that Reed was the more loyal party man. Both, however, had tremendous influence in shaping the politics of their party.

These are the principal points of similarity and dissimilarity between the two most illustrious men ever sent by "the Pine Tree State" to the national councils.

How their enmity arose I know not. Certainly it could not have been rivalry. The disparity in age would seem to preclude that. Whether their mutual dislike in any way hindered either from securing that high office which they agreed in considering the chief end of man, is one of those things which nobody will find out this side of the great Judgment Day.

It is hardly possible that it did, for, notwithstanding Reed's hatred, Blaine always had the Maine delegation solidly and enthusiastically at his back as long as he was a presidential candidate, and Blaine died before Reed became a presidential possibility.

Reed, through the irony of fate, was one of the pall-bearers at Blaine's funeral. What Blaine thought of that—if he thinks at all amid his present environments—would make what Horace Greeley would have called "very interesting reading."

I like fighters—and to borrow the language of Sut Lovingood, Reed was a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek. While in some respects he was not my ideal of a man, yet the unvarnished truth is that when he was not posing for political effect he was a pleasant and companionable gentleman. He was particularly forbearing toward young members, which was decidedly to his credit.

In personal appearance Mr. Reed was unique—a stupendous figure—indeed Brobdingnagian—a fact which contributed to his celebrity and to his commanding influence in the House. He was one of the biggest men I have ever seen—big all over. I have seen taller persons—for instance, Cyrus A. Sullaway, of New Hampshire, and Albert S. Berry, of Kentucky, each of whom was 6 feet 7 inches, and the Kentucky giant and his wife, each of whom was 7 feet 11½ inches. I have seen people who weighed more—the fat woman in the circus who tipped the scales at 600 and a colored man who weighed 720; but none of these made such an impression of bigness as Mr. Reed. He stood 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings, wore a No. 12 shoe, and weighed almost 300 avoirdupois—though once, upon being asked his weight, he replied, humorously: "No gentleman ever weighed over two hundred." He had the largest human face I ever saw.

Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, dubbed him "the Great White Czar," a nickname that stuck and gave the cartoonists a valuable hint, which they worked for all it was worth. But Mr. Reed did not need Senator Morgan's characterization and the labors of the cartoonist to make him a marked man in any crowd. He was one of the few men in public life at whom strangers on the street turned to stare. He had a massive two-story head, thatched with thin, flossy, flaxen hair, a scant mustache, and a lily-white complexion. This perfect blond possessed a pair of large, brilliant, black eyes, which sparkled with humor and flashed with fire, as the spirit moved. He had a clear, strong, resonant voice, with a distinctive down-east twang, which filled the great hall of the House and could be heard above any uproar. He was awkward in walking. He said that his forebears were seafaring folks, and certainly there was something in his gait suggestive of the waves and the billows. On his feet in the full tide of speech, with his vast bulk and vibrant tones, he literally compelled attention, and drove home his propositions with the force of a pile-driver.

He was the best short-speech maker I ever saw or heard. He rarely spoke at length, and he did not believe that anybody else should do so. He generally stopped in five, ten, or fifteen minutes. His speeches were strong in proportion to their shortness. That sounds at first like an unfriendly criticism, but most assuredly I am not an unfriendly critic. His short speeches were of dynamic quality and it is not in the constitution of man to digest too much mental dynamite at one time.

The most peculiar thing about his speechmaking was that he did not want his wife to hear him, and the tradition is that she never heard him but once, and on that occasion she slipped in on him unawares.

I am indebted to him for kindness, promotion, instruction, and commendation. Though no two men ever sat together in the House who differed more radically in politics than he and I, I am proud to have counted him among my friends.

Our friendship came about accidentally. It was for some time merely a speaking acquaintance. One evening, however, after the lamps were lighted, a member made some remarks derogatory to Oklahoma which were exceedingly disagreeable to me, as I was, and am, very fond of Oklahoma and her people. I replied, in the first offhand speech I ever made in the House. I was expanding on my favorite theme of how rich the land is west of the Mississippi. I happened to look over on the Republican side and observed that Mr. Reed was enjoying my extravaganza, his huge face shining like a harvest moon, which moved me to say: "When Mr. Speaker Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, first traveled through that part of the country and observed the fatness of the land, he threw up his hands in astonishment and exclaimed: 'My God! this soil is so rich that, if they had it in New England, they would sell it by the peck for seed!'" He joined heartily in the explosion of laughter which followed. The next morning he came rolling past my desk and said, "Young man, that was a charming speech you made last night!" Of course I was greatly pleased, for "approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." I thanked him most cordially, and ever after cultivated him when occasion offered. I set it down here most gratefully that his conversation greatly augmented my stock of knowledge and has benefited me ever since.

Some months after the Democrats had gone to pieces on the Silver question, I was passing Mr. Reed's desk, when he asked me how I was succeeding in matters of patronage. I told him that I was in the sad condition of

Old Mother Hubbard
Who went to the cupboard
  To get her poor doggie a bone,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
  And so the poor doggie got none.

He said, "That will do you no harm. The only President I could ever get any patronage from was General Arthur, but, nevertheless, I have done very well."

I replied, "Notwithstanding the President's hostility to the Silver Democrats, if what I heard about him touching the tariff is true, he deserves well of the country." "What did you hear?" queried Mr. Reed. "I heard," answered I, "that after he had prepared his tariff message, December, 1887, he called into counsel the Democratic leaders and, having read it to them, invited their suggestions. They one and all tried to dissuade him from sending it to Congress, stating that, as the Senate was Republican, his ideas would not be enacted into law; that if he did not send it his re-election was certain, but if he did send it in his success would be jeopardized. He replied: "The message is right; the people are suffering from an unnecessary burden of taxation; the huge surplus should be reduced. I am determined to send it to Congress and let the election take care of itself."

"That is all a fairy-tale," drawled Mr. Reed. "There isn't a scintilla of truth in it." "What is the truth?" I asked.

He said, "The truth is that the incident about the return of the captured Confederate battle-flags, his numerous vetoes of pension bills and other unwise actions, had alienated the Democrats of the North, and he sent that Free Trade message to Congress on a cold collar as a bid for Southern and Western delegates to the nominating convention!" Thus are set forth two conflicting theories touching that famous message. The reader can take his choice. Subsequent events throw some light on the two irreconcilable theories. To the St. Louis Convention of 1888, Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, who was most decidedly not a tariff reformer, carried a platform with a tariff plank indorsed by President Cleveland, which was a distinct retreat from the December message, but neither the committee on platform nor the convention would accept it, and adopted a tariff plank holding Mr. Cleveland to the advanced position taken in his December message, capping it by an indorsement of the Mills Tariff bill, considered a radical measure. On that platform Mr. Cleveland went to defeat.

When a man hasn't ingenuity enough to invent a witticism or bit of humor himself, and hasn't heart enough to enjoy it when originated by others, he writes the wit or humorist down as a fool. That is the dullard's argument against mental brilliancy.

It would require vast audacity to deny to Mr. Reed brightness and strength of mind, and yet there was nothing on earth that he would not jest about.

He did not spare even his own personal appearance. One evening he was dining at a swell Washington restaurant. A newspaper correspondent, desiring to see him on important business, peered into the dining-room, but did not recognize him. The landlord went in and brought Mr. Reed out, whereupon the scribe said: "I saw you in there, but mistook you for President Cleveland." Reed, solemn as an owl, replied: "For Heaven's sake, never let Grover know that; he is too vain of his beauty now!"

The qualities which gave Reed his immense power in the House were his readiness at repartee and his biting sarcasm.

Tom Marshall described old Ben Hardin as a butcher-knife whetted on a brickbat.

Reed was a sort of combination rasp, Damascus blade, and bludgeon. Metaphorically speaking, sometimes he rubbed the skin off, sometimes he cut to the bone, and sometimes he crushed in a skull as though it were an egg-shell.

One day he was making a speech and, as usual, flaying the Democrats, when a handsome and highly respectable member of six years' service in Congress, without rising from his seat, jogged his memory about something he did when Speaker. Reed paused long enough to attract the attention of everybody, and then, with his most exasperating nasal twang, said: "Yesterday I had a discussion with Mr. Wilson, the head of the House Democrats, and to-day, however unpleasant it may be, I suppose I will be compelled to have a discussion with the tail of the Democratic party."

Of course the House roared. It couldn't help itself. Such a shot at point-blank range would place any man in Christendom *hors de combat*—temporarily at least.

On another occasion, while in the full tide of eloquence, Mr. Reed was interrupted by the redoubtable Amos Cummings, of New York. Reed looked at him in a fatherly sort of way for a moment, and then, with mock pathos, asked: "Now, Amos, must you, must you really get your name into my speech—must you?" The theatrical pose and injured expression set the House in a broad grin, at the expense of the bravest of the Tammany braves.

During the discussion of the Carlisle bill John DeWitt

Warner made a furious onslaught upon the Republicans in general and Reed in particular. Reed began his answer by saying, in a sneering tone: "I cannot hope to equal the volume of voice of the gentleman from New York. That is only equaled by the volume of what he does not know."

When Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, in his fracas with Carey of Wyoming, dramatically exclaimed, "It is waste of lather to shave an ass," it set people to disputing what was the most caustic thing ever said by one Congressman of another. The pundits were divided in opinion between Wolcott's jab at Carey and Reed's characterization of John A. Pickler, of South Dakota. When Reed first saw Pickler perform, so the story goes, he said, not on the floor of the House, as commonly reported, but in private, to a personal friend: "I have read and heard much of the wild ass's colt of the desert, but I never had any clear conception of what manner of animal it really was till I saw Pickler in action."

The chances are that if Pickler had remained in Congress a hundred years, every time he began prancing around some old member would tell that story to a new one, and thus it would descend from generation to generation as a part of the unwritten history of the House.

One day when a discussion on pensions was dragging its slow length along, Mr. Reed, who was the very picture of health, amused a coterie of friends in the cloakroom by giving a reason why he should have a pension. It ran something as follows: "I had never been able to make more than five hundred dollars or six hundred dollars a year," said he, with a chuckle, "till I was appointed acting Assistant Paymaster of the United States Navy at a salary of fourteen hundred dollars, with board, lodgings, uniform, and two servants to wait on me. That induced an extravagant style of living which I have kept up ever since and which has cost me thousands and thousands of dollars—for which the government ought, in good conscience, to compensate me."

There was no love lost between Reed and President Benjamin Harrison. They spoke as they passed by, but that's about all the communication they held with each other. It was utterly impossible that there should be any kindred feeling between two such men. Harrison was cold as "Greenland's icy mountains," always on his p's and q's, and plumed himself immensely on his blue blood. Reed was hot-blooded for a New-Englander, careless of the minor details of ceremonials, a self-made man who worshiped his Maker.

Along in the sultry days of August, 1894, when any tariff legislation seemed hopeless and when the Democratic party resembled a dissolving view more than anything else, Reed came to where several free-traders were sitting, and began chaffing them unmercifully about the condition of affairs. After a while some one said: "Mr. Reed, how do you like the last Republican presidential ticket gotten up by the newspapers?" He lazily asked, "What is it?" His friend replied, "Bob Lincoln and Fred Grant." "Oh, the deuce!" he blurted out. "If they would only add Baby McKee to it, the thing would be perfect," and away he went, like a great three-decker in a surging sea.

In the greenback year in Maine he escaped defeat by only one hundred and fifteen majority. When he went to supper he thought he was defeated. When he returned to headquarters after supper his followers set up a mighty shout. Not having heard of his election, he said to them, "You are making a tremendous fuss over the corpse." In relating that incident in his life, he naïvely remarked: "The country came near losing the invaluable services of a great statesman on that occasion."

The first speech he made in the House he killed a member, who was a great humbug, dead as a smelt, in this wise: There was an old chap from one of the Central Western states who possessed a double ambition—he wanted to make his constituents believe that he was always in the House attending to his duties, while at the same time he desired to enjoy the gaieties and frivolities of the finest capital in the world. So he hit on this somewhat ingenious scheme of killing two birds with one stone. When a member arose to deliver the first remarks of the day that old man would prance down the big aisle, rise to a question of information, and ask the Speaker what bill or resolution was up. The Speaker would tell him, which got his name in The *Congressional Record* for that day. Then away he would go, and nobody would see him again until the next day; but if anybody denied he was present he could prove it by the record. He carried his pitcher to the fountain, however, once too often. Of all created things, Reed hated a hypocrite most. Nothing gave him more exquisite pleasure than to unmask and fricassee one. So when he began his first speech, the old pretender arose and asked the Speaker what was up, as usual. Reed did not wait for the Speaker to answer, but answered himself, and then said: "Now, Mr. Speaker, having embedded that fly in the liquid amber of my eloquence, I will proceed with my remarks!" amid such a shout of laughter as to endanger the glass roof. Next year when there was a Congressional nominating convention in that old fellow's district, some hayseed delegate climbed on to a bench and bellowed: "Mr. Cheerman, we don't want to send any man to Congress who has been embedded in Tom Reed's ambeer!" which was the end of our ancient and ingenious friend from the Central West.

He was a skilful and fertile maker of epigrams and mots. One of the most celebrated is this: "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead"—in answer to a letter asking him to define a "statesman." In his fine essay on Reed, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge says: "The epigram was published, flew over the country, and has become a familiar quotation. But the sequel is less well known. The correspondent who asked the question telegraphed as soon as he received the answer, "Why don't you die and become a statesman?" Mr. Reed handed me the telegram and said: "Here is my answer: No. Fame is the last infirmity of noble minds!"

Senator Lodge also says: "In 1884 I recall coming across him in State Street just after the nomination of Mr. Blaine. The break in the Republican party had begun and I asked Mr. Reed what he thought of the outlook. 'Well,' he said, 'it is a great comfort to think that the wicked politicians were not allowed to pick the candidate and that the nomination was made by the people. The politicians would have been guided only by a base desire to win!"

The Senator also records these two mots: When they were drawing seats, the Senator suggested that it was evident they would get poor seats. "Yes," said Reed, "the great trouble with this system is that it is so diabolically fair!"

The Senator records that on another occasion Mr. Reed said, with reference to election cases: "The House never divides on strictly partizan lines except when acting judicially."

According to my way of thinking, one of his most exquisite epigrams was this: "All the wisdom of the world consists of shouting with the majority," and it was one of his most sarcastic.

One of his mots, familiar to the ears of men, is his sarcastic fling at William M. Springer, Democrat, of Illinois, of twenty years' service in the House, who rose to be chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, was a candidate for Speaker in 1891, and finally became a judge in the Indian Territory by appointment of President Cleveland for his position on the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Law. Springer's conduct in that affair defeated him for re-election to the House, but gained him the judgeship. So he played even —faring much better than most of "the lame ducks." What a brood of them Mr. Cleveland had on hand! The slaughter of the innocents at the election of 1894 has never been equaled since the days of King Herod.

Springer was an indefatigable worker and a frequent speaker, talking on every subject and filling thousands of pages of *The Congressional Record* with his remarks. His speeches were crammed with useful and varied information, but after all were simply raw material handy for more skilful word artists.

When I was teaching school at Louisiana, Missouri, one of my co-teachers was a bright old lady named Mrs. Hoss. One day I told her that a certain man in town carried in his mind an amazing number of facts. "Yes," she replied, "but what he needs most is a bolting-chest to his head"—"bolting-chest" being part of an old-time milling apparatus with which I fear my younger readers will not be familiar. I never heard Mr. Springer speak that I did not think of Mrs. Hoss and her bolting-chest.

Reed did not have a high opinion of Springer's ability and took a malicious pleasure in worrying him. As Springer possessed no mental agility, Reed considered him easy game. One day they had a tilt, which ended this way. Springer exclaimed: "I'm right. I know I'm right, and I say with Henry Clay, I'd rather be right than President!" "But," drawled Reed, "the trouble with you is, you will never be either!"

On another occasion Springer complained that Reed was "making light" of his argument. Reed said, "If I am making light of your argument it is more than you have ever been able to do with any of your arguments!"

I can never forget a brief conversation I had with Mr. Reed, or more, properly speaking, which he had with me, as he began it, about the Democrats adopting a quorum-counting rule. It will be remembered that the Democratic caucus which adopted it lasted two nights. On the day between those two nights Mr. Reed came by my desk and asked, "Clark, what are the Democrats going to do to-night?" I promptly replied, "Adopt a quorum-counting rule!"—which appeared to amuse him very much. He said, "Young man, you are egregiously mistaken; the old members who fought me so fiercely in the Fifty-first Congress will take you new members up and shake you like a bull-terrier would shake a rat." I answered, "You stay up till midnight and you will hear the news that we won." I missed the time required by two or three hours, for that caucus lasted till the wee, sma' hours of the morning, but we did adopt the quorum-counting rule.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Reed hated President McKinley intensely. In 1891 they were the leading candidates for the nomination for Speaker. Reed could never forgive himself for making McKinley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, thereby giving him the opportunity of being the Daddy of "the McKinley bill," which at first wrought such havoc among Republicans, even defeating its author, but which subsequently more than any other cause elevated him to the Presidency. Reed deemed himself McKinley's superior and took a crack at him whenever he got a chance.

It may not be known to many, and the fact is not important when known, but it is nevertheless interesting that for years the chaplains of both House and Senate were blind as bats. I often wondered if it was another case of the blind leading the blind and all tumbling into the ditch together. We get there often enough, anyway. The blind chaplain of the House knows enough to pray short prayers. He understands the spiritual tastes if not the spiritual needs of his flock. Once in a while, however, a visiting brother drops in who goes into things more *in extenso.* So, one morning just after the beginning of our war with Spain, a young army chaplain opened the House proceedings with prayer. He prayed about everything from the fall of Adam to the blowing up of the *Maine,* winding up with these fervent ejaculations: "O Lord! Give the House wisdom! O Lord! Give the Senate wisdom!! But especially, O Lord! Give the President wisdom!!!"

Knowing Reed's feeling toward McKinley, I sauntered up to the Speaker's stand, and inquired of him privately if he would recognize me to ask unanimous consent to insert the young chaplain's prayer in *The Congressional Record.* "No," he replied, "I will not do that, but it seems to me that the young man's petition to the Lord to endow Mack with wisdom was the most appropriate prayer I ever heard."

On another occasion a visiting brother closed his prayer with the request that the Lord cause Speaker Reed to rule the House according to the will of God. An irreverent member standing close to me remarked, *sotto voce,* that that was the most preposterous petition ever preferred to the throne of grace.

When the war with Spain was brewing, it was openly and frequently charged in the newspapers, in private conversation, and in public speech, that President McKinley wabbled a good deal on the subject. Many Senators and Representatives believed it. While the talk about his wabbling was flagrant, one morning a bunch of us were discussing the matter in the Speaker's lobby when Mr. Speaker Reed strolled in. He listened to the conversation a moment and said: "In my capacity as a Representative I intend to introduce a bill appropriating an adequate sum of money to have a mammoth picture of war painted on a wall of the Capitol—cannons belching forth fire and death, infantry and cavalry charging, men falling on every hand, and in the midst thereof William McKinley standing firm!"

Reed and Colonel Roosevelt were close friends. Somebody asked the former why he was so fond of the latter. "Because," replied Reed, "Theodore is so certain that he discovered the Ten Commandments!"

Gov. Samuel Walker McCall, who served twenty years in the House, half of them with Reed, of whom he was very fond, has written a very readable life of him. He gives these two evidences of Reed's dislike for President Harrison. On one occasion Reed said: "I had but two enemies in Maine; one of them Harrison pardoned out of the penitentiary, and the other he appointed Collector of Portland."

Just after Blaine resigned the Secretaryship of State in 1892, Reed, writing to Charles Fairchild, of Boston, said:

"Blaine is out and we are face to face with a Siberian solitude. I don't know what will happen, but I beg to say to you, as an influential Massachusetts man, that if any ice-chest is to hold our fortunes you must not ask me to come to Massachusetts during the campaign if you send a delegation which is for the said ice-chest. Don't forget this and find fault with me. I have spent my life taking political pills, but my powers of deglutition are, after all, limited. B. Harrison would be dead to start with."

Among the samples of Reed's wit, humor, and sarcasm which the Governor gives are these:

Once the House was making an effort to secure a quorum, and, as is usually done in such cases, telegrams were sent to members who were absent. One man, who was delayed by a flood on the railroad, telegraphed Reed, saying, "Washout on line. Can't come." Reed telegraphed back, "Buy another shirt and come on next train."

He called on the family of a member who was very ill, and when he inquired about his condition the member's wife replied that he was out of his head much of the time and did not know what he was talking about. "He ought to come up to the House," replied Reed. "They are all that way up there."

When Reed was Speaker he overruled on an occasion a point of order made by a very clever Democratic member. The latter discovered that Reed, in his little book on parliamentary procedure, called *Reed's Rules*, had taken a different position, and, thinking to confound the Speaker, he walked in triumph to the desk, book in hand, and pointing to the passage, asked the Speaker to read it. After the Speaker had read it the member asked him to explain it. "Oh," replied Reed, coolly, "the *book* is wrong."

He was bitterly opposed to our war with the Philippines, and he expressed his idea of the glory of the war in a concrete case in the following fashion. One morning, when the newspapers had printed a report that our army had captured Aguinaldo's young son, Reed came to his office and found his law partner at work at his desk. Reed affected surprise and said: "What, are you working to-day? I should think you would be celebrating. I see by the papers that the American Army has captured the infant son of Aguinaldo and at last accounts was in hot pursuit of the mother."

He once heard a man warmly arguing in favor of taking the Philippines on the ground that we should take American freedom to them. "Yes," said Reed, "canned freedom."

Alluding to two of his colleagues in the House, he said: "They never open their mouths without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

When his daughter Katherine, or "Kitty," as he called her, was a little girl, she had a cat to which she was much devoted. One day the kitten was sleeping in Reed's chair when he was about to sit down. His daughter, in horror, gave the chair a sudden pull to save the cat from annihilation, and as a result Reed sat down heavily on the floor. It was a rather serious happening for a man of his size, and even a lesser man might easily have lost his temper. But the only notice he took of the matter was to say, gravely, after he had got on his feet, "Kitty, remember that it is easier to get another cat than another father."

Once when he was speaking to the House a member insisted on interrupting him to ask a question. Reed yielded, and the member asked a partizan question which had very little point. Reed most effectively disposed of the matter by saying, "The gentleman from Maryland is, of course, not the flower of our intelligence, but he knows better than to ask such a question as that."

During one of his campaigns he was speaking at South Berwick in his district, and he was near the end of his speech. The audience was hanging on the words of his peroration when a man came down in his seat with a crash. Such an incident would often disconcert a speaker and the "last magnificent paragraph" would be spoken with little effect, if spoken at all. Reed at once secured again the command of his audience by saying, "Well, you must at least credit me with making a knockdown argument."

Very much used to be said about Washington malaria, and one day some one suggested to Reed that the term was employed often to cover the effects of drinking too much whisky. "Washington malaria," replied Reed, "can be bought for two dollars a gallon."

The Governor gives, as a specimen of Reed's speechmaking, his closing remarks on the repeal of the purchasing clause in the Sherman Silver Law. Reed said that the charge that silver had been stealthily demonetized had been answered so often that he would not burden his speech with the proofs, and then proceeded in this wise:

"I shall simply content myself with saying that there never was a more open, straightforward discussion since the beginning of time than that by which silver was demonetized. . . . What, then, is the pathway of duty? The unconditional repeal. That will either give relief or not. If not, then we must try something else, and the sooner the better. . . . It is such a pity that we had to waste so much time in this weary welter of talk.

"We stand in a very peculiar position, we Republicans, to-day. The representative of the Democratic party just chosen President of the United States finds himself powerless in his first great recommendation to his own party. Were he left to their tender mercies the country would witness the spectacle of the President of its choice overthrown by the party charged with this country's government. What wonder, then, that he appeals to the patriotism of another party whose patriotism has never been appealed to in vain. Never, I say, in vain. The proudest part of the proud record of the Republican party has been its steadfast devotion to the cause of sound finance. When this country was tempted to pay its bonds in depreciated money, the Republican party responded with loud acclaim to that noble sentiment of General Hawley that every bond was as sacred as a soldier's grave. It cost us hard fighting and sore struggle, but the credit of this country has no superior in the world. When the same arguments heard to-day were heard fifteen years ago, sounding the praises of a depreciated currency, and proclaiming the glories of fiat money, the party of Abraham Lincoln marched steadily toward specie payments and prosperity. What we were in our days of victory the same are we in our days of defeat. Champions of true and solid finance. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, for us to lead this land back to those paths of prosperity and fame which were trodden under Republican rule for so many years, we shall take back with us our ancient glory, undimmed by adversity, our ancient honor unsullied by defeat."

That he was a constant thorn in the side of the Democrats is known to all the world. That he was absolute master on the Republican side is not a matter of so much notoriety.

As to the Republican contingent in the House, he was a "Triton among the minnows—a giant among pygmies." No company of soldiers in the regular army was ever more thoroughly drilled than was the Republican minority of the Fifty-third Congress. There is a familiar old dictum: "When Simon says thumbs up it is thumbs up, and when Simon says thumbs down it is thumbs down." Time and again I have seen Mr. Reed bring every Republican up standing by waving his hands upward; and just as often, when they had risen inadvertently, I have seen him make them take their seats by waving his hands downward.

I once heard a minister preach who knew a great deal more about theology than about English grammar. He read a verse from the Bible, and then said: "Brethren and sisters, the whole of the Gospel is all squz up in that one little text." Mr. Reed's career in the Fifty-third Congress was "all squz up" in one remark made by Lafe Pence, the brilliant young Populist from Colorado, when he characterized him as "the mentor of the Republicans and the tormentor of the Democrats."

In private Mr. Reed was affable and jolly. When I was introduced to him, for loss of something better to say, I remarked: "Mr. Reed, I have frequently mentioned you in my stump speeches." "Yes, no doubt," he drawled, while he regarded me quizzically out of the corner of his eye, "but how?" I wondered if he had read a certain stump speech wherein I had characterized him as "the moon-faced despot from Maine."

When Col. Bob White was in Washington I took several "big guns" out in the corridor to introduce them. I told Mr. Reed that I had a Democratic editor out there whom I wished him to meet. Looking at me intently, while a smile played over his countenance, he said, "Will you vouch for his good, moral character as a Democrat?" I vouched, and Bob enjoyed a short dialogue with the gentleman from Maine.

His fame rests on his quorum-counting rule and upon his wit, humor, and sarcasm, samples of which I have given, and hundreds more which I could give.

Jonathan Prentice Dolliver, of Iowa, an eloquent and brilliant member of the House, and afterward of the Senate, a bosom friend and enthusiastic admirer of Reed, once told him that if he had spent his many years in the House in formulating and placing upon the statute-books some great measure for the country's good, instead of making sarcastic epigrams about people he disliked, he would have been President! Who knows?

He was opposed to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands; he was opposed to our war with Spain; and he was so thoroughly opposed to our policy touching the Philippines that his conscience would not permit him to remain in public life—which he so much adorned. So he resigned to practise law in New York, and in the few years remaining to him amassed an ample competency, but which he did not live long to enjoy.

CHAPTER XI

The Speakership.

THE title of "Speaker" is a palpable misnomer, if the word is to be used in the ordinary sense; for, most emphatically, it is not his chief duty to make speeches, but to maintain order and decorum; to conduct the business of the House, and in a general way to supervise things in that large and tumultuous assembly. He is expected to deliver a short inaugural address, and a short speech at the close of each session, the only speechmaking which custom makes binding on him. Occasion may arise where a speech from the Speaker's stand is not inapropos.

For instance, a few days after I was inducted into office, my colleague, Hon. James T. Lloyd, arose in his place and on behalf of my Ralls County constituents presented me with a handsome bur-oak gavel, silver mounted, properly inscribed, and made from the "apron-log" of the first mill-dam built north of the Missouri River, the building of which was an important local historic event. Coupled with that was another important fact, important not to Missouri alone, but to the whole country, and that was that on his death-bed Daniel Ralls, for whom Ralls County was named, cast the decisive ballot which started Col. Thomas Hart Benton on his high career of thirty consecutive years in the Senate of the United States. It being an interesting occasion, to Missourians, at any rate, I delivered a brief speech of acceptance.

Again, when the venerable Sydenham E. Ancona, of Reading, Pennsylvania, the only survivor of that famous Congress which met in extraordinary session, July 4, 1861, recently came upon the floor of the House, I halted the proceedings, without any rule authorizing me so to do, announced his presence in a few sentences, and asked his Representative, Hon. John H. Rothermel, to ask unanimous consent for a recess for fifteen minutes that the members might be introduced to the veteran statesman. He enjoyed the impromptu reception, as did the members. But speeches by the Speaker from the chair are rare indeed, opinions on points of order, no matter how elaborate, not being rated as speeches.

Of course the Speaker has the same right as any other member to speak from the floor. In the earlier days it seems to have been the rule rather than the exception. It was Henry Clay's habit to participate in debate whenever the spirit moved him, which was quite frequently. The custom, however, has fallen largely into "innocuous desuetude," to borrow Mr. Cleveland's famous phrase.

During the Fifty-third Congress, the first in which I served, Mr. Speaker Crisp spoke from the floor only once. That was on the Wilson Tariff bill. Neither Mr. Speaker Reed nor Mr. Speaker Henderson participated in debate, and Mr. Speaker Cannon did so only a few times. On several occasions he delivered eulogies on deceased members, a species of speechmaking in which he is exceedingly felicitous. I spoke only a few times from the floor during my eight years as Speaker.

It being a most insignificant portion of the duties of the presiding officer of the House of Representatives to make speeches, how came he by the misfit title of "Speaker"? Here is the reason: The presiding officer of the House of Commons is called "Speaker" because originally he spoke for the House to the King and the

Lords on ceremonial occasions. We simply borrowed the title from the English without rhyme or reason.

At the end of President Wilson's present term—which we all hope he will live to see—the government will have existed 132 years under the Constitution; and assuming that President Wilson will live to fill out his term, the average presidential service will be 4 8/9 years, ranging from Gen. William Henry Harrison's 30 days to the two full terms of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, and Wilson. During the 130 years ending March 4, 1919, there have been 36 regularly elected Speakers, counting Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York, who was elected for one day.

His election came about in this way. On March 3, 1869, Mr. Speaker Colfax resigned. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no sufficient reason was ever given for his action. He gave none in his elaborate speech of resignation. The fact that he was to be sworn in, March 4th, as Vice-President does not satisfy the inquiring mind. However that may be, he did resign, and Mr. Pomeroy was elected. Of course many men have been elected Speaker *pro tempore*, and the Speaker sometimes designates some member to act as Speaker for one day without the consent of the House, or for ten days with the consent of the House, provided the Speaker is sick. He can do this in one of two ways: First, by announcing the designation in open House; second, by a letter to the clerk of the House.

Excluding Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Speaker Frederick Gillett, the average service of the remaining 35 is 3 25/35 years.

Henry Clay was elected six times, resigned twice, and served ten years and two hundred and forty-five days. Clay resigned the first time to go as Peace Commissioner to Ghent, along with John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell; the second time to recoup his financial fortunes.

Mr. Speaker Cannon and myself come next in length of service—four full terms, aggregating eight years each. Mr. Speaker Cannon and I hold the record for continuous service, and come next after Henry Clay for length of service. Mr. Speaker Stevenson, of Virginia, was elected for four full terms, but resigned about the middle of the fourth term to go as Minister to the Court of St. James's.

Politics were at white heat at that time. Stevenson was so confident that his nomination would be promptly confirmed by the Senate that he resigned both the Speakership and his seat in the House; but, alas! the Senate was anti-Jackson, and therefore anti-Stevenson, and declined to confirm his nomination for more than a year, during which time he, like Mohammed's coffin, was suspended betwixt heaven and earth! It is absolutely safe to say that, had Mr. Speaker Stevenson lived to the age of Methuselah and held office all the time, he would never have resigned prematurely again. It's Æsop's story, with variations, about the dog with a good, edible bone in his mouth letting it go to grab what appeared to be a larger bone in the water!

In the middle of his second and last term Mr. Speaker Crisp was tendered the appointment as Senator to fill out an unexpired term, but his high sense of duty to the members who had elected him caused him to decline the proffered honor. He was subsequently nominated for a full term in the Senate, under conditions where a nomination was equivalent to an election, but died before the formal election took place. His death was a great loss to the public service, as he was of strong character and splendidly equipped. On the death of Senator Stone I was offered an appointment as Senator, in the middle of my fourth term, but felt it to be my duty to the House to decline it—which I did.

Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, James G. Blaine, of Maine, John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, and Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, served three full terms each.

The three terms each of Macon, Colfax, Blaine, and Carlisle were consecutive. Reed was Speaker of the Fifty-first, Fifty-fourth, and Fifty-fifth Congresses, the Democrats controlling the House in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. There is no doubt that he could have been Speaker in the Fifty-sixth and succeeding Congresses, but he was not in accord with his party on the Philippine question, and, being poor, desired to make some money. So he declined further service in the Speakership and resigned from the House to practise law in New York on a guaranty of fifty thousand dollars per annum. He was nominated by only two majority over William McKinley when first elected Speaker. Reed lived only three years after quitting Congress, but in that brief span accumulated half a million dollars.

Nathaniel Macon was defeated for election for a fourth term by only one vote. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, was Speaker for two full terms and three months, the three months being the unexpired term of Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, who is the only Speaker to have died in office.

The following Speakers served two full terms each: Frederick A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, Joseph B. Varnum, of New York, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, and David Bremner Henderson, of Iowa. General Henderson and myself are the only Speakers from west of the Mississippi.

John W. Taylor, of New York, served one full term, and three and a half months of Henry Clay's fourth term, after Clay's second resignation.

All the rest of the Speakers served one full term each except Michael C. Kerr, who died in his first and only term; Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, who served from January 18, 1814, to March 4, 1815, filling out Henry Clay's second term after Clay's first resignation, and John Bell, of Tennessee, who served from June 30, 1834, to March 4, 1835, filling out the unexpired term of Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, who had resigned as above stated. Muhlenberg's two terms were not consecutive.

A queer feature of Bell's Speakership was that his principal opponent was James K. Polk, of the same state. It is the only case of that sort on record, and will perhaps remain unique in our annals. Bell defeated Polk for the short term, but Polk turned the tables on him by defeating him for the succeeding long term. Polk also defeated him for the second long term. The chances are that presidential politics was the cause of Bell's defeat for the long terms, as he was supporting the presidential candidacy of his friend, Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, notwithstanding the fact that President Jackson, also of Tennessee, had determined that Martin Van Buren should succeed himself in the White House—which he did. At one time and for a long time General Jackson and Bell were close friends, as is proved by Jackson offering Bell a place in his Cabinet, but the alienation of affection growing out of the White presidential candidacy drove Bell into the Whig party.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that Henry Clay's service in the Speakership was longest, Theodore M. Pomeroy's shortest, and that Joseph G. Cannon and myself served the greatest number of consecutive terms.

The statement that Pomeroy was the only man elected Speaker for one day is not in conflict with the fact that many men have been Speaker *pro tempore* by appointment of the Speaker or by election by the House, but a Speaker *pro tempore* is not a Speaker.

Seventeen states have furnished Speakers, as follows: Massachusetts, five; Kentucky and Virginia, four each; Indiana and Pennsylvania, three each; New Jersey, South Carolina, New York, Tennessee, Georgia, and Maine, two each; Connecticut, North Carolina, Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, one each.

The aggregate of service by states is as follows: Kentucky, 22 years and 245 days; Massachusetts, 10 years; Virginia, 13 years; Pennsylvania, 10 1/31 years; Indiana, 9 2/3 years; New Jersey, 6 years; Tennessee, 5 years; South Carolina, 3 years; New York, 3 1/2 years; Georgia, 6 years; Maine, 12 1/7 years; North Carolina, 6 years; Missouri, 8 years; Iowa, 4 years; Illinois, 8 years; Connecticut and Ohio, 2 years each.

It is generally stated in books, magazines, and newspapers, and commonly accepted by the people, that Henry Clay was the youngest man ever elected to the Speakership, but it is not true. That distinction properly belongs to Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who was only 30, while Clay was nearly 35. Mr. Speaker Gillett is the oldest man ever elected. Speaker for his first term, being when sworn in 67 years 7 months 3 days old. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon is the second oldest man ever elected to the Speakership, being 67 years 6 months and 2 days old when first elected, and verging on 75 when he ceased to be Speaker. The average age of the 36 Speakers, when first elected, is 43 13/36 years. The average service of the Speakers is 3 5/7 years.

The states that have given birth to Speakers are: Virginia, with Clay, Stevenson, Jones, Hunter, Barbour; Massachusetts, with Varnum, Winthrop, Banks, Gillett; Pennsylvania, with Muhlenberg, Grow, Randall, Blaine, Davis, Kerr; Kentucky, with White, Carlisle, Clark; North Carolina, with Macon, Polk, Cannon; South Carolina, with Cheves and Orr; Connecticut, with Trumbull, Sedgwick; Tennessee, with Boyd and Bell; Georgia, with Cobb; New York, with Taylor, Pomeroy, Colfax; Ohio, with Keifer; Maine, with Reed; New Jersey, with Dayton and Pennington.

Crisp was born in England, of American parents traveling abroad, and was therefore eligible to the Presidency, while Henderson was born in Scotland, of Scotch parents, and therefore was ineligible to the Chief-Magistracy of the Republic.

While only one Speaker, James K. Polk, reached the White House, and only three others, Clay, Bell, and Blaine, received presidential nominations, several have striven for it. Several Presidents-to-be, and one ex-President, have served in the House. James Madison was the first of the line. He sat in four Congresses, with Andrew Jackson in one. In the House of the Twenty-third Congress sat Polk, Fillmore, and Pierce, all destined to reach the White House, and John Quincy Adams, ex-President. In the House of the Thirtieth Congress sat Lincoln, Johnson, and John Quincy Adams, while in the House of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses, in the Ohio delegation, sat Garfield and Hayes.

All the Speakers have been lawyers, except Muhlenberg, who was a Lutheran preacher, Colfax and Blaine, who were editors, and Randall, who was a business man. Sedgwick also began life as a preacher, but soon abandoned theology for the law. After the British captured New York, where he was preaching, Muhlenberg devoted his energies and his talents to business and to the service of his country.

The question is perpetually propounded: "How came Henry Clay to be elected Speaker of the first House in which he served?" The answer usually is that it was on account of his commanding talents and his vast popularity. Nothing of the sort! He was popular where known, but he was not generally known at that time. His amazing and enduring popularity came to him because of his service in the House. Unquestionably he possessed commanding talents, but that fact was not generally known. He had served two short fragments of terms in the Senate—one, three, or four months before he was thirty years old—and he remains to this day the only man to accomplish that unconstitutional feat; but his brief service in the Senate had not made him a national figure by any manner of means. It did, however, enable him to form many valuable and powerful friends in both House and Senate, and no man more easily made acquaintances or friends.

These four things won for him the Speakership: First, the administration did not want war with Great Britain, but the country did, and was determined to have it. Clay appeared in Washington as the war spirit incarnate, and ran as the war candidate. Second, out of one hundred and sixteen members, seventy of them were new members, and they naturally rallied to Clay's standard. Third, the Revolutionary War statesmen were rapidly passing off the stage, and a new generation coming on; and Clay with his graceful and gracious manners, his commanding presence, his enthusiasm, and his shining talents, appealed powerfully to their imaginations. Fourth, he was the first candidate for Speaker from west of the Alleghanies, and the very audacity of his candidacy amazed and pleased the Congressional youngsters. So when the test came "The Great Commoner," "The Millboy of the Slashes," "Harry of the West," won in a canter, receiving as "the war candidate for Speaker" seventy-five votes against William Bibb, of Georgia, "the peace candidate," with thirty-eight votes, and three for Nathaniel Macon. It all reads like a tale out of the *Arabian Nights*, but it is sober history.

Henderson and Keifer were the only Speakers wounded in battle. Henderson lost a leg at Corinth. Speaker Keifer was a major-general in the Civil War, in which he was wounded four times, before his elevation to the chair. He was also a major-general in the Spanish-American War, subsequent to quitting the chair. Mr. Speaker Banks, after leaving the chair, was a major-general in the Civil War, and Mr. Speaker Cobb a Confederate major-general. Speaker Crisp, as a boy, was a Confederate soldier. Colfax was the only Speaker to become Vice-President.

Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, was the only Speaker elected in a House absolutely controlled by his political opponents, wherein there were only two political parties. He defeated Nathaniel Macon by one vote.

When I was elected to my fourth term the House stood 215 Democrats, 215 Republicans, and five Independents. In order to succeed I had to secure three Independents. As a matter of fact, four of them voted for me. I was elected by a majority of twelve.

Theodore Sedgwick was the first Speaker who, upon retiring, was thanked by a strict party vote.

The House declined to thank Andrew Stevenson for more than a month after he resigned.

As stated elsewhere, Winthrop, Cobb, and Banks were really elected by pluralities.

Dayton, Winthrop, Cobb, Banks, and Pennington were each elected by one vote.

Many men have been elected to the Speakership, or defeated, on their records. During his first and only term in Congress, ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, was elected Speaker because he had never formed nor expressed an opinion on any of the burning issues of his day.

At Knoxville, Tennessee, I have a dear friend, Col. John B. Brownlow who carries around in his head a vast mass of reminiscences which he owes to his fellow-citizens to put into book form. Otherwise they will perish with him. He is a son of the famous "Parson" Brownlow who, after leaving the pulpit for politics, became both Governor of Tennessee and United States Senator. When Colonel Brownlow read in a magazine the foregoing remarks as to Mr. Speaker Pennington, he wrote me this pathetic and illuminating story:

"Your reference to the election of Pennington as Speaker reminds me that the Southern pro-slavery admirers of Mr. Clay rejoiced over it for, as I think, a sufficient reason. This I say as one taught by my father to regard Clay as the greatest man of his generation, and as more entitled to the Presidency than any American since Washington; and that I think now.

"Clay owed twenty thousand dollars, borrowed money, at the Northern Bank of Kentucky, at Lexington. Several times the note had been graciously renewed. Each time he told the bank officer, 'I expect to pay it when it falls due.'

"Finally he went to the bank and said: 'I cannot ask you for further indulgence. Take my home, Ashland, in payment. I have no other resource.'

"To his amazement the bank officer said: 'Mr. Clay, you owe nothing here; your debt, principal and interest, has been paid in full.' 'Paid by whom!' exclaimed Clay. 'By your friends,' was the reply.

"'Tell me the names of those friends,' he said.

"'That I decline to do,' said the bank official, 'because I gave my word not to do it. They do not wish their names known, because they do not wish you to feel obligated to them.'

"Then the tears trickled down the face of Henry Clay as he exclaimed, 'My God! did any man ever have such friends?'

"A few days before the event described, a young man in the early twenties, who was then a Whig member of the New Jersey Legislature, had called at the bank, presenting introductory letters from Eastern friends of Mr. Clay, with the funds to liquidate his indebtedness in full, on condition that Clay should never know the identity of the parties who did it, and Clay died without knowing.

"The young man who did this was William Pennington, later the Speaker of the House of Representatives. While in Lexington he never called to see Clay, and Clay never knew he had been there. Clay's friends in the East had heard of his embarrassment, but not from Mr. Clay. I remember distinctly that when Mr. Clay's death was announced I met old Whigs on the streets of Knoxville, in tears. No man in all our history had friends so devoted, unless Jackson be excepted."

While at it, Colonel Brownlow wrote the following anecdote about General Jackson and James K. Polk, which shows the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage in the delectable rôle of match-maker:

"The wife of James K. Polk was Sarah Childress. I presume she was a kinswoman of Matilda Childress, wife of John Catron, of the United States Supreme Court, as they were natives of adjoining counties. I knew Mrs. Polk personally. She was a splendid woman, one of the most attractive I ever met. She died about 1886, at about eighty-eight years of age.

"General Jackson, at Murfreesboro, the home of Miss Childress, met Polk. He said to him, 'James, I have heard that you have broken your engagement to marry Sallie Childress.'

"James replied, 'General, that is not true.'

"Jackson said, 'I am glad to hear you say that. Sallie is a good girl and I would regret to see you disappoint her.' (The Childress family were all ardent friends of Jackson.)

"Then James said, 'Sallie and I will be married, but I suppose the rumor that our engagement was broken grew out of the fact that our marriage has been indefinitely postponed.'

"'Why,' said the 'Hero of New Orleans,' 'has it been indefinitely postponed?'

"'Because,' replied James, 'I feel too poor to marry now.'

"'Tut, tut!' replied Jackson, 'that is nonsense, James;

no young man of your talents and industry is too poor to marry, and I believe in early marriages.' So upon the advice of Jackson the future Speaker of the House and President of the United States lost no time in consummating his engagement with Sallie Childress.

"This story has never been published, but I am sure it is authentic."

I am the only Democrat, living or dead, ever nominated for his first term in the Speakership by a unanimous vote of a Democratic caucus. I have been nominated that way seven times. All other Democrats had to fight for their first nominations.

Every once in a while somebody suggests that some eminent citizen, not a member of the House, should be elected Speaker. Why this suggestion is made puzzles me. There is no constitutional or statutory inhibition against an outsider's being elected Speaker, but, while neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I make bold to predict that no outsider will ever be elected so long as the earth spins on its axis or slides down the ecliptic. It is a thing incredible.

Taken all in all, the thirty-seven Speakers compare very favorably, in both ability and character, with the twenty-eight Presidents. There are the names of some great men, and of only a few small men, on the roster of the Speakers of the House of Representatives. Five Presidents, the elder Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, have died in office; but only one Speaker, Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana.

Three men and only three have been elected to the Speakership during their first term of service in the House —Frederick A. Muhlenberg, Henry Clay, and William Pennington. Muhlenberg was elected on the first day of the First Congress. He had served in the Continental Congress. Clay had served a short time in the Senate.

It is a peculiar and interesting fact that no man was ever elected Speaker chiefly because of his knowledge of parliamentary law. Speakers are elected by reason of the possession of other qualities. The quality of leadership is usually the thing which enables a man to win the glittering prize. It goes without saying that some of the Speakers have been skilled parliamentarians. The Speaker is provided with a "clerk to the Speaker's table," popularly known as the "parliamentary clerk." His principal business is to be entirely familiar with the rules and precedents, so as to be able to furnish them to the Speaker at a moment's notice. Most points of order are disposed of instanter and without debate. It is only on rare occasions that a parliamentary question of great interest or difficulty is presented to the Speaker. These are argued *in extenso*. While the Speaker is listening to the debate, his *fidus Achates*, alias "the parliamentary clerk," is as busy as a bee collating the precedents, if any there be, which he places before the Speaker, who gives his decision with or without giving reasons for the same, as the situation seems to him to demand. If it is a new question, he usually renders an opinion more or less elaborate, as that opinion blazes the way on that question for himself and his successors.

No Speaker is bound to follow precedents, but unless they are palpably wrong they are very persuasive. Indeed, a rule, though wrong, may have been followed so long that it would be revolutionary and unwise to reverse it.

For instance, when the House bill revising Schedule K was sent over to the Senate, that body struck out all after the enacting clause, and inserted a new bill. When the amended bill came back to the House, Hon. James R. Mann, the indefatigable and very capable Republican floor leader, raised the point that as the House alone was empowered by the Constitution to originate revenue measures, and as the Senate had only the power of amendment, the Senate in substituting an entirely new bill under the guise of amendment was acting *ultra vires.*

I overruled his point of order, stating, however, that if I had been Speaker of the House in the First Congress, and his point of order had been raised, I would have sustained it, but that the House and the country had acquiesced in such action on the part of the Senate for one hundred and twenty-two years, and it had become part and parcel of the *modus operandi* in constructing tariff bills.

As a general thing, I ruled promptly, giving no reasons. I learned that when quite a youth, from a very excellent, well-educated, and successful *nisi prius* judge, who told me that he rarely gave reasons for a ruling, because he might make the right ruling and give the wrong reasons therefor.

It is a matter of common knowledge that any member may appeal from any decision of the Speaker to the House itself; and the appeal is debatable unless debate is cut off by a motion to table the appeal.

During the eight years of my service as Speaker there were nine appeals taken from my decisions. But I was sustained in every case, and by more than a party vote, except that just two days before the expiration of my last term as Speaker, in a hotly contested election case, the Republicans, who were temporarily in the majority, overruled one of my decisions, which was an absolutely just decision, but they did it to get their contestant seated.

In these latter years it is only occasionally that a Speaker, or chairman of the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, renders an opinion of permanent and far-reaching consequence. Most questions have been decided—many of them several times—and those decisions serve as mandatory precedents. Tennyson explains that

Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent.

Most assuredly "precedent" largely controls in the conduct of the House. Besides his decision in the Randolph-Calhoun matter, heretofore cited, Henry Clay rendered other important decisions. Being among the earlier Speakers, he was in a manner blazing the legislative trail.

It goes without saying that Speaker Reed's counting of a quorum was an epochal achievement.

While Carlisle was Speaker, ex-Gov. James B. McCreary, presiding in the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, rendered an opinion of tremendous import. Congress had, at a previous session, authorized a steel, armor-plated battle-ship—just one—and it was the first. When McCreary was in the chair the Navy Appropriation bill was under consideration. It contained a provision for another steel armor-plated battle-ship. Somebody raised the point of order that that item must go out of the bill, because it violated the well-established rule that new legislation cannot be enacted in an appropriation bill. It was argued, on the contrary, that building a new navy was "a continuing work," and therefore the item in controversy should not be excluded by the rule. McCreary took the latter view, and ruled that the appropriation for the new battle-ship was in order. By that decision our new navy was made possible.

Governor McCreary was a colonel in Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry, member and Speaker of the Kentucky Legislature, twelve years a Representative in Congress, part of the time chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, Governor of Kentucky for two full terms of four years each, at periods thirty-eight years apart, a delegate to the Brussels Monetary Convention of 1893, and a Senator of the United States. But by all his services in the army and in the various high stations in civil life put together, his conduct never had as much influence on human affairs as his parliamentary decision holding that the building of the new navy was a continuing work. McCreary's decision was adhered to from 1887 till February, 1919, when Hon. Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, one of the ablest men in the House, was in the chair and overruled it—and from a parliamentary standpoint Garrett was correct.

Colonel McCreary delighted to tell reminiscences of Morgan's raid through Indiana and Ohio, and well he might, for his part in that remarkable ride was the most notable and spectacular event in his military career. He was promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel at the battle of Green River Bridge in the beginning of the great raid, July 4, 1863, when his colonel, Chenault, was killed and where General Morgan lost about three hundred men in killed and wounded.

He said the bridge was held and successfully defended by a Colonel Moore and seventy Michigan infantrymen in rifle-pits, behind an insurmountable *chevaux-de-frise.* General Morgan sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the Union troops. Colonel Moore sent back the curt answer: "The 4th of July is a blanked poor day for a Union man to surrender on!"

McCreary told me another story illustrating the hospitality of Kentuckians under even the most discouraging circumstances. He said the weather was very hot and dusty, and when the Confederate raiders finally surrendered they were weary and dirty, having had no change of clothing, and hardly any rest or sleep, for nearly three weeks. McCreary happened to be in command of the last of Morgan's men to surrender. When they ran up the white flag the Union general, Hobson, also a Kentuckian, rode up and inquired, "Who commands these troops?"

Whereupon McCreary, very much bedraggled and covered with dust, rode forth and replied, "I do."

"Who are you?" asked General Hobson.

"I am Lieut.-Col. James B. McCreary."

Then Hobson with a grin said: "You are a fine-looking lieutenant-colonel, aren't you? What you most need is a good drink." Then suiting the action to the word, he drew from his holster a flask of Kentucky bourbon and ministered to the thirst of his prisoner.

Whether anybody gave General Hobson a drink—a year or so later when, the fortunes of war having changed, Morgan's men captured him at Cynthiana, Kentucky—I never heard.

In my eight years as Speaker I rendered hundreds of decisions—usually having precedents to guide or influence. But I decided one important point which, strange to say, had never been raised before, and that was, where the House is voting on a motion to pass a bill over the President's veto, whether in making up the necessary two-thirds vote those who answer "present" should be counted, or those only who vote "aye" and "no." I held that those answering "present" should not be counted, and on appeal from my ruling the House by an overwhelming majority sustained my decision.

The case was this: When the roll was called on passing the Underwood Wool bill, ten members answered "present." If they were counted the House had not voted to pass the bill over President Taft's veto. If they were not counted the House had passed it over his veto.

The reasons for my decision are so cogent that I am certain that my precedent will be followed for all time to come. Here they are. The Constitution says:

"In all such cases [that is, in cases of voting to pass a bill over the President's veto] the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively." Not one word touching those who answer "present."

Voting on passing a bill over the President's veto is the only action of Congress where the Constitution requires a yea-and-nay vote.

If those answering "present" are to be counted, manifestly they must be counted as voting "no." There can be no other conclusion. I took the pains, after my decision was rendered, to ascertain how the ten members who answered "present" would have voted had they been free to vote, and I discovered that eight would have voted "aye," while only two would have voted "no."

The formula used by the Speaker in putting the question on passing a bill over the President's veto is this stately and sonorous collocation of words: "Will the House, on reconsideration, agree to pass the bill, the objections of the President to the contrary notwithstanding?"

It was on that occasion that the late Augustus Peabody Gardner, of Massachusetts, demonstrated that he possessed perfect mental integrity. He was one of the best parliamentarians of the House. As soon as I rendered my opinion, without giving any reason for it, he arose with *The Parliamentary Manual* in his hand and said: "Mr. Speaker, I appeal from the decision of the chair. I have an authority exactly in point."

I replied, "I know on what you rely—a foot-note in *The Manual.* It deceives you just as it deceived me for a while, but the foot-note is wrong and misleading. That foot-note does not correspond to the decision on which it seems to be based. Mr. Underwood promptly moved to table Mr. Gardner's appeal. While the motion to table is not debatable, I wanted Gardner to have time to hunt up the decision in Hind's *Precedents.* Consequently I permitted members to talk about my decision awhile.

As soon as Gardner found the decision he arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, your decision is correct and I withdraw my appeal"—an honest statement which under the circumstances many men would not have made, by reason of pride of opinion. Some other member renewed the appeal, and Underwood promptly moved to table the appeal, and his motion carried by two hundred and forty to ten.

When it was over Mr. Gardner arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, your decision is of so much importance that you should render a more elaborate opinion," which I did. It was printed in *The Congressional Record*, and was in substance as is set forth above.

Nearly a dozen Representatives volunteered to enter the Great War. Mr. Gardner was among the first. He said that he had advocated "preparedness" so long and so strenuously that he could not, with a clear conscience and a straight face, stay at home while others were going forth to battle. By reason of having been a captain in the Spanish-American War he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. Soon finding that the regiment to which he belonged had no immediate chance of being sent to France, he procured his own demotion by being assigned as major in a Georgia regiment which was soon to be sent overseas. I have heard or read of but one other such case. Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, became a Confederate colonel at the beginning of the Civil War, and was soon promoted to be a brigadier. In some battle in Virginia all the field officers in his old regiment were killed, and the remaining officers and men of that regiment begged him to resign as brigadier-general and become their colonel once more, which he did. Such noble acts of self-abnegation as those of Morgan and Gardner are so rare among men that they deserve to be gratefully remembered by their countrymen.

Gardner unfortunately did not live to go across the

Atlantic. He died a short time after we entered the war, and was sincerely mourned by all his fellow-members.

He was an able, industrious, courageous, patriotic man, faithful in the discharge of every duty and in every relation of life. He was an incisive speaker, a close student, a strong debater, widely read, and above all was unafraid.

He was the only one of the Congressional volunteers who died in the army during the Great War. "Greater love hath no man than that he give up his life for his friend" or country.

CHAPTER XII

Campaign of 1892—Tom Johnson and Larry Neal—Fight over tariff plank in convention—Crisp re-elected Speaker—Silver debate—My tariff speech —Income tax—Wilson chairman of Ways and Means—Gorman's prophecy—A question of veracity.

THE dominant question in the campaign of 1892 was the reform of the tariff downward. The issue was sharply drawn. In the platforms there was no dodging. The Republican platform ran:

"We reaffirm the American doctrine of protection. We call attention to its growth abroad. We maintain that the prosperous condition of our country is largely due to the wise revenue legislation of the last Republican Congress. We believe that all articles which cannot be produced in the United States, except luxuries, should be admitted free of duty, and that on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home."

The Democrats stated their position in these ringing words:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud—a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered."

Most of the Democratic leaders, including Mr. Cleveland himself, had no idea of making such a bold and sweeping declaration as the one set forth above. Consequently, they agreed upon a tariff plank of the variety which in popular parlance is denominated a "straddle." This "straddle" was duly incorporated into the platform, which was reported to the Chicago convention by a majority of the committee on resolutions through Col. Charles H. Jones, editor of *The St. Louis Republic*, chairman; but that committee was destined to be rudely awakened and soundly beaten.

Prominent in the Ohio delegation in that convention sat one of nature's noblemen, Tom L. Johnson—"a fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek"—brave as a lion, true as steel, honest as the day is long, and blithe as a lark. By birth a Kentuckian, he was blood-kin to that grim soldier, Col. Richard M. Johnson, commonly called "Old Dick," who won renown at the battle of the River Thames by his gallantry and by slaying Tecumseh, one of the greatest of all Indians. Colonel Johnson was subsequently a Representative and Senator in Congress, as well as Vice-President. It may be remarked parenthetically that he is the only Vice-President elected by the Senate of the United States when the Electoral Colleges failed to elect. Tom Johnson—Tom, mark you, not Thomas—was a roly-poly statesman of middle stature in extra-good flesh, with a magnificent head crowned with abundant chestnut curls and an exceedingly handsome face, usually wreathed in smiles. He always dressed in exquisite taste, and enjoyed life to the full. He had risen from the humble position of currying mules for a street-car company to being both a multimillionaire and a Representative in Congress.

I saw him do a thing in the Fifty-third Congress which proved his sincerity as an out-and-out free-trader beyond the shadow of a doubt. He was the second largest manufacturer of steel rails in the world, and yet when the authors of the Wilson Tariff bill reported a tariff rate of seven dollars and a half per ton on steel rails, he fought it tooth and nail—while all the world wondered! He solemnly and wrathfully affirmed that they did not need any protection, and if Congress would let them alone American steel-rail manufacturers would dominate the markets of the world. God, so we are told, moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Likewise tariff builders—sometimes. It was an amazing spectacle to see them force on Johnson's steel rails a heavy tariff which he swore he did not need or want.

It is a matter of common knowledge that as mayor of Cleveland he exhausted his physical energies and expended his large fortune in his long, bitter, and successful fight to force three-cent street-car fares for the people of that ambitious city; which more than any other one cause enabled her to pass Cincinnati in population and in prestige. Tom Johnson was a reformer who reformed men and things. The Ohio member of the committee on resolutions was the Marshal Ney of the Buckeye Democracy and Tom Johnson's pet crony, Lawrence T. Neal, popularly known as "Larry." They were *par nobile fratrum*—a noble pair of political brethren. Neal offered an amendment to the platform by striking out the elaborate and meaningless tariff straddle and inserting the radical tariff plank above quoted. No doubt that Tom Johnson aided and abetted him in its construction and encouraged him to introduce it. The fight was short, but bloody and decisive. So far as the debate was concerned, Tom Johnson not only stood by consenting to his friend's fierce assault upon the platform and platform makers, after the manner of Saul at the stoning of Stephen, but he led the storming column in person with the dash of Murat. When the battle ended Johnson, Neal, and their troops were victors by a two to one majority. Those who assumed to be Mr. Cleveland's conscience-keepers—and even Mr. Cleveland himself—denounced the insertion of the Neal plank as an effort to defeat him– a most lame, impotent, and preposterous conclusion. The timid were in a panic, the time-servers were aghast, the double-dealers were in the mulligrubs, but nevertheless Mr. Cleveland won an overwhelming victory on the Neal-Johnson tariff plank which he did not want and the authors of which he never forgave.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Democrats swept the country almost solely on the tariff issue in 1892, President Cleveland called the Congress to meet in extraordinary session August 7, 1893—not to revise the tariff downward, for which purpose he and it were both chiefly elected—but to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver law, which was only a minor issue in the campaign. That extraordinary session split the Democratic party wide open and was the source of all our woe, which sent us wandering in the wilderness for sixteen years, and from which we escaped in 1912 only through the factional division in the Republican Chicago convention.

Both Houses of the Congress organized August 7th. On the 8th the President sent to Congress his message. The Free Silver leaders and the Single Gold Standard leaders entered into the following agreement as to procedure on the bill to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver law:

"Ordered by the House that H. R. No. 1 shall be taken up for immediate consideration and considered for fourteen days. During such consideration night sessions may be held for debate only, at the request of either side. The daily sessions to commence at 11 A.M. and continue until 5 P.M. Eleven days of the debate to be given to general debate under the rules of the last House regulating general debate, the time to be equally divided between the two sides, as the Speaker may determine. The last three days of debate may be devoted to the consideration of the bill and the amendments herein provided for under the usual five-minute rule of the House, as in Committee of the Whole House. General leave to print is hereby granted.

"Order of amendments: The vote shall be taken first on the amendment providing for the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. If that fail, then a separate vote to be had on a similar amendment proposing a ratio of seventeen to one; if that fails, then on one proposing a ratio of eighteen to one; if that fails, then on one proposing a ratio of nineteen to one; if that fails, on one proposing a ratio of twenty to one.

"If the above amendments fail, it shall be in order to offer an amendment reviving the Act of the 28th of February, 1878, restoring the standard silver dollar, commonly known as the Bland-Allison Act, the vote then to be taken on the engrossment and third reading of the bill as amended, and on the bill itself, if the amendments shall have been voted down, and on the final passage of the bill without other intervening motions."

On the Saturday night preceding the 7th there was a meeting in the hall of the House of all Silver Representatives without regard to political affiliations, to take counsel together. Out of a membership of three hundred and fifty-nine there were two hundred and one present. Over this meeting Judge David Browning Culbertson, of Texas, presided. From the large attendance we concluded that we were sure winners; but alack! and also alas! we had not included in our calculations the enormous power of patronage. When the test came, two weeks later, instead of two hundred and one votes we could muster only one hundred and one. It is folly to claim that the debate had wrought the change. Patronage did it, and there is no use blinking the fact. The people did not forget it—for at the first opportunity they retired the floppers to private life—and permanently.

The late John E. Lamb, a former Representative from the Terre Haute district, a political protégé of Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, one of the most eloquent of orators, told me in his own house a pathetic story touching Voorhees's change of base on the coinage question. Voorhees, who had been a radical Silver man, was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee in 1893, which committee handled coinage legislation—which position of necessity gave him great influence on that subject. Consequently, when Senator Voorhees lined up with President Cleveland in favor of the Single Gold Standard, the Silver men were thoroughly indignant and said many hard things to and about "The tall Sycamore of the Wabash." Lamb said that Voorhees mourned the remnant of his days about changing sides, and that he honestly believed that it shortened the brilliant Senator's life. According to his tale, Voorhees declared over and over again that he never did change his views on the coinage question, but that he faced this situation: "In Indiana were thousands of faithful Democrats who had followed him loyally and unfalteringly through three decades. If he aligned himself with the President he could reward at least some of them. If he did not, all of his friends would be cut off from any hope of preferment, and that out of love for these veterans who had borne the heat and burden of the day in so many hot conflicts—and political conflicts were nowhere on earth hotter than in Indiana—he supported the presidential policy." That in brief is the story as told to me in great detail. No man ever had a more tender heart than Voorhees, and the foregoing story makes one have a kindly feeling for one of Indiana's greatest sons. No doubt other Senators and Representatives were actuated by motives similar to those of Voorhees.

On the 9th the oratorical storm broke in the House with unspeakable fury—a storm which raged for years in Congress and out, and which destroyed more men than did the siege of Troy; but an old adage worthy of acceptance hath it that "It is an ill wind which blows good to nobody," and, truth to tell, certain men made towering reputations out of the savage warfare.

There was a hot fight as to who should open for the Single Gold Standardists. Isador Rayner, of Maryland, eloquent, learned, and enthusiastic, subsequently United States Senator, who attained wide and enduring celebrity as counsel-in-chief for Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, won. Rayner was of Jewish extraction and stands second only to Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, in point of ability and reputation among the half-dozen Israelitish Senators—the four others being Yulee of Florida, Jonas of Louisiana, Simon of Oregon, and Guggenheim of Colorado.

There was no squabble among the Silver men as to who should lead. All eyes and hearts turned to the great Missourian, Richard Parks Bland, who had devoted years to the cause and was named "Silver Dick" the wide world around. In very truth "Where MacGregor sat was the head of the table." No truer or braver soul ever led a forlorn hope. He did not belong to the school of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Patrick Henry. He indulged in no frills of oratory. He possessed the power of luminous statement in an unusual degree. He knew more about the history and philosophy of the precious metals than any other American. Born in Kentucky, he came of Revolutionary Virginia stock, one of his ancestors being a signer of the Declaration and bosom friend of Washington. In his youth he had been an Indian-fighter on the frontier, and amid the splendors of Washington retained the rural manners and simple tastes of his earlier years. His speech on that momentous day—*dies iræ*—was an epoch-maker and came to be known as "The Parting of the Ways Speech." It did not achieve success for the cause so close to his heart, but it did secure for his name the first place in the presidential black-list.

In ordinary fairness to Mr. Cleveland it should be stated that in the matter of gold and silver coinage he never pretended to be that which he was not. He never was for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one, and never claimed to be. The majority of Democrats were in favor of it. It is unaccountable on any grounds of reason that the Democratic leaders, knowing the sentiment of the Democratic masses on that subject, as well as Mr. Cleveland's, nominated him and then claimed throughout the campaign, through some sort of self-deception, that he was a bimetallist—which he was not any more than he was a Mohammedan. They certainly should have known his opinion, and, what is more, they knew he was firm even unto stubbornness.

At Hannibal, Missouri, in that campaign, I heard Senator George Graham Vest, who favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at sixteen to one, who was an honest man as well as a very able and brilliant one, state to a great audience that the only difference between Mr. Cleveland and himself on the Silver question was as to the ratio. The Senator first deceived himself, and then unintentionally deceived his audience. So did other Democratic orators. Two queries force themselves on students and casuists: 1. Why, being in favor of the Single Gold Standard, and knowing full well that the Democratic masses were in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold, and knowing also that they believed that the Chicago platform declared for that very thing, did Mr. Cleveland accept a nomination on that platform? 2. Having been elected on it, knowing how Democrats construed it, was it or was it not his duty to submerge his own personal opinion and carry out the will of those who elected him?

After the Silver fight at the extra session, the Democrats in the House and Senate were divided into two implacable factions. There was a brigade of Confederate Kentuckians called "The Orphan Brigade," because two of its commanders were killed in battle. After the Silver fight, the Fifty-third Congress might well have been dubbed "The Orphan Congress." The first-fruits of the Silver feud was that there were scarcely enough Democrats elected to the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress to call the ayes and nays. It was the greatest slaughter of innocents since the days of King Herod.

It was a great debate. Divers notable speeches were made. One man, Lafe Pence, of Colorado, made a national reputation on the fourth day of his service in the House. He was one of the victims of the landslide of 1894, and never regained his political footing.

While almost every member made a speech, short or long, or printed one in *The Congressional Record*, the principal Speakers for Silver were Bland, Pence, Sibley, and Bryan, and the chief Speakers against it were William L. Wilson, Rayner, Cochran, and Reed.

Taken all in all, it may be fairly ranked as among the great Congressional debates.

Mr. Cleveland was so thoroughly against Silver that he even vetoed the little bill for the coinage of the "seniorage," though begged to sign it by many of his Democratic supporters on the Repeal bill almost with tears in their eyes, explaining to him that it would save them from their wrathy constituents; but having used them to their undoing, he threw them to the wolves. Among them were such prominent men as Senator Daniel W. Voorhees and Representative William D. Bynum, both of Indiana, William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, General Outhwaite, of Ohio, Clifton R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, and others of high standing in House or Senate.

At the beginning of the Fifty-second Congress, Mr.

Speaker Crisp, acting under a species of duress, appointed Judge William M. Springer, of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, because, as heretofore stated, at the psychological moment Springer threw his little bunch of supporters for the Speakership to Charles Frederick Crisp, thereby giving the nomination to the Georgian. Springer, as chairman of Ways and Means, was much ridiculed for his "pop-gun tariff bills"—that is, instead of introducing one general bill revising all the schedules, he introduced a separate bill for each schedule. Great sport was had at his expense, but it has never been settled definitely that Springer's derided plan was not as good as any other. The chances are that his fussy manner had as much to do in provoking the jests as did the "pop-gun bills" themselves. In confirmation of this view it will be remembered that in the Sixty-second Congress Mr. Chairman Underwood introduced particular bills for particular schedules, beginning with "Schedule K"—the wool schedule. Underwood's bills were as truly "pop-gun bills" as were Springer's. Nobody ventured to ridicule Underwood or his bills, because that able, suave, sedate, and level-headed statesman does not invite ridicule; and what is a good deal more, it was widely known that he carried a fist of steel in a velvet glove. Watching him in action, a person realizes that "a man may smile and smile and be a fighter." Consequently, his opponents were chary of trying any funny business with him. A bit of contemporaneous history vindicates Judge Springer and his pop-gun bills. Our Republican friends in this (the Sixty-sixth) Congress are bringing in separate bills for separate items. They are the successors of the men who poked so much fun at Springer's pop-gun bills.

The arrangement with Springer appears not to have been a continuing one. As Crisp had no opposition among Democrats for his second term as Speaker, he was hands-free in making up his committees, and promptly appointed William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, chairman of the Ways and Means, thereby *ipso facto* making him Democratic floor leader, at the same time demoting Springer to the chairmanship of Indian Affairs—which was a severe jolt for the veteran Illinoisan.

It was rumored, and to some extent believed, that President Cleveland demanded of Mr. Crisp Wilson's appointment as a condition precedent to his not setting up a candidate of his own for the Speakership in opposition to Crisp. Whether that be true or whether Crisp himself preferred Wilson will never be known unless Cleveland or Crisp left data on the subject yet unpublished—which probably they did not. My own opinion is that the story is apocryphal, for Mr. Speaker Crisp was as much a man of his own head as was Mr. Cleveland. Individually I have never believed that rumor for the all-sufficient reason that Mr. Speaker Crisp was stronger in the House than was President Cleveland, and could have been re-elected in spite of the President, even had the President desired to defeat him, of which there is no evidence.

At any rate, the West Virginian secured the greatly coveted prize, and instead of being called to take a higher seat—as was a certain man mentioned in the Bible—Judge Springer was called to take a lower seat at the feast. He made no outcry and did not complain—certainly not in public—but proceeded to discharge the duties of his new chairmanship faithfully and well, making, as usual, frequent speeches. He was a man of wide information, a useful legislator, and of perfect integrity.

The vexed and vexing Silver question having been disposed of at the extra session, the Federal Election laws repealed, and the committees appointed, the decks were cleared at the regular session for the Tariff bill—the reform of the tariff being the main thing for which it was supposed that Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic Congress were elected.

The tariff question, like the poor, we have with us always. Promptly Mr. Wilson introduced his bill and it was reported as soon as the House convened after the Christmas holidays. A protracted, angry, and somewhat futile debate ensued. Every section, every item, every line was discussed *ad libitum*—many of them *ad nauseam.* All the arguments ever used, from the building of the great Chinese wall and the tariff system of Augustus Cæsar, were brought forth, revamped, and reburnished—all the heavy and bearded anecdotes, from Epictetus and Æsop to Mark Twain and Bill Nye, were resurrected from their tombs "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Of course Mr. Wilson was the principal debater on his side, but he was aided powerfully by the Democrats of his committee—Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, since Governor of his state and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Peru; Henry G. Turner, of Georgia, one of the most incisive speakers in the House; William Bourke Cockran, of New York; William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska; John C. Tarsney, of Missouri; Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, subsequently ambassador to St. Petersburg, and others not of the committee.

On the other side were the leviathan of Republicans—Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine; John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, one of the ablest men the Keystone State ever sent to Congress; Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, subsequently and for many years a United States Senator, with a voice like an Æolian harp; Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, one of the toughest debaters in the land; Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, subsequently a United States Senator, endowed with abundant oratorical gifts; Samuel Walker McCall, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, "a scholar in politics"; Gov. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, whose head was filled to bursting with facts, the predestined father of the "Dingley Tariff bill"; Sereno E. Payne, of New York, a splendid man, author of the Payne Tariff bill; Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, a handsome old gentleman possessed of vast information and a dreadful temper; Col. William Peters Hepburn, a powerful speaker; and others, as the sale bills run, "too tedious to mention." 'Twas a battle royal and ran for many weeks. As it passed the House it was a fairly good bill from the viewpoint of a man honestly in favor of a tariff for revenue—but what the Senate did to it was something awful.

I participated somewhat in that debate, and my experience may help young Representatives get a foothold.

In the Silver debate I was compelled to speak at night or not at all—a very unsatisfactory performance. If a man is any sort of a judge of his own speeches, I pronounce the one on Silver among the best speeches I have ever made in Congress. But there were few members present—that's always the case at night, except in the closing days of a session—and only one man in the Press gallery. A great many persons do not know it, but the Press gallery gives Representatives the big end of their reputations, and the members of the Press gallery rarely attend at night. Worse still, it was Saturday night, and, so far as receiving any considerable notice of a speech is concerned, Saturday is the worst day in the week to make it, because the Sunday papers are crowded with other things. So I determined that I would not speak at night on the tariff—a subject touching which I knew more than any other subject.

I had learned enough of House procedure to know that the seventeen members of the committee would speak without limit—which meant at least two hours each on the average, and that old members generally would be treated liberally in the matter of time.

I felt under compulsion to speak on the Tariff bill, to save my bacon at home. The truth is that I made more speeches in my first Congress than in any two subsequent Congresses, and for this reason: During my long-drawn-out and bitter contest with Colonel Norton for the nomination, as heretofore set forth, among other things I charged that he had not taken as active a part in the proceedings as he should have done. His reply was that a new member was compelled to take a back seat for two terms. Otherwise the veteran members would make it so hot for him that it would do him much harm. I countered on that, with the rash declaration that some men were created to occupy back seats, but that if a man had in him the stuff out of which statesmen were made he could go to the front whenever he got ready! That tickled the audiences, but was a source of trouble subsequently, for if I did not make good on that extravagant assertion, Norton's friends would make my life miserable and probably defeat me for renomination. It will be remembered that it was painfully close betwixt him and me in 1892. In the mean time some men who supported me that year, disappointed as to securing offices, had turned against me, so that my situation was decidedly critical.

Consequently, being determined to express my views on the tariff in the daytime and at length, I made up my mind to speak all I desired under the five-minutes rule —the best rule on the subject of speechmaking ever devised by the wit of man. You cannot, in the very nature of the case, have an exordium or a peroration to a five-minute speech. You must seize the subject in the middle and cram as much of thought as possible into that brief period. It might well be called a condenser of language. Moreover, it is an elastic rule, and except in the rush days at the close of a session, when time is more precious than rubies, if a member is making a good five minutes' speech he can usually secure an extension for another five minutes, perhaps more. There is this advantage for a member speaking under the five-minutes rule instead of in the general debate—there is almost certain to be a larger attendance of members of both the House and the Press gallery, especially if the bill is of any considerable importance.

Having discovered these facts, I carefully, studiously, and laboriously prepared the best and strongest tariff speech that I could write—an hour and a quarter long—rewrote it, polished it up, boiled it down, cut it into five-minutes sections, and committed it thoroughly to memory. I did not ask the managers for time in the general debate, but patiently waited for the five-minutes discussion to begin. Then I went in. Here is what happened: One day I spoke five minutes and quit; another day I spoke ten, my time being extended once; another day I spoke fifteen; another day twenty; and the last day I spoke thirty-five minutes under the five-minutes rule. Then I got together the various parts and printed them as one speech.

From that day to this I have never had any trouble getting all the time I wanted—perhaps more than was good for me.

One of the big questions in the construction of that Tariff bill was whether it should contain an income-tax provision. The Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means decided that it should, but not unanimously, for William Bourke Cockran, a Democratic member of that committee, famous as an orator, led the fight against it and made a terrific onslaught upon it—very much to the disgust of the Democratic brethren. His speech against the income tax somewhat dimmed the glory of his speech a few weeks before, in favor of the Wilson Tariff bill proper, which set the House on its head and which so thrilled the giant Senator Coke of Texas that he took Cockran in his mighty arms on the floor of the House and hugged him as though the brilliant New-Yorker had been a baby. Some sensational newspaper man declared that Coke kissed Cockran, but that was a pleasant fantasy.

The embrace which Coke bestowed upon Cockran was the most spectacular feature of that debate, except when Harry St. George Tucker and W. J. Bryan carried Mr. Chairman William L. Wilson out of the hall on their shoulders, as heretofore described. It was noticed, however, that nobody embraced Cockran when he finished his anti-income-tax speech. Notwithstanding the opposition of Cockran and others, we incorporated the income tax in the Tariff bill. Though the Senate cut and carved the Wilson Tariff bill in a most cruel way, it left the income-tax feature in it. So it became the law of the land—destined to be killed by a five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court—which decision, under the peculiar and suspicious circumstances under which it was rendered, became a stench in the nostrils of all decent people. The opponents of the income tax claimed that it was unconstitutional. It was decided at the first hearing by a bench of eight judges—four for and four against its consitutionality—Mr. Justice Shiras voting for its constitutionality. Of course the tie-vote left the income tax in full force and effect. Mr. Justice Jackson, of Tennessee, was at home suffering from what proved to be his last sickness. Because he was originally a Whig and had been appointed to the Supreme Court bench by a Republican President, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the opponents of the income tax erroneously concluded that were he present he would cast his vote against the constitutionality of the income tax—thereby making a majority against it. So they moved for a rehearing and secured it. Mr. Justice Jackson came to Washington with the seal of death upon his face, thereby making a full bench of nine. The rehearing was had in due course. When the decision was rendered by the full bench, there were two surprises: Mr. Justice Jackson had voted to sustain the constitutionality, and Mr. Justice Shiras had flopped to the opponents of the income tax, and therefore by a vote of five to four the income tax was held to be unconstitutional, null, and void.

It immediately became part of the Democratic creed, but it was not again placed upon the statute-book until a constitutional amendment was adopted authorizing Congress to levy an income tax.

By an interesting coincidence three great Tennesseeans figure most conspicuously in the income-tax legislation: Benton McMillan was author of the income-tax provision of the Wilson Tariff bill, Mr. Justice Jackson voted with almost his last breath to sustain its constitutionality, and Cordell Hull is father of the present income-tax law, part of the Underwood bill, most assuredly a proud record for the Old Volunteer State.

Democratic opinion in the House on the tariff ranged all the way from Beltshoover of Pennsylvania and certain other members who were as much high protectionists as Reed, Dingley, Burrows, and Payne to out-and-out free-traders, Tom L. Johnson, William Bourke Cockran, and John DeWitt Warner being the leading lights in that small but select company. The extremists at both ends of the line gave Chairman Wilson much trouble, but the bulk of the Democrats supported him loyally on most items of the bill. What he and they wanted was to enact a tariff law which would raise sufficient revenue, distributing the burden as evenly as possible. He found the road to a tariff for revenue only as hard as the Jordan Road to travel. Out of it all, with unfailing courtesy and patience equal to Job's, he got a bill which measurably complied with Democratic desire and expectation. Had his bill become a law, and had it become a law early enough for people to appreciate its workings, many of the Democratic Congressional victims of the landslide in 1894 would have been re-elected—perhaps enough to have controlled the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress; but alack and alas! the Senate, which was Democratic nominally by the narrowest of margins—really non-Democratic—changed it for the worse in almost every feature, and, what was more disastrous, the Senate did not pass any bill at all until late in August, while the business of the country was going to the dogs by reason of the uncertainty of what would be in the bill when it became a law. Doctor Johnson said in his famous epitaph on Goldsmith that "he touched nothing that he did not adorn," so it may be truly said that the Senate touched no part of the Wilson Tariff bill that it did not injure—from the standpoint of men who believed in a tariff for revenue.

At that time a full Senate consisted of eighty-eight members, but there were three vacancies, and so the Senate stood forty-four Democrats, thirty-eight Republicans, and three Farmers' Alliance men. The Democrats had a majority of only three in the Senate, and could also rely on the vote of Vice-President Stevenson. Consequently, about all a Senator, particularly a Democratic Senator, had to do to raise the tariff on any item in which he or his constituents had an interest was to make his demand coupled with a threat, veiled or unveiled, that if he did not secure all he wanted he would vote against the bill. The leaders in that sort of work were Senator David Bennett Hill, of New York, and Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, two of the most astute of mortals and among the most skilful of politicians. They were men of great experience in public affairs, Hill having been mayor of Elmira, a member of the Legislature, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor for three terms, as well as a strong contender for the presidential nomination. He was a disciple of Samuel J. Tilden, who was a disciple of

Martin Van Buren, who was a disciple of Aaron Burr. Senator Gorman had been a United States Senator for many years, besides having held many minor offices in state and nation. He had been in politics all his life, beginning as a Senate page—a position secured through the kindness of Stephen A. Douglas, one of the greatest men of his time, and who has received a very cold deal in history. Being very prominent in the national committee in 1884, Gorman was accorded the lion's share of the credit for Cleveland's first election, but subsequently their relations became badly strained—a fact pregnant with woe for Democrats. Most Democrats had a warm place in their hearts for Gorman—especially Southern Democrats—because they believed that he, more than any other man, had defeated the Force bill—which they both hated and dreaded. He was generally considered of presidential stature. In 1894 Gorman was one of the three handsomest men I ever saw. He had a Greek head and face, and his mind had all the sinuosities of the Greek intellect. He was in the prime of manly beauty, at the zenith of influence and fame. He was universally regarded as the tactician and strategist-in-chief of the Senate Democrats. While not an orator, he was a forceful speaker and a masterful organizer of men. In Maryland he was supreme. His discomfited enemies dubbed him "Boss" and charged him with being the owner and operator of a machine which he ran with utter ruthlessness; but he pursued the even tenor of his way unruffled by their rancor and abuse—bland, courteous, kind, successful.

Hill was new to the Senate, but a veteran in politics. He was referred to as a possible, even a probable, President. These two men—Gorman and Hill—joined hands to remodel the Wilson bill to suit their fancy—both animated by a cordial dislike of President Cleveland. Ranged with them were Senator Murphy of Troy, New

York, whose specialty as to tariff matters was collars and cuffs—whom President Cleveland had endeavored to have defeated for the Senate—and Senator James Smith, Jr., of Newark, New Jersey, a city with more sorts of manufacturing industries than any other city in America. Senator Smith was rated as a millionaire manufacturer of patent leather, was engaged in several other kinds of business, employing hundreds of men, and enjoyed the reputation of being generous to his employees and a public-spirited citizen. Senator Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, and the Louisiana Senators generally co-operated with Gorman, Hill, Smith, and Murphy.

Parenthetically I saw and heard Senator Gorman on one occasion, when his conduct and words convinced me—by subsequent reflection—that he was an exceedingly wise man.

While the war with Spain was brewing, every few days some House Democrat would move, or try to move, to recognize the Cuban Republic, or something of the sort. One morning we lacked only thirty-four votes of succeeding. Many Republicans were growing restless and uneasy—and in increasing numbers. After the vote was taken certain Republicans came to us and said that unless President McKinley did thus and so in a week eighteen of them at least would vote with us, which would have given us one majority. Such a definite proposition as that on such a serious subject could not be ignored. Somebody carried the news over to the Senate. Just as the House was adjourning that evening a Senate page ran in and told Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, Democratic House leader, that the Democratic Senators on the Committee on Foreign Relations were having a meeting in the rooms of Senator Jones of Arkansas, and for him to come over with the Democratic members of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and any other Democratic members he desired. Twenty-five Democratic Senators and Representatives met together for consultation on the important question as to whether the House Democrats should join with the disgruntled House Republicans and pass a resolution recognizing the Cuban Republic—which meant war. Senator Gorman presided informally. Of the twenty-five men present twenty-two were unqualifiedly in favor of the alliance, one was on the fence, and Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, who fought valiantly in the Confederate Army for four years, and who bore several honorable scars, bluntly and briefly declared that the plan was absolutely nonsensical and that he was against it.

Gorman listened to us all, and wound up the meeting in these words: "I will tell you gentlemen what you are about to do. You are going to join hands with a lot of sorehead Republicans to force a war upon a President who does not want war—a war bound to be ended in a hundred days by the complete triumphs of American arms. All the glory thereof will redound to President McKinley and the Republican administration. People will forget that you Democrats practically forced it, and will give you no credit. The war will furnish the President with ten thousand fat offices with which to satisfy Republicans heretofore disappointed as to patronage. The Democratic party will be effaced from the map, and I'll be damned if I will be a party to any such idiocy!" He hit the bull's-eye, and no mistake. During our sixteen years of wandering in the wilderness without manna and without quail I often thought of that sententious and prophetic utterance.

After sore travail the Senate passed its bill, or, more properly speaking, passed the Wilson bill with several hundred amendments, and sent it back to us. In effect the Wilson bill had been chopped into mincemeat. The original Wilson bill, loaded down and disfigured by the Senate amendments, was turned over to the tender mercies of the conferees. They had an unseemly wrangle lasting many weeks. After much weary waiting, a conference report was brought in which at first the House, under the lead of Mr. Chairman Wilson, rejected. More conferring—more wrangling. Pending this, Mr. Cleveland wrote his celebrated "Dishonor and Party Perfidy" letter to Chairman Wilson, which rendered "confusion worse confounded." Finally the House surrendered to the Senate, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and swallowed the nauseous mess, hook, line, and sinker, most Democrats figuratively holding their noses, a few brave souls, such as Tom L. Johnson, voting against it. The bill was sent to the President, who in high dudgeon declined to sign it. He sulked for ten days, thereby permitting it to become a law without his signature. Congress loafed during the ten days in order that the bill might become a law, for if the President did not sign it and Congress adjourned before the ten days expired, the bill would fail to become a law. Had Mr. Cleveland signed it promptly when sent to him, at least fifty Democratic Representatives who were defeated by narrow margins—of whom I was one—would have been re-elected. So soon as the bill became a law times began to improve, and ten days more of improvement would have helped largely at the election. As it was, we had to face a people disheartened by the panic and angry from disappointment. We had to carry the odium of the bad features forced into the bill in the Senate, and had everywhere to meet the presidential charge that we had acted with "dishonor and party perfidy." The result was inevitable. The Republicans carried every close district such as mine and many which in 1890 and 1892 had given large Democratic majorities. They achieved a sweeping victory, converting a big Democratic majority in the House of the Fifty-third Congress into a Republican majority of enormous proportions in the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress.

The Senate was also transformed into a Republican body. So, during the last half of his second term Mr. Cleveland "had on his hands a Congress" Republican in both branches.

In the retrospect, it seems to me that, had the President and the Congress started out deliberately to turn the government back to the Republicans—which of course they did not—they could not have devised a plan better than the one pursued.

It was inevitable that during the short session of the Fifty-third Congress the Democrats, after such a thorough drubbing, should be sore and in wretched humor, wrangling, jangling, snapping, quarreling about anything and everything.

As the Breckenridge-Heard row was the most stormy scene that I witnessed in the House during that short session, and as both men were my personal friends, I propose to describe it exactly as I saw and heard it, premising with the statement that while it was an affair to be regretted all round, Breckinridge and Heard both acted in such a way as to convince all men of their physical courage and good common sense.

It was district day, and Heard, as chairman of the District Committee, was entitled to the right of way. Heard, as a matter of courtesy, yielded to Governor McCreary of Kentucky, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to make a conference report, not to be debated and to consume not over twenty minutes. But, in submitting his report, Mr. Chairman McCreary made a few remarks which provoked others in reply, and thus over an hour of Heard's committee's time was consumed. Others wanted to speak, among them Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge. In defense of his committee, and on the advice of many leading members, Heard opposed further debate on McCreary's report and demanded the previous question. Whereupon he and Colonel Breckenridge got into a conversation which constantly grew hotter, until both men got mad.

Heard exclaimed, "It is better for the House to transact the necessary business of the committee than to give the gentleman an opportunity to make a buncombe speech."

Breckinridge shouted, "You are a dirty pup!"

Heard replied, "You are a d——d liar!"

Then bedlam broke loose. Every member was on his feet in an instant. Colonel Breckinridge left his seat, walked down the aisle, crossed the area in front of the Speaker's stand, and started up the big aisle toward Heard's seat. Colonel Breckinridge was about five feet ten, stockily built, weighed about two hundred, was very muscular, and not past his prime. His full beard was the color of snow, and his face, always rubicund, was flaming scarlet that morning. He had the finest head of yellowish-white hair in America, and it floated in the breeze like the plume of Navarre. Like a mad bull he was endeavoring to get to the Missourian, who, slender, frail, and erect as an Indian, stood in his place calmly awaiting the infuriated Kentuckian. Heard looks more like a Methodist bishop and talks less like one than any other man in America.

I never knew what was going through Heard's head at that trying moment, but as he evidently was no match for Breckinridge in a slugging-match, and as he clearly meant to meet him, my private opinion always has been, and is now, that he fully intended to stick a knife into his antagonist as soon as he was close enough. Several members interposed. Speaker Crisp was white with rage, and pounded his desk with his gavel so viciously that the head flew off and hit the abdomen of a page, who was the only person damaged in the flesh. Crisp yelled for the sergeant-at-arms. It took several minutes to arouse that somnolent official. In the mean time the big aisle was a whirling, swirling, howling mass of Congressional humanity. Above the roar rose the Speaker's voice, shouting: "The sergeant-at-arms will arrest those men and bring them to the bar of the House."

At last Col. Ike Hill seized the mace—his badge of authority—nicknamed "the silver buzzard" by the irreverent, and rushed up the aisle. The most active man he saw was Lafe Pence, of Colorado, who was then not much bigger than Tom Thumb, and who was holding, like a bull-terrier, one of Colonel Breckinridge's huge arms and was being flopped around in the air by the enraged Kentuckian. So Colonel Ike seized Lafe and dragged him down to the bar of the House. Lafe solemnly swore he'd never act as peacemaker again. Finally Breckinridge and Heard were led down to the Speaker's stand and asked to explain matters.

Colonel Breckinridge then made his statement, and concluded by saying: "The gentleman from Missouri should retract his remark, so offensive to me, for that cannot stand between the gentleman from Missouri and myself."

Colonel Heard made his statement, which he concluded as follows: "I simply did my duty in the matter, which gave offense to the gentleman from Kentucky, and without any purpose to slight him or any other individual member. He grossly insulted me, and by his offensive remarks provoked my retort, of which he complains. Believing myself justified in using the language I did, I will never withdraw nor qualify it until he withdraws that which furnished the provocation."

Thus it will be seen that their explanations did not explain, and there were still great gobs of blood on the moon. As everybody knew that both Heard and Breckinridge were "dead game," a street duel was expected, and all were anxious to avert it. I think the blessing vouchsafed to the peacemakers in the Sermon on the Mount must forever rest on Alexander Monroe Dockery and Judge Goodnight, of Kentucky, for that day's work. Also on Colonel Hatch, Governor McCreary, Ashur Caruth, and Speaker Crisp. They prevented a shooting-scrape — perhaps a double homicide. While Breckinridge and Heard went on with their routine duties, the above-named gentlemen held peace conferences in the Speaker's room, and, after considering all the facts, circumstances, and language, it was agreed that Mr. Speaker Crisp should prepare a statement of the matter. This he did with such skill, friendliness, and judicial fairness that both the belligerents accepted it like men and without a murmur. In pursuance of the arrangement and program effected by Speaker Crisp, Dockery, McCreary, and others, late in the afternoon, Colonel Breckinridge arose and made a most graceful and happy speech, "asking pardon of the House, including the gentleman from Missouri." It was handsomely done, amid universal applause. Heard as handsomely responded, as generously retracted, and was as warmly applauded. At the conclusion of his remarks he went over to Breckinridge's seat, and Breckinridge met him in the aisle, where they cordially shook hands.

Heard said, "Billy, when men's beards get as gray as yours and mine, they ought to have more sense than to quarrel like boys."

"Yes, John," replied Breckinridge, "but it sometimes seems to me that the grayer we get the less sense we have."

In this happy manner—entirely honorable to both—ended a decidedly ugly quarrel. Somebody moved that all reference to the trouble be omitted from *The Record*, and it was so ordered. Thus Peace spread her white wings over the House, and all was again lovely and serene.

The next day it so happened that almost under Colonel Breckinridge's nose two members were on the verge of fisticuffs. The venerable Kentuckian rose and, stretching out his hands after the fashion of Reverend Doctor Chadband blessing his people, in dramatic manner commanded the peace. The House broke into a roar of laughter and applause, and "grim-visaged War smoothed her wrinkled front."

CHAPTER XIII

Gorman, Cleveland, Vest, Harris, Jones, Wilson, Hill, Breckenridge, and Others—Free Documents—Pensions.

DEMOCRATIC senatorial leaders always claimed that they secured by their amendments, not all the tariff reform they wanted, but all that was possible under the peculiar circumstances. Senator Hill placed his opposition to the Tariff bill avowedly on the ground of the income-tax feature. He offered, if that were eliminated, to join heartily with his brother Democratic Senators in making the best tariff bill possible, but so long as that was retained he would fight it to the end—and he did. It was retained, and he never did vote for it. Hamilcar, so the histories relate, took his young son Hannibal and made him swear, with his hand on the altar, eternal enmity to Rome. From Senator Hill's words and acts it may be fairly assumed that he had sworn eternal enmity to the income tax.

His defection reduced the Democratic voting strength on the Tariff bill in the Senate to forty-three—precisely the number required to pass a bill.

Cleveland's friends claimed that Hill's opposition to the bill grew out of his animosity to the President. Their feud was entirely personal, and was as bitter as that of Blaine and Conkling. Just how it began nobody appears to know. Here are some admitted facts which throw some light on the vexed and vexing subject.

In 1882 Cleveland and Hill ran on the same ticket for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of New York, respectively. Both were elected by enormous majorities, but Hill led Cleveland by about eight thousand votes. The chances are that that apparently insignificant fact, little noted at the time, planted in their hearts the seeds of mutual hatred. When Cleveland became President in 1885, Hill succeeded him as Governor, and remained in that position by election until the first day of January, 1892, to take his seat in the Senate. His term in the Senate began technically March 4, 1891, but he so thoroughly detested the Lieutenant-Governor, Jones (of "Jones: He pays the freight" fame), who would have become Governor had he resigned sooner, that he clung to the governorship until his regularly elected successor was inaugurated. In 1888 Cleveland, Democratic nominee for President, lost New York, and with it the Presidency, by fourteen thousand votes, while Hill was reelected Governor of New York by nineteen thousand plurality.

Thus was fuel added to the flames. Cleveland's friends loudly asserted that Hill had knifed him, and many of them believe it to this day, though Hill said repeatedly during the campaign that if either he or Cleveland had to be defeated, let it be himself.

In 1892 both Cleveland, then a private citizen, and Hill, a United States Senator, were candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination. The New York Democratic State Committee called a convention to meet at Albany February 22d, to select delegates to the Chicago National Convention, and the delegates were instructed for Hill and to vote under the unit rule. I have always thought that the outstanding feature of that state convention was that Governor-Senator Hill, in his speech of thanks, quoted the opening lines of Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, lead Thou me on!"

The Clevelanders immediately set up the cry of "snap convention"! And it rang throughout the land. They sent a contesting delegation to the national convention. The members were never seated, but they talked a great deal, thereby aiding materially in nominating Cleveland—the only man ever nominated for President without the vote of his own state.

All men knew that Senator Hill was a masterful tactician, strategist, and organizer, but nobody expected him to become one of the most powerful debaters in the Senate, and yet that was precisely what he did.

David B. Hill was one of the most masterful politicians the Empire State ever produced. Being a bachelor, he devoted his whole life to law and politics in about equal proportions, and succeeded in both fields. While not an Apollo Belvedere, he was a good-looking man, about five feet seven or eight inches tall, weighing about one hundred and sixty-five, with jet-black hair, mustache, and eyes, and olive complexion. He was very bald, which, strange to say, did not make him look old. He was graceful in action, gracious in manner, with a countenance of unusual shrewdness. He was a bitter fighter, which was demonstrated when, after long contests, he defeated two of Mr. Cleveland's New York nominees for positions on the Supreme Bench, claiming boldly and bluntly that they were not good Democrats. "It's an ill wind that blows good to nobody." President Cleveland grew weary of nominating New-Yorkers for Senator Hill to butcher, so he nominated Senator Edward D. White, of Louisiana, now the revered and well-beloved Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

During the long-drawn-out fight on the conference report on the Tariff bill, I witnessed a most thrilling and dramatic scene in the Senate—a hot trial of a question of veracity betwixt President Cleveland on the one side and Senators Gorman, Harris, Vest, Jones of Arkansas, and Voorhees on the other. It came about in this wise:

When it became apparent that no bill except the Senate bill could be passed, Senators Jones, Harris, and Voorhees claimed to have interviewed President Cleveland and Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, recognized as the head tariff reformer in America, and to have submitted the case to them, and that they both advised the acceptance of the proposed Senate amendments rather than to get no Tariff bill at all.

Senator Vest did not claim to have interviewed Cleveland, but vowed that he would never have agreed to the Senate amendments had he not been assured that they were acceptable to the President and to Mr. Secretary Carlisle. So, believing these men had helped add the Senate amendments to the House bill. On August 19th the bill was still in conference. On that day Mr. Chairman Wilson had read in the House the President's famous "Party Dishonor and Perfidy" letter, dated August 2d, in which hot shot was poured into the Senate Democrats for placing in the bill the Senate amendments which the aforementioned Senators vehemently asserted that the President and Secretary Carlisle had agreed to accept. The President's letter, and the claims of the Senators as to what he and Carlisle had said to them, raised a question of veracity. So on August 23d Senator Gorman delivered a most scathing and scorching speech about the bad faith or lack of veracity of the President. It was vehement, caustic, and blistering. In the midst of it he called on Senators Vest, Harris, and Jones to corroborate his statements, which they did promptly with most astounding emphasis. It was a most remarkable performance.

In his speech the great Marylander referred to Senator Hill as playing the rôle of Iago. The next day Senator Hill gave this amusing and brilliant adaptation of the death scene in "Julius Cæsar"—as good use as was made of any of the Shakespeare plays in debate, equaling if not exceeding the use which both Hayne and Webster made of "Macbeth" in their famous debate. Senator Hill said: "Mr. President, I have thus discharged my duty from my standpoint. The Senator from Maryland yesterday started to describe me as the Iago of Shakespeare, and then he withdrew the comparison. That reminds me of the senatorial conspiracy of years ago in the Roman Senate, when a senatorial cabal conspired to assassinate the great Roman emperor. If I were disposed to make comparisons I might speak of the distinguished Senator from Maryland as the 'lean and hungry Cassius.' [Laughter.] You recollect what Cæsar said of him. He said, 'He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.' [Laughter.]

"I might speak of the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Jones] as Marcus Brutus—'honest Brutus.' Right here I want to say a word. During all the tariff debate, during all the preparation of this bill, that Senator has exhibited most wonderful patience and sagacity; he has treated every citizen and every Senator with the greatest respect. No matter how this debate may terminate, no matter whether this bill passes or not, I say the Senator from Arkansas—and in paying this compliment I do not discriminate against any one else—has won the esteem and respect of his countrymen everywhere. I will call him 'honest Brutus.' Cassius I have already referred to. [Laughter.] Casca was the distinguished Senator who struck the first blow last Friday [Mr. Vest]. Trebonius, the Senator from Indiana [Mr. Voorhees]—testy, probably a little petulant—'good Trebonius.' Metellus Cimber, the distinguished Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Harris]. [Laughter.]

"Mr. President, when yesterday they stabbed at our President and sought to strike him down, they made the same plea as did the conspirators of old, that they struck for Rome—for their country. They said they did it, not that they loved Cæsar less, but that they loved Rome more; not that they love their President less, but that they love their party and this Senate bill more. [Laughter.] I can say with Mark Antony:

> "What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
> That made them do it; they are wise and honorable."

(Laughter and applause on the floor and in the galleries.)

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whose profession, as stated by him in his autobiography in *The Congressional Directory*, is "Literature," is much in the habit of adorning his speeches with quotations from the poets. While in the House, in a bitterly contested election case from Alabama he said, among other things: "We have testimony, for instance, in the city of Selma, that nine men voted who were not there. Most of them were dead. We know, sir, on the highest literary authority that

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The sheeted dead did much better than that in Selma, Alabama—they voted."

Farther along, commenting on the fact that a man named Elam was recorded as voting, though he was murdered some months before, the Senator made this pat quotation:

> "The time has been
> That when the brains were out the man would die,
> And there an end. But now they rise again,
> With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
> And push us from our stools: This is more strange
> Than such a murder is."

WILLIAM L. WILSON

The French had a confirmed fashion of nicknaming their kings. Charles Martel means Charles the Hammer; Charlemagne, Charles the Great; Louis the Ninth is always Saint Louis; Louis the Fourteenth, Le Grand Monarque; Louis the Sixteenth, Louis the Locksmith, and Louis the Eighteenth, Louis the Hog.

Then there were Charles the Bold, Charles the Fat, Charles the Mad, Charles the Simple, Charles the Bald, Charles the Wise, Charles the Victorious, John the Good, Philip the Fair, Louis the Pious, and Louis the Lion.

The first of the Bonapartes is the "Last of the Cæsars," the "Little Corporal," the "Man of Destiny," and "Napoleon the Great," while Victor Hugo, in order to even up things in history with Louis Napoleon for the butchery of December, whereby he overthrew the Republic and established the Second Empire, dubbed him "Napoleon the Little."

Of all the titles ever bestowed upon a French ruler, that most to be desired is the one given to Louis the Fifteenth of "Louis Bien Aimé"—"Louis the Well Beloved."

William L. Wilson was the well beloved, indeed the best beloved, in the House of the Fifty-third Congress. He was chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means and therefore ex-officio Democratic floor leader.

If he had an enemy on the whole face of the earth, I never heard of it. I don't see how he could have. Brave as a lion, he was gentle as a woman. In his youth a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, he never alluded to that bloody and heroic chapter in our annals. Most assuredly he did not belong to that large and constantly increasing army of heroes, "invisible in war and invincible in peace." With fame world-wide, he was as unassuming as the plainest citizen of the farthest backwoods.

With opportunities for growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice by prostituting his high position to personal gain, he was still poor when he died, and had not Mr. Cleveland taken him into his official family, after ten years of most distinguished service in Congress, he would have been compelled to begin his law practice over again in the mountains of West Virginia.

Since the long agony of Garfield, the sickness of no man has produced such widespread sympathy as that of the chairman of Ways and Means. A sympathizing nation watched by his bedside in spirit when he was at death's door in a foreign land. Since Blaine met his Waterloo in November, 1884, the defeat of no candidate has created such universal sorrow as did Wilson's. In hundreds of thousands of homes it was not only regarded as a public calamity, but as a personal bereavement.

Twice in his career Mr. Wilson's experience has demonstrated that defeat for office is sometimes a blessing in disguise, as in each instance he was promoted—just as the purblind politicians who gerrymandered William McKinley out of a seat in Congress helped considerably in making him President.

Years ago Wilson was beaten for the nomination for Circuit judge by Charles James Faulkner, afterward United States Senator from West Virginia. Soon after that mishap he was sent to Congress. Had he succeeded in securing a place upon the woolsack no doubt he would have made an able and upright judge, but his reputation would have been circumscribed to a comparatively small area.

After the tariff barons boodled his district he was elevated to the Cabinet, the most popular of all Mr. Cleveland's appointments.

Mr. Wilson enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being a graduate of old Virginia University—the great nursery of Southern statesmen; of having been a professor in the Columbian University at Washington, as well as president of the University of West Virginia, and of having declined the presidency of both the University of Missouri and the University of Texas. In this regard his career resembles and eclipses those of John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, and James A. Garfield. After going out of the Cabinet, he became president of Washington and Lee University, and died in that high position.

It would have been nothing but fair for Missouri to have taken Mr. Wilson for her own, as she has contributed to West Virginia's roll of statesmen two Governors—Jacob and MacCorkle—and four Senators of the United States—Hereford, Kenna, Elkins, and Sutherland.

Mr. Wilson had one of the most wonderful memories ever possessed by any human being since the days of Cyrus the Great, who is said to have known the name of every man in his vast armies. I do not believe that astounding tale about Cyrus. It is too much for human credulity.

Among Mr. Wilson's most precious keepsakes was a small gold watch, presented to him when a child at a Baptist Sunday-school, as a prize for committing to memory the entire Book of Proverbs. As a task in mnemonics I would rather undertake to memorize the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and all the Epistles. Somebody once sagely remarked that the dictionary was a very interesting work, but that "it changed subjects too often." That's precisely the difficulty with King Solomon's Proverbs when one undertakes to learn them by heart. If any person who is proud of his memory doubts the truth of this, let him try it.

In personal appearance Mr. Wilson was much more the profound scholar than the ideal statesman. Slender, graceful, not above the middle stature, with an exquisitely shaped head, a Greek nose, a handsome, genial, kindly face, dark, laughing eyes, a fine crown of iron-gray hair, and a long, drooping mustache, he would have been picked out in any assembly by a judge of human nature as a man of great mental capacity and of highest intelligence. To see him pitted against "the Big One" from Maine, as he frequently was, always reminded me of the story of David and Goliath.

Wilson was as learned, as witty, and as humorous as Reed. He was more eloquent. Reed wielded the battle-ax; Wilson, the Damascus blade. He prepared his speeches with greater care and polished them more highly. In delivery he was more pleasing, in manner far more gracious and captivating.

The only reason why so many of his mots and repartees are not quoted is that by reason of his tenderness of heart he could not make up his mind to say a thing that hurt, while Reed had no sort of hesitancy in breaking bones. On the contrary, he delighted in seeing the wounded kick and flutter.

I have frequently witnessed Mr. Wilson speaking under great provocation, but I never heard him make but one sharp, biting, personal retort on his tormentors, and, such was his unconquerable amiability, that he stopped and recalled it instanter.

The dramatic element in oratory affects an audience perhaps more than any other. The greatest oratorical tournament this world ever saw was during the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

As a fitting climax to his spectacular speech, Sheridan managed to fall back in a fainting fit into the arms of Edmund Burke. Mr. Wilson was above any such histrionic trick as that; but at the conclusion of his closing speech on the original Wilson Tariff bill, before the senatorial artists had so carved it that its sponsors disowned it, there happened one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in any parliamentary body on earth when William J. Bryan, "the Boy Orator of the Platte," and Harry St. George Tucker, the young Virginia Hotspur, took the brilliant West-Virginian on their shoulders—very much against his will—and carried him in triumph to the cloakroom, amid the plaudits of the members and the shouts of the galleries.

That was a great day for Wilson and the country—and that triumphal procession deserves to live on immortal canvas.

He was exceedingly sensitive. Isador Strauss, who went so gallantly to his death on the *Titanic*, served in the House of the Fifty-third Congress, and loved Wilson as a brother, told me this incident in 1912: He said that Wilson had worn himself out in his long and nerve-racking labors on the Tariff bill, and when he learned that President Cleveland was sore displeased with the results he broke down utterly, placed his arms on the table and his head on his arms, and cried like a child. Here was this delicately built man, who had faced death on a score of battle-fields from the first Manassas to Appomattox with unflinching courage, weeping copious tears because his political chief was not satisfied with what he had done, when as a matter of fact he had done the best he could under the circumstances, and with the men whose votes he had to have in order to pass any Tariff bill at all. I haven't even a shadow of doubt that his toil on that ill-starred bill and the pronounced disapproval with which it met, as evidenced by his own defeat and the slaughter of his friends, ruined his health and hastened his death—for he was still a young man when he went to join his fathers.

The question is often asked, "Do speeches ever change votes in Congress?" Since the sun set that day I have been prepared to answer that question emphatically in the affirmative. That thirty minutes' speech, and the indescribable and contagious enthusiasm it engendered, brought at least twenty kickers into line. It should be studied carefully by all budding statesmen and embryo orators, as a model. When the roll was being called, as certain names were pronounced by the clerk and the responses were "aye," John DeWitt Warner, the great free-trader, said to me, "An hour ago those men had no more idea of voting for that bill than flying."

On that occasion Mr. Wilson had every conceivable motive to nerve him to the supreme effort of his life—ambition, rivalry, patriotism, love of truth, as fine an audience as the most fastidious could desire, and the certainty that the next morning his words would be published in every great daily printed in the English language.

Expectation was great, and the expectation was fully realized, for he spoke as one inspired. In that half-hour he established the high-water mark for eloquence, both for himself and the House of Representatives.

POPULAR DELUSION AS TO PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The government of the United States is the most extravagant that ever was or ever will be on earth—chiefly because this is the richest nation under the sun. Among other things, it maintains the biggest and best-equipped printing-office known among men since Gutenberg invented movable types.

Most persons believe that a Representative or Senator can get all the books, documents, speeches, and government publications he wants free—which is absolutely incorrect. Of books, documents, etc., each Representative has a certain quota, and no more—usually twenty-six. A Senator's quota is considerably larger. So far as speeches made in the House or Senate are concerned, the government prints them in the daily *Congressional Record*, of which each Representative has fifty-one placed to his credit—a Senator a few more; but if either a Senator or a Representative desires copies of his own speech or somebody else's, he must pay for them out of his own pocket. He may have them printed at the Government Printing Office or elsewhere, and it is considerably cheaper to have them printed elsewhere, as the Government Printing Office figures on a basis of ten per cent. net profit to the government. During my first term a certain editor, not in my own district, not even in my own state, wrote me asking that I send him ten thousand copies of another man's long speech. He was so ignorant as to believe that the government prints speeches free. I declined, on the ground that they would cost at least one hundred dollars and that I was too poor to afford it. I explained the whole thing to him in as kind a manner as possible, but it made a mortal enemy of him and he has never lost an opportunity to assail or slander me since. He is now holding a fat Federal job!

Of all the books ever published by the government, *The Horse Book* was the most popular. It is now out of print. I once gained a lawsuit by reason of having read that book. A man drove a livery-stable horse to death and declined to pay for him. I brought suit for the liveryman, and we tried the case before a justice of the peace, where, as the saying is, "everything goes." The defense was that the horse died of the bots. It is generally believed that bots eat through the walls of a horse's stomach and kill him; but *The Horse Book* says that all horses raised in the country, and over three years old, have bots, which do them no harm. As soon as the horse dies, however, they eat through the walls of the stomach. Hence the popular fallacy that bots kill horses. I read that chapter to the jury, thereby securing a verdict for my client.

During my first year in Congress I had an experience about the *Agricultural Year-Books* which cost me several good dollars and cut my wisdom teeth—on that subject at least. I had never read one in my life. I took as sober truth the frequent assertion of newspapers that they were flat, stale, and unprofitable—dry as a powder-house, fit only to be used as a soporific, a sure cure for insomnia. It so happens that a Representative's quota of the *Year-Books* is the largest of all books—nine hundred and ninety-four. As tutored by the newspapers, I regarded the *Year-Books* as a nuisance, never dreaming that anybody actually wanted them. So I told my secretary to send them to the first nine hundred and ninety-four farmers he could think of—which he did. Then I had a sad and sudden awakening. I began to receive requests for them. I went down to a second-hand-book store and bought copies to supply the demand, which continued until I purchased four hundred. I then bought one for myself and read it. To my utter surprise I found it what Horace Greeley called "very interesting reading." Since that expensive experience I keep my quota of the *Agricultural Year-Book* in stock until they are called for, and I read them religiously.

Once upon a time an amusing thing to the public, an aggravating thing to Col. R. H. Bodine, then Representative in Congress from the Second Missouri District, happened to him, touching Chickens bulletins. The Agricultural Department issued a bulletin on chickens, illustrated with fine pictures of a trio of every known breed of chickens. Colonel Bodine distributed his quota of bulletins to the housewives of his bailiwick. One of his constituents, Major Henry A. Newman, was an incorrigible joker, a political enemy to Bodine. So he informed the people that the pictures of the chickens in the bulletin were pictures of the chickens which the government was distributing free, and all they had to do to secure a trio of any breed desired was to write Colonel Bodine, who would promptly and gladly send on the poultry. The consequence was that Colonel Bodine was flooded with letters asking for chickens until his "condition was rendered intolerable"—to use the phraseology of divorce statutes and petitions. It kept himself and his clerk on the jump for several weeks, writing letters explaining that the government was not engaged in the free coinage of poultry, and that therefore he had no chickens to send them. The situation was growing tense and serious, when it leaked out that Major Newman was at the bottom of the scheme. Then the whole thing ended in a loud guffaw throughout the district.

Incidentally, and as a palpable *non sequitur*, it may be stated that the bulletins of the Agricultural Department are among the most popular of government publications.

If when I first came to Congress I had known that I was destined to remain in the House half a lifetime, and had preserved all the queer letters I have received, publishing them in a book precisely as they were written, they would have made a unique and interesting volume. Some of the requests are amazing.

Most of the things printed in *The Congressional Record*, or as public documents or in book shape, are valuable if they could only be delivered to the persons interested in the subjects treated. Of course the privilege of printing in *The Congressional Record* and in the shape of documents and books is abused.

One of the most glaring abuses was in printing the so-called Jefferson Bible in full red Turkey morocco. Of this document each Representative's quota was twenty-six. I had at least two thousand requests for it. People were led to believe, by the hullaballoo in the newspapers, that it was a newly discovered book written on the subject of religion by Thomas Jefferson, touching whose religious opinions there is an unending controversy. But he never wrote a word of this so-called Jefferson Bible. What he did do was to cut all the sayings of Jesus out of a Greek Testament, a Latin Testament, a French Testament, and an English Testament, printing them in four columns side by side in a blank-book. The reason he did that was, he said, that what Jesus said was all right, but that the apostles and disciples muddled it. Any one who could read the four languages could have duplicated his performance, and the Jefferson Bible could be of no sort of use to any one who could not read the four languages aforementioned. By order of the House, however, it was printed as a public document. In the upper left-hand corner of the wrapper, in great block type, were printed these words: "The Morals of Jesus, by Thomas Jefferson."

An aggravating feature was that if you put a dozen copies in the mail without registering them, you were fortunate if half reached those for whom they were intended.

For a long time I was opposed to members printing in *The Record* words, editorials, articles, and speeches not delivered in the House; but I finally changed my mind on that subject. I concluded that it was preferable to let them be printed rather than be compelled to listen to them.

Another reason why I changed my opinion in this matter is that some speeches of much value, printed in *The Congressional Record*, were never delivered in Congress, the most remarkable case perhaps being the famous Silver speech of John G. Carlisle, most frequently quoted of all his speeches. He wrote it in the quietude of his library and inserted it in *The Record* under "a blanket leave to print" granted to all members on a particular bill.

LIBERALITY AND MISTAKEN PUBLIC OPINION AS TO PENSIONS

The Federal government is the most liberal one on the face of the earth in granting pensions—too liberal, many persons say. It is a huge pension roll and it requires vast sums of money to pay the veterans their stipends.

It goes without saying that a country which steadfastly refuses to maintain a large standing army must have a liberal pension system for her volunteer soldiers.

A great many people believe that a large percentage of the men drawing pensions are not entitled to them. No doubt there are some, but after twenty-five years in an official position, which tends to make one familiar with the facts, I am of the opinion that the number drawing pensions who are not doing so rightfully is somewhat exaggerated. Appearances are frequently deceptive—decidedly so in this matter as in many others. So are the records.

It is said that "an open confession is good for the soul." I am willing to make one. Prior to entering Congress I had never paid any attention to the pension question. I had so often heard it said that a large percentage of pensions should not be allowed that naturally I believed it. Consequently, as soon as I was elected I began to save up material for an anti-pension speech, which material I have yet—unused and never to be used. I went to Washington, kept my ears open, listened to the discussion of private pension bills, and discovered, very much to my surprise, that the beneficiaries of most of the bills were entitled to pensions, but were shut out by some technicality. For instance, the law then provided for a service of ninety days. Of course there had to be a general rule on the subject, and the rule read ninety days. It happened that an entire battalion, recruited in my district, served eighty-nine days. Now I defy anybody to show any substantial reason why an eighty-nine days' man was not as much entitled to a pension as a ninety days' man—the cases being on all-fours in other respects. That's an example of how a deserving soldier might be shut out by technicalities. I observed other facts of similar tenor, and began to examine with an open mind into the case of each applicant from my bailiwick, and where there was merit in the claim I attended to it, and by so doing have kept several old soldiers and soldiers' widows out of the almshouse and have ameliorated the condition of many more and of many orphan children—for all of which I ask nobody's pardon.

Here are some interesting and enlightening experiences which I have had. At Louisiana, Missouri, lived an ex-soldier of the Civil War, named Frederick Wiseman. He was over six feet in his stockings, weighed over two hundred, and appeared perfect physically. He was as fine a specimen of physical man for his age, apparently, as could be found. He was drawing a small pension and asked me to secure an increase. One day I met him on the street, and he said: "You think that because I am a smashing-big man that there's nothing the matter with me, but I am so badly ruptured on both sides that I hardly ever walk the few blocks from my home to my office, or back again, without being compelled to dodge out of sight to arrange my truss." I investigated his statement and found it to be absolutely true. Then the only question to be settled was whether his rupture was of service origin.

One day in the long ago, when I was a candidate for the first office I ever held—city attorney of Louisiana, Missouri—I was down at the Chicago & Alton R. R. depot, and was introduced to Tom Folwell as "Captain" Folwell, who was working on the section. I noticed that he had a bad squint in one eye. When my friend who had introduced us and I got out of ear-shot, I inquired why he called Folwell captain. "Because he was a captain, and what's more he is one of the real heroes of the Civil War." Then he told me that Folwell was the first man who took a transport past Vicksburg, and that General Grant promoted him from the ranks to a captaincy for that hazardous performance. He explained that the way Folwell came to have that squint in his eye was that when the Confederates were bombarding his transport a cannon-ball hit it, knocking the timbers to pieces, and that a splinter hit Folwell in the eye, giving it that permanent squint. For many years the injury simply disfigured him without damaging his eyesight, but as he grew older he began to go blind in that eye. During my early service in Congress he was advised by a "mutual friend" to ask my assistance in securing him a pension; but in that far-away day political lines were sharply drawn in Missouri. I was a Democratic Congressman and Captain Folwell was a stanch Republican, and his reply to our friend's kindly suggestion was that there was no use in applying to me, because he knew that I would do nothing for him. I kept on going to Congress, and his eye, together with his health, got worse and worse. So, after I had been in Congress several years he wrote me asking that I introduce a special bill for him, which I did gladly, because I believed he was honestly entitled to it; but it was too late. I secured the passage of the bill through the House, but he died before it could be passed through the Senate. If Captain Folwell had served under Napoleon and had performed such a feat as he performed at Vicksburg, he would have been decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In Bowling Green, Missouri, lived an old soldier named Preston, a plasterer by trade, who had been a private in an Illinois regiment. He was an intense Republican, possessed a considerable gift of speech, and during campaigns would make political speeches in the small towns and school-houses. To him all Democrats—particularly myself—were anathema. He laid on and spared not; but as old age came creeping on him he began to go blind. He applied to the Pension Office for a pension, and was refused. Here was his case: At Resaca, or Kenesaw Mountain, or somewhere in that campaign, the Confederate batteries were, from high ground, shelling the

Federals. The brigade to which Preston belonged was ordered to lie down in order to escape injury. While he was lying on his stomach a shell exploded above him and a piece of it made a bad raking wound in his hip, tearing the flesh and fracturing the bone. Hence his failing vision. The Pension Office doctors, however, declared there was no possible connection between a wound in his hip and his eyesight, and laughed him to scorn. So he came to me as a *dernier ressort*, notwithstanding his verbal assaults upon me in his stump speeches. He related his story as I have given it above, and, knowing very little about anatomy, I told him that I agreed with the Pension Office doctors that his hip injury was in no way responsible for his blindness. He asked me if I would believe what Doctor Reynolds, the oldest physician in town, also the leading Republican, would say. I indicated my faith in any diagnosis Doctor Reynolds would make. So we went to see him. He was a plain, blunt man of wide experience and positive opinions. He "cussed" the Pension Office doctors through all the colors of the rainbow as a job lot of ignoramuses, swore that Preston's blindness was caused by the nervous shock of the shell-wound in his hip, and promptly made affidavit to that effect. Two other local physicians did the same thing.

I took the affidavits, and when the Congress opened I introduced a private bill for him. One day I sat down by Gen. David B. Henderson, a splendid gentleman of Iowa, subsequently Speaker of the House. He was just out of a hospital, where a section of his leg had been amputated. He gave me his experience. At Corinth a rifle-ball went through his ankle, and the amputation was made a few inches above the wound. Necrosis of the bone set in, and his leg was thereafter amputated piecemeal every few years. He said that when the surgeons were preparing to make the last operation they debated as to whether they would amputate his leg at the hip-joint, but abandoned that idea because ninety per cent. of those upon whom that operation is performed die of the shock—the hip-joint being the second largest nerve center in the body. General Henderson's statement confirmed me in the belief of the correctness of Doctor Reynolds's diagnosis. I went out and got Preston's bill reported. The very morning I was going to call it up for passage I received a telegram from Doctor Reynolds saying that the night before Preston had suddenly died of total paralysis—which vindicated his diagnosis of the case.

In my home town there lived a Union soldier named Foley, who had a long, deep scar across his face and the upper part of his nose. He was a painter by trade—an industrious man. When he was nearly sixty he began to go blind. He applied for a pension on the ground that the cut on his face—which he alleged was made by a Confederate saber—was the cause of his failing eyesight. The Pension Office rejected his claim by reason of the fact that he had no hospital record. He came to me to secure the passage of a private pension bill for him. I told him why the Pension Office turned him down. He said, "I was never in a hospital in my life. When I received this saber wound I was a healthy young chap, twenty years old, serving in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac. One day a lieutenant took about twenty of us on a scouting expedition. We encountered a squad of Stuart's cavalry and had a battle out in the woods, in which I was slashed across the face by a saber. The lieutenant had taken a course of medical lectures, had been a clerk in a drug-store, and carried a small pocket-case of scissors, needles, etc., as first aids to the injured. As soon as the skirmish ended he washed my wound, sewed up the gash, and put some sticking-plaster on it. Being in good health, the wound healed by what the doctors call 'first intention,' and I never lost even a day's service on account of it." I told him that that was a very fine story, if he could prove it. He inquired what evidence was necessary. I replied that it would be necessary to produce the affidavit of the lieutenant, if he were living, and if possible the affidavits of two members of the squad. He declared that that would be difficult, as he had lived in the West for thirty years and had heard nothing of his companions in arms, but that he would try. In less than two months he secured the affidavits of two privates and of the lieutenant, who was then a practising physician out in Kansas. With these affidavits, together with the affidavits of three reputable physicians that his growing blindness was caused by the saber cut, I secured the passage of a private bill for the old man's relief.

One of the most difficult things to do in Congress is to have the charge of desertion removed from a soldier's record. Nobody has any respect for a deserter—nobody should have. Union and Confederate soldiers in Congress join forces in fighting bills to remove charges of desertion. A case has to be made as clear as crystal to appeal to them. There is no other charge which a soldier so angrily resents. Many soldiers, however, at the close of the war stood on the rolls marked as deserters who were really not deserters. When absent on roll-call—absence unexplained—they were noted as deserters by the orderly sergeants, and they remained in that status where the orderly sergeants were lazy or careless. There are two ways by which to remove such charges. First, the Secretary of War may do it in certain cases, if he wishes so to do. In cases perfectly plain he generally does so. Second, in all cases Congress can remove the charges.

I had one experience about removing the charge of desertion which was both interesting and illuminating.

William D. McLean was my neighbor and friend. When I first entered the House he asked me to look after his pension claim, which I did, and which the Pension Office rejected on the ground that there were three charges of desertion against him. Then I applied to the Secretary of War to remove the charges—which he refused to do. Then I introduced a private bill for his relief. At the end of twenty years the charge was removed by Act of Congress.

Here is McLean's story: A green Scotch lad, he landed in America about the beginning of the Civil War, and promptly enlisted, served four years, and, as the facts ultimately proved, was a good soldier. The way the three charges of desertion happened to stand against him was this: He was sent to a hospital because of wounds or sickness. As soon as he was able to get out he did not hunt up his old regiment, but promptly enlisted in the first that came along. In that way he served four years, but in four different regiments. Because he did not know where his companions in arms lived, it was extremely difficult, well-nigh impossible, to verify his story; but finally it was accomplished, his record was cleared of the three charges of desertion, and he was granted a pension which ought to have been granted a score of years before, as there was ample proof that he was entitled to it, by reason of injuries received in the line of duty. I hope that "Mac" will live many years to enjoy his stipend; but he enjoys more having his military record cleared than he does his pension.

It will surprise many persons to know that the Pension Office, instead of winking at fraudulent claimants, is on the constant lookout for them. If there is any doubt in a case a pension is never granted until by investigation the claim is ascertained to be just. If after a pension is granted there is a hint that the beneficiary is not honestly entitled to his pension, a departmental agent is sent to the pensioner's neighborhood to gather all the information possible, and if the preponderance of evidence is against the pensioner he is separated from his pension. I am fully aware that many good citizens never heard of all this, and believe that the Pension Office puts in a large part of its time encouraging unworthy claimants in getting on the rolls, but I have stated the plain and exact truth about it, the skeptics to the contrary notwithstanding. I am not guessing at it. I know whereof I speak.

In my county a man drew a pension for several years by reason of varicose veins. One of his comrades got mad with him and tipped the Pension Office off to the fact that his disease was not of "service origin," but antedated his enlistment—which, if true, barred him. A special pension agent was sent out to investigate, and upon his report the man's name was struck from the roster of pensioners. His neighbors appealed to me to have the case reopened, stating that he was a thoroughly honest man, in bad condition by reason of his varicose veins, which they declared were of service origin. At my request, incorporating their statement, the Pension Office reopened the case, sent another special agent, who reinvestigated the case with the same result—separation from the pension roll.

I had a neighbor from East Tennessee, named Honeycutt, who drew a pension for more than a quarter of a century, and then came to grief. His case is another illustration of the ancient saying that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." In an evil hour for himself, he sued his old wife for a divorce, whereupon she promptly informed the Pension Bureau that her husband had served two years in the Confederate Army prior to his service in the Union Army, and therefore was not entitled to a pension—all of which, upon investigation, turned out to be true, and Honeycutt was separated from the government pay-roll, though there was no doubt about his service in the Union Army or about his disabilities being of "service origin." Most assuredly his wife played even. She evidently agreed with Lord Byron, who said, "Sweet is revenge!" And he ought to have known, for he was one of the most revengeful of mortals.

In my district there was an old soldier almost stone-blind. He was as poor as Lazarus, had a large family, and was a charge on the community. He applied for a pension, and of course his neighbors, upon whose charity he and his family lived, were anxious for him to get it; but the Pension Bureau would have none of him, deciding after thorough investigation that his blindness was not of service origin, but the result of his own gross immorality subsequent to his discharge from the army.

The district which I represent is inhabited by many old Union soldiers and many old Confederates—much as the Englishman takes his ale, "'alf and 'alf." There is absolutely no animosity between them. The soldiers of the Civil War discovered years and years ago what certain lachrymose orators and writers are just finding out at this late day, that this is in very truth a reunited country. It may surprise some of the haystack brigade, whose skins and homes were safe during the war between the states and who still nurse their hatred, that in almost every case where a Union soldier writes me to secure him a pension or have his pension increased his ex-Confederate neighbor also writes asking me to do all in my power to aid his Union-soldier friend. They seem to take pleasure in doing so. Most assuredly, so far as the old soldiers are concerned, "the war is over."

Those who paid close attention to the debate on the Army bill at the beginning of our war with Germany may have noted that I was somewhat responsible for carrying an amendment preventing substitutes or buying out by paying a commutation tax, as was done on an extensive scale during the Civil War—a most unpatriotic and disgraceful thing. The amendment was offered by Representative Carl Hayden, of Arizona. I helped him secure its adoption by making as vigorous a five-minute speech as I knew how. Why I took so much interest in Hayden's amendment was that one of my constituents wrote me to get him a pension for the amazing reason that his substitute was killed in battle! Suffice it to state that he is still pensionless. The recollection of that astounding experience caused me to back up Hayden. I was determined that future Representatives should not be pestered about pensions for men who send substitutes, and that the rich and poor should fare alike in this war.

CHAPTER XIV

The Fifty-fourth a Do-nothing Congress—Henderson—Polling the House—Tammany speech—Doctor English—Underwood.

CONGRESSES during whose life presidential elections are held rarely transact much business. They are devoted chiefly to politics. The Fifty-fourth was no exception to that rule.

It is narrated by a more or less veracious chronicler that when Thomas Brackett Reed was nominated by the Republican caucus for Speaker of the House in that Congress, in his speech of acceptance he naïvely remarked: "The Fifty-first Congress is famous for what it did do, while the Fifty-fourth will be notable for what it does not do!" Had Speaker Reed been all the major prophets rolled into one, he could not have made a more exact prediction; for it did nothing except mere routine work, such as passing appropriation bills.

No doubt he was supremely happy on that occasion. In the Fifty-first Congress he defeated William McKinley for the Speakership nomination by only two votes, and was elected by only a few more. In that Congress his career in the chair was one of storm and stress. In the caucus of the Fifty-fourth he was nominated by unanimous vote—to him a most gratifying performance. His party followers constituted almost two-thirds of the House. The Democrats had adopted his code of rules, in essence if not in letter; and as he had no more parliamentary revolutions up his sleeve, he looked forward to two years in the chair full of peace. Without exaggeration, or bad taste, he could have repeated Alexander Selkirk's boast:

> I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.

He could therefore spend much of his time and energy in chasing the *ignis fatuus* of a presidential nomination, which he did, to his lasting unhappiness.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

The most notable incident of the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress was that in it Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, began his long and distinguished public career, and was promptly and expeditiously flung out on a contest. But he returned to the Fifty-fifth, and has kept on returning to House or Senate ever since. If he felt hurt, as no doubt he did, he could have taken hope from the fact that one of his most eminent predecessors, as chairman of Ways and Means—William McKinley—suffered the same fate, only to come back and to rise to the dizziest heights.

Senator Underwood comes by his political and law-making talents naturally. They are hereditary. His grandfather was a Senator of the United States from Kentucky, and one of his uncles was Lieutenant-Governor thereof. He himself was one of the most successful and popular parliamentary leaders the House has ever known. He is already in the front rank in the Senate—in fact, he was in the front rank immediately upon being sworn in. His name is forever linked indissolubly with a great Tariff bill, part of which—the income tax—will endure as long as the Republic lives. He therefore, in a certain sense, has already become a historic personage, though still a comparatively young man as statesmen are rated.

Shortly after he was translated to the Senate I asked him if he would be on the Finance Committee, which corresponds in some of its functions to the Committee on Ways and Means in the House. I naturally supposed that he would desire that assignment. He replied by telling an apt anecdote. He said:

"Down in Kentucky there was a cobbler who unexpectedly inherited a large sum of money. He locked up his shop and went out in search of pleasure—in all sorts of wild dissipation. Finally he spent all of his money, and returned to his humble cobbler's bench. Not long afterward a lawyer went to his shop and informed the cobbler that he had inherited another fortune. He looked up from his bench and said: 'My God! must I go through all that again?' And that's the way I would feel about another Tariff bill!"

MR. SPEAKER HENDERSON

While Speaker Reed's defeat for the Republican presidential nomination embittered his heart during all his remaining days, and ultimately caused him to quit public life, his successor, Col. David Bremner Henderson, of Iowa, was spared heartburning on that tantalizing subject by reason of having been born in Scotland—being made by the Constitution ineligible to the Presidency. Consequently, having achieved the highest position to which he could attain, he was content and happy in the Speakership.

He was a handsome and commanding figure, and was fully six feet tall. With a splendid face, a symmetrical body—neither too fat nor too lean—with a magnificent shock of iron-gray hair, he compelled attention at any place, in any crowd, or at any time. He had a clarion voice, which completely filled the great hall of the House of Representatives, and was always heard gladly both by the members and the galleries. He was an intense, and sometimes a dramatic, orator. He was a frequent debater, and his long service, together with his wide information as to legislative matters, gave much force to his utterances.

In his first service in the army he lost a foot at Corinth. It was amputated just above the ankle. As soon as he was well he raised a regiment, and served as its colonel to the end of the war. Necrosis of the bone set in, and his leg was amputated piecemeal, from time to time, until it was all gone. Generally he wore a cork leg, but used it so skilfully by aid of a heavy cane that few persons observed that he was lame. When that leg became tender he used crutches. At such times he was extremely irritable and belligerent.

When we had up the Cuban Reciprocity bill, Speaker Henderson was bitterly opposed to it. Among those who stood with him in that matter was the late Representative Walter P. Brownlow, of Tennessee. All of a sudden Speaker Henderson and the Republican leaders, under White House pressure, changed sides. Among those who changed was Brownlow, who was blessed with a fine sense of humor. I was sufficiently familiar with him to take liberties. So, meeting him in the cloak-room, I said: "Brownlow, I hear you have changed sides on the Cuban Reciprocity bill. How did that happen?"

He replied, very solemnly: "I wanted to show Dave Henderson that I can jump a fence as easily with two legs as he can with one"—which was an adequate, if peculiar, explanation.

One reason why Colonel Henderson was elected Speaker was his uniform kindness to new members—which is gratefully remembered by many men to this day. There are few situations in life in which a man feels more lonesome than does a new member when he first arrives in Washington to assume his new honors and duties.

Hon. Charles B. Landis, of Indiana—universally called "Charlie"—an exceedingly brilliant orator, told me that when he first reached Washington, after being authorized to write M. C. after his name, he was awfully lonesome, and bluer than indigo. One day when he was in a particularly unhappy frame of mind he met Colonel Henderson in the Speaker's lobby, and Henderson asked him why he was moping around and was so disconsolate. Landis poured his tale of woe into the ear of the brawny, big-hearted Iowan, whereupon Colonel Henderson slapped him on the back and said: "Cheer up, my boy, you will soon come to the front and make the gray-haired veterans sit up and take notice. You've got the stuff in you to do it. Don't fret or sulk. Don't be a 'Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance,' but go in and show them what a country Hoosier editor can do. I'll back you for all I'm worth."

Charlie declared to me that Henderson's little speech did him more good than all the sermons he had ever heard, and from that day he loved the bluff, hearty Scotchman—and, truth to tell, he was worthy of his love.

I studied the story told me by Landis, and acted on it ever afterward. I took new members—particularly Democrats—under the shadow of my wing, and explained to them those things which a Representative can learn only by experience, as to the conduct of business and how to force their way toward the front. While I did that to strengthen our party in the House and without thought of the Speakership, I have no sort of doubt that one result of that line of conduct helped me attain that position. It certainly aided me very much when as minority leader I organized the Democratic minority into a superb fighting body.

While I was serving my second term, when Colonel Henderson was chairman of the great Committee on the Judiciary, I fought one of his bills, tooth and nail. When the fight was over he hobbled over to my seat and said, "Clark, did you fight that bill because you were against it or because you are mad at me?"

I replied, "Colonel Henderson, I was dead against the bill; that's why I fought it, and not because I have anything against you, which I have not." Then he made some kind, personal remarks, and we were close friends to the day of his death.

My wife is of Scotch extraction on her mother's side, and she is an old-school Presbyterian. For these reasons she and Speaker Henderson became fast friends. Once at a White House reception they were arguing politics. Henderson, with great vehemence, was denouncing Democrats in general—and Southern Democrats in particular—whereupon Mrs. Clark said: "Mr. Speaker, you ought not to be so hard on Democrats and Confederates. If you had lived down South, you perhaps would have been both."

He replied, "I don't have a bit of doubt about it, madam, not a bit. I always stay with my friends"—which was true, and which was one of the causes of his wide-spread popularity. That was the chief reason why he pulled through the Democratic storm of 1882 by the skin of his teeth, when the Hawkeye State for the first and last time since the close of the Civil War sent a delegation to the House a majority of which were Democrats.

Until quite recently there was a sort of glee club in the House, which filled up the long waits between conference reports on the last night of a session with songs, such as "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Old Black Joe," "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." The chief singers were Tawney of Minnesota, Hamilton of Michigan, Watson of Indiana, Burnett of Alabama, and Conry of New York. Colonel Henderson helped out with his deep bass. When he felt like perpetrating a solo he generally chose "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea," which he rendered with great éclat from both House and galleries. These musical services have been partially discontinued, because death, promotion, and accident have removed the musicians.

Henderson possessed a really magnificent bass voice, and had he been properly trained he might have made fame and fortune on the stage; but most assuredly if he could not have done so there was one member of the Fifty-ninth Congress who could have accomplished that feat, not by singing, but by whistling.

That was Hon. Frank Fulkerson, of St. Joseph, Missouri. He is perhaps the champion whistler of the world, and can imitate any bird, animal, or musical wind-instrument whatsoever. He was a favorite member of the House glee club, and on his last night in the House was the chief performer; but alas and alack! he couldn't whistle himself into a second term. The farmers of the Platte Purchase turned deaf ears to his unequaled whistling.

Speaker Henderson was one of the most grateful of mortals. He never forgot a man who did him a kindness.

For nearly ten years I wrote a three-thousand-word weekly letter for the American Press Association. Every Thursday morning, no matter where I was, that letter was in the New York office. They stereotyped it and sold the plates, accounting to me monthly. In a general way it was to be a Democratic letter, but I reserved the right to write on any subject or about anybody, just as I chose. I would not have written for them or for anybody else on any other terms.

It so happened that there was a rich man named Miller who secured the introduction of a bill into the House in several Congresses making it unlawful to print advertising matter on the American flag or to use the flag for advertising purposes. Miller was an enthusiast on the subject, and made a hobby of his bill. While Henderson was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Miller's bill was referred to that committee, and there were hearings on it.

Miller alleged that on one occasion Henderson said: "I hope the time will come when every pound of meat shipped from this country will be wrapped in the American flag, not to teach foreigners patriotism, but to teach them to eat American meat," which alleged utterance made Miller hot through and through. So he got him up a pamphlet handsomely printed in colors, arguing in favor of his bill, giving extracts from speeches, newspapers, and interviews. Among other things he quoted the alleged utterance of Henderson and proceeded to dance a war-jig on him. That was in a vacation of Congress. Things political being dull and being fond of Henderson, I took up the cudgels in his defense in one of my syndicate letters, winding up by declaring that it was preposterous for Miller or anybody else to undertake to impeach Colonel Henderson's patriotism, because he had given proof conclusive of his love of country by losing a foot at Corinth and by risking his life on a score of battle-fields.

I wrote it for my own satisfaction, never supposing that Henderson would see it and never dreaming that he would one day be Speaker. It turned out, however, that the Democratic paper in Henderson's home city of Dubuque printed my letter every week. Consequently Henderson read my defense of him against Miller's assault, took his pen in hand, and wrote me a four-page letter of thanks, which was hard to decipher, but which I have yet, as a reminder of his big, generous heart. From that day to the hour of his death he did all he knew how to promote my fortunes. It is a pleasure to write or think of him.

One of the most pathetic features of the great historic pageant at the funeral of Hon. Richard Parks Bland was the walking together of United States Senator James H. Berry, of Arkansas, and Gen. David B. Henderson, of Iowa, since the Speaker of the House of Representatives—Berry on his crutches and Henderson on his cork leg, each having lost a leg at Corinth on the same day, the one in the Confederate Army, the other fighting under the starry banner of the Republic.

General Henderson's spirit of good-fellowship was handsomely illustrated as we rode out to the graveyard. Senator Berry discovered that somehow he had lost his pocketbook, containing all his cash and his return ticket. As soon as this fact was announced, and before any one else could offer any assistance, Henderson ran his hand down in his pocket, pulled out a roll of greenbacks, counted out three ten-dollar bills, and in spite of Berry's protest forced him to take them. There was genuine American brotherhood for you!

It is rare that any utterance of a Speaker of the House, while actually occupying the chair, is flavored with humor or spiced with wit. Mr. Reed indulged his penchant in that regard very gingerly while presiding, though occasionally he could not resist the temptation. The same is true of Speaker Henderson. In the closing days of the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress the House was obstreperous, and Speaker Henderson pounded the desk with his gavel until his right arm must have been sore for a week after final adjournment. When the House was in a most uproarious mood, Hon. Page Morris, of Duluth, began to speak in a very low tone. Hon. John J. Lentz, of Ohio, arose to a question of order, stating that he couldn't hear what Morris was saying. That point had been made so often that day that Speaker Henderson's patience was threadbare.

He gave his desk a thundering whack and, looking at

Lentz, said: "I can give you order"; then, looking at Morris, roared, "but I can't give you lungs!" That sally put everybody in a fine humor, and order was restored.

Strange things happen toward the close of a session. For instance, Tuesday, June 5, 1900, was made by legislative fiction to include Wednesday, June 6th, so far as the House record was concerned. According to my way of thinking, as the legislative day of June 6th began, theoretically, at least, at noon, it was necessary for the House to go through the performance of adjourning at that hour, if for no more than a second, and formally to begin the legislative day of June 6th, but the House continued in session past twelve.

About 1 P.M., June 6th, being still in operation as June 5th, I rose to a question of order and said: "Mr. Speaker, is this yesterday or to-day? Under the rules were we not bound to adjourn at twelve, meridian?"

"Oh no," replied Speaker Henderson. "It is all right. Legislatively speaking, this is yesterday, but by the calendar it is to-day!" which was received with laughter and applause.

'Most everybody knows that General Henderson lost a leg during the Civil War, but very few know that by reason of some disease of the bone he was compelled to have that leg, or portions of it, amputated five or six times. Beginning just above the ankle, the surgeons cut off his leg piecemeal until they nearly reached the hip-joint. Few soldiers ever suffered more physical agony from wounds received in battle than did General Henderson. Nevertheless, he was as great a lover of peace as was Sir Robert Walpole. Some years ago Henderson was the orator-in-chief at a national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Indianapolis, and began his address with this splendid sentence: "My theme to-night is war; I hate it." That mot would form a fitting epitaph for this citizen-soldier.

At the end of a session most of the tilts, hard knocks, unpleasant episodes, and ugly scenes are forgotten, and everybody seems disposed to jollify. In the interludes of business, while waiting for conference reports, members musically inclined congregate in the area in front of the Speaker's stand and sing popular songs.

On June 7, 1900, the boys were singing, and when the Speaker came in to adjourn the House they began to sing "The Speaker's a Jolly Good Fellow." That touched his big heart. He ascended to his place, gave his desk a whack, and then, with a tear in his eye and a smile on his face, said, "The choir will come to order; likewise the House."

The committee appointed to wait on the President, to inform him that the House was ready to adjourn, having reported, Speaker Henderson delivered this neat and cordial valedictory, thoroughly characteristic of the man:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, we will in a few moments complete our session's work. It has been a session of earnest, patriotic effort, of unremitting toil. This House has demonstrated that men may meet on great fields of contest and part as friends. This body has considered many great, novel, national questions. That fervor which enters into debate on the eve of a great national conflict has been present, but guided by intelligence and manly courage.

"At the opening of this session I took this chair with that fear and apprehension which every conscientious man should feel. I appealed to you for support and kindly aid. Not for one moment have you forgotten that appeal. Your sustaining influence has made it possible to consider these mighty problems of the hour and never allow the legislator and the gentleman to sink below the high level of manhood.

"In parting, I wish you from my heart a pleasant vacation, and hope that you may all return to the duties of the next session refreshed in body and in mind."

Did Speaker Henderson exert much influence in legislation? My answer, from observation, is that he did. In my judgment the Porto-Rican Tariff bill never would have passed the House except for his influence.

When I was Democratic minority leader I accidentally learned how to poll the House in the easiest, best, and most accurate way possible. During the Christmas holidays most of the members leave Washington. The few who remain then have a golden opportunity to break into print. In the holiday season of 1908–09, while the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill was in the process of incubation, and while news items were scarce as hen's teeth or angels' visits, it popped into the head of some newspaper correspondent to discover whether the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee intended to offer a substitute Tariff bill. So he went around interviewing members. By some strange mishap, he never succeeded in interrogating any Democratic member of the Committee on Ways and Means, who would be compelled to do the work of preparing a substitute Tariff bill, if any such substitute was to be offered; but among others who yielded to his invitation to illuminate the question was Representative Henry D. Clayton, subsequently chairman of the great Committee on the Judiciary and now a Federal judge. He gave out a flaming interview, declaring that we would offer a substitute Tariff bill, covering every item from "agate to zinc." The last three words were winged words, and were head-lined in every newspaper in the land, and this interview reached into the remotest corners of the country.

The papers hammered on it until a great uproar was created—in fact, a perfect furor outside of Congress—and a vast volume of talk in Congress. It was the resounding theme of every tongue. Of course such a thing was unheard of till then. Moreover, it would entail a vast amount of labor, investigation, and trouble. In addition to all that, if we offered a substitute Tariff bill the Republican majority, instead of defending their own bill, would attack our bill. However that may be, the talk was so persistent that, as the top Democrat on Ways and Means as well as minority leader, I concluded that it was my duty, in both capacities, to find out what the Democratic sentiment of the House was on that important question.

So, by accident, I hit on this plan: I wrote the dean of each Democratic delegation and asked him to convene his delegation and poll them on the question of a substitute Tariff bill, stating that while it would entail much labor on the Democratic members of Ways and Means, we were willing to do the work if the House Democrats so desired.

Being myself the dean of the Missouri delegation, I called a meeting of it. When we had assembled I stated the reason for the call and asked them how they stood. At first all except one was enthusiastically in favor of a substitute Tariff bill. I told them that, that being the case, I desired to know their opinions as to the tariff rates on the various multitudinous items. First, I asked what rate they wished on zinc, lead, and iron. Three of them quit suddenly. I then asked what rate they suggested on lumber. Two more kicked over the traces. I then asked what tariff they thought should be levied on wool. Three more reneged. In an hour they left me alone in my glory—every one of them being against a substitute Tariff bill! The deans made their reports to me, showing the Democrats to be opposed—two to one—to a substitute Tariff bill, and that was the last of it.

The plan of polling the state delegations separately possesses this vast advantage over a general caucus: As a rule the members from a state have something of a community of thought and interest. It is a private performance in which the newspapers are not interested. The members sit down and reason calmly together. No inflammatory speeches are made in the presence of a large number of persons. No extravagant promises or threats are made in the heat of debate, which they think that they must stick to, right or wrong, out of self-respect. No wounds are made into which salt may be rubbed.

A great many folks, including Representatives in Congress, are of the same mental habit as the man who, by a slip of the tongue, declared a horse was seventeen feet high instead of seventeen hands high, and through pride of opinion stuck to it for evermore. Pride works tremendous results in this world. Alexander Pope was within the shadow of a great truth when he wrote:

> What the weak head with strongest bias rules
> Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Ever since my experience with the substitute Tariff bill, whenever I have desired very much to know the Democratic opinion of the House, I have had it polled by delegations. The last time I tried it was in the last days of the Sixty-third Congress, on the Shipping bill. President Wilson was in sore distress about it, and one night he came out to my house to see me. He told me his troubles, gave me his views at length, and I gave him mine. He finally asked me if it could be put through the House caucus. I replied that I did not know, as I had paid no attention to it, but that I had learned by hearing bits of conversation that there was much opposition to it.

Then President Wilson asked if I thought that, in the event of its being indorsed by the caucus, it would pass the House. I made the same reply. I then told him that in forty-eight hours I could ascertain with something approximating certainty the answer both as to caucus and House, if he so desired—which he did. Within the forty-eight hours I wrote him that it could be passed through the caucus after a bloody fight—and it was bloody, sure enough—and that it could be passed through the House after another bloody fight.

It turned out that my diagnosis was absolutely correct. The caucus which considered that bill lasted till the chickens were crowing for day, and was of the old-fashioned Kilkenny cat variety, the only one of that bad and bloody sort which we have had in nine years.

Though it passed the House, the bill did not become a law in that Congress—more's the pity.

I hope that my illustrious friend, Judge Henry D. Clayton, may live many years full of happiness and prosperity, but if he reaches the age of Methuselah and is interviewed every day, the chances are a thousand to one that he will never utter any three words which will be so widely quoted or create such a hubbub as did his "agate to zinc."

MY FIRST TAMMANY HALL SPEECH

Of all the experiences of my life prior to being sworn into Congress, the one which created the most comment, and for which I was most praised as well as most criticized, was the delivery of a speech in Tammany Hall, July 4, 1893. The newspaper comments ranged all the way from suggestions that I would some day be President to comparisons with Jesse James—certainly a sufficiently extended range to please most folks.

It came about in this wise: Early in June I received an engraved invitation, signed by the Big Four of the Wigwam, to be present on the birthday of the Republic and make a "short speech." I doubted the advisability of going, but my wife insisted that it would turn out well. So I replied that if the invitation was more than a stock

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invitation to all new Democratic Congressmen, and if I supposed they really wanted me, I would accept, inasmuch as I would be in Washington about that time on public business.

When I left my Missouri home in the last days of June I had not heard from them, and asked my wife to forward their answer, if any came, to my Washington address, which she did. I received it July 1st. En route having abundant leisure, I had written a brief speech on "The Trans-Missouri Democracy," but when, upon the receipt of their letter, I looked for my manuscript, to my dismay and disgust I discovered that I had lost it.

As I was desirous of sending proofs to friendly home newspapers—never dreaming that any New York paper would publish it—I secured a pencil and scratch-block, hunted up a job printing-office, chartered a messenger-boy, and sent the speech to my printer, sheet by sheet, as fast as I could write it, reproducing the lost speech from memory as nearly as possible. By night I had the proofs in the mail for home consumption. In the mean time I notified the committee that I accepted their kind invitation. They replied, asking when I would arrive and where I would stop. I replied that I would stop at the Hoffman House, arriving *via* the Pennsylvania road at such an hour on the 3d. Nobody met me at the depot or hotel.

I registered and asked their prices.

"Two dollars a day and up," replied the swell clerk.

"Are meals included?" I timidly inquired.

"No!" snapped His Royal Highness. I felt abashed in that august presence, and I took a two-dollar room up close to the rafters.

My utter greenness as to prices in New York must be charged up to the fact that that was my first visit to that delectable city. I felt very lonesome and came near taking the first train for the West. Having several hours of daylight left, I went up to my little room, where it was stuffy and intensely hot, pulled off my outer clothing, lay down on the bed, and began committing my speech to memory. At dusk I went down to the street, hunted up a humble restaurant, and ate a modest supper. After that I went back to my tiny room, stripped, put on my nightshirt, and went at my speech again.

About eleven o'clock a colored bell-boy poked his head in the doorway and said, "Some gemmen wants to see you, Mustuh Clark." I told him that I had gone to bed, but to tell them to come up. They did so—a quartet of royal souls—Col. John R. Fellows, Amos J. Cummings, "Little Phil" Thompson, and Tom Coakley. So I received two Congressmen and one ex-Congressman in my "nightie," just as George M. Dallas received the delegation which notified him of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

Their jolly laughter dispelled the gloom into which I had fallen by reason of what I considered neglect. As soon as they had introduced themselves Colonel Fellows asked, "Why are you up here in this cubbyhole?"

I replied, "Because I do not want to go broke on hotel bills."

He said, "You are Tammany's guest while here and you don't pay a blamed cent." Then turning to the bellboy he roared: "Go tell that upstart of a clerk to move Mr. Clark into such and such a suite"—a suite big enough to have housed Brigham Young and all his wives.

As soon as I could dress, the five of us repaired thither. Colonel Fellows was hotly criticizing his friend, "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, who was on the program for a "long talk," for failing them at the last minute. He swore that without Allen the Fourth-of-July oratory would be dry as a powder-house. What was equally unfortunate, so the colonel alleged, was that there was no one else available as a substitute for John, to deliver a "long talk." I bashfully inquired what they considered a "short talk" and a "long talk."

Colonel Fellows said that the limit on a "short talk" was ten minutes, and a "long talk" thirty. So they substituted me in place of Allen for a "long talk."

As they were leaving the room I called Mr. Thompson back. Though I had never seen him before, I knew all about him. His father and mine were old-time friends, and he was among those I cast my first vote for when he was a candidate for Circuit attorney in Kentucky. I told him that my speech presented, without hedging, the views of Western Democrats as compared with the views of Eastern Democrats, much to the advantage of the Westerners, particularly on the coinage question, which was then a burning issue; that I was determined to deliver it, and wound up by asking him to read it and tell me how he thought it would be received, as I had never spoken in the East. He hastily read the speech, which contained not a scintilla of wit or humor.

After perusing it he said, "Your views are forcibly stated, and some of them will not please your audience; but I understand you can tell an anecdote well." I replied with becoming modesty that I had some local reputation in that regard. He then said that if I would begin my speech with a couple of good anecdotes, and edge in one occasionally, they would receive my speech all right.

Philip B. Thompson, Jr.—"Little Phil," as he was universally called in Kentucky, to differentiate him from his father, Philip B. Thompson, Sr.—was a brave boy-soldier, a brilliant lawyer, and an eloquent speaker. He was a successful Circuit attorney and a prominent Representative in Congress. He had one unique experience, and another of the most thrilling nature. His father, himself, and his twin brother, John B., Jr., served together in Gen. John H. Morgan's Confederate cavalry. The father made one of his sons march at the head of the column, the other at the rear, so that they would not both be killed or injured at once. Happily none of the three received a scratch.

He was one of the participants in the most remarkable fight that ever took place in a court-house. During the trial of a case in the Circuit Court-room at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, he, his twin brother, and his father shot and killed old man Davis and his two sons—a performance unparalleled in all the bloody annals of America.

All six were shooting simultaneously in that crowded room. People got under the benches and sought safety wherever they thought they could find it, some jumping through the windows, taking the sashes with them. The presiding judge, Wickliff, huddled down behind the judge's stand. While this fusillade was in progress Col. John B. Thompson, Sr., ex-Lieutenant-Governor, ex-Representative in Congress, and ex-United States Senator, brother to "Old Phil" and uncle to "Little Phil," stood in the aisle jerking his head by reason of palsy. When the shooting ceased, somebody asked him why he didn't get under a bench, as the others did. He replied, laconically, "Because all the places had been taken!"—an explanation which explained.

Col. John R. Fellows, who was a rare and radiant orator, was an Arkansas lawyer and soldier, one of the most successful among the pioneer Southerners who at the close of the Civil War moved on New York in quest of ventures and to seek their fortunes. He was one of Mr. Croker's favorites, and held high office for many years—revolving out of one good berth into another—and generally a better one.

Amos J. Cummings was one of the most popular men I have ever known. Fitz-Greene Halleck's fine lines—

> None knew him but to love him,
> None named him but to praise—

were really true as to Cummings. He had filibustered in Nicaragua with General Walker, yclept by his followers "the Gray-eyed Man of Destiny," who ended by being lined up against a dead wall and shot; Cummings truthfully boasted that he had set type in every state in the Union; learned to be an editor under Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana; served four years in the Army of the Potomac; and finally was a successful lecturer and Representative in Congress. Throughout his varied and exciting experiences his heart had remained tender as a little child's, and he was to the end a lover of his kind. His military hero was George B. McClellan and his hero among statesmen was Mr. Speaker Samuel J. Randall. Had Cummings lived to hear President Theodore Roosevelt dedicate Antietam as a national park, and speak an hour without once mentioning "Little Mac," the victor of that bloody field, there is no telling what Cummings would have done to that soldier, statesman. traveler, discoverer, hunter, politician, and author.

But to return to our mutton. There was a monster audience in Tammany Hall on the Fourth including many men of prominence in every walk of life. On the program ahead of me were Mr. Speaker Crisp and Congressman Benton McMillan. Crisp's fame was nation-wide. When the band had played "The Star-spangled Banner" and he was introduced, that vast multitude rose up as one man and applauded for fully five minutes before he was permitted to begin. As he always did, he delivered a sound, sensible Democratic speech, and was liberally applauded at the close.

Then came Benton McMillan, not so famous as Mr. Speaker Crisp, but a veteran statesman with a splendid reputation and exceedingly popular with the Tammany braves. The great Tennesseean is a fine figure of a man, and standing before that enthusiastic multitude, while the band played "Dixie" and the crowd shouted itself hoarse, he seemed happy as a clam at high tide.

Having applauded Crisp five minutes, they applauded Benton McMillan three. He sailed in and made a ringing, rabble-rousing, old-fashioned Democratic stump speech, in which species of oratory he is a past-master.

When he had concluded I was introduced. The audience applauded me for about one minute in feeble and perfunctory fashion. The band played "My Old Kentucky Home." I did not really know a soul in that vast audience, and I had stage-fright so bad that I thought my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth in spite of all I could do, and wished most heartily that I had declined the invitation to speak.

While the band was playing, a Missourian down at the reporters' table sent me this encouraging note: "Go in and speak as you would at a picnic in the woods in Missouri and you will make a national reputation!"

At last the band rested from its labors. My stage-fright bothered me very much at first, but, following "Little Phil's" advice, I began with two fetching anecdotes which set the braves to whooping and yelling tumultuously. My stage-fright vanished as suddenly as it had come on, and in five minutes I felt as much at home as if I had been addressing a jury in my own town.

In all my life I have never delivered a speech in better style. The audience applauded rapturously everything worth applauding, and a good many things that were not, but when I was eulogizing the Trans-Mississippi Democrats, telling them how we had been treated by the party as stepchildren, and how we intended to lord it over them in the days to come, they acted as though they had been treated to an ice bath. Then I would throw in something by way of praise of Tammany Democrats, and they would yell like so many Comanches.

While I was at the height of my eulogy on the Trans-

Mississippi Democracy—especially the Missouri Democracy—a policeman as big as the Kentucky giant, sitting in the mouth of the aisle farthest from me, could stand it no longer, and bawled in a stentorian voice, "What about New Yorruck?" I replied, glibly, "New York is all right when it is right, but the trouble is she is wrong about half the time. On the night of the election the whole country inquires, 'How did New York go?' whereas nobody takes the trouble to ask, 'How did Missouri go?' Their inquiry is, 'What is Missouri's Democratic majority?'"

That put my interrogator out of business. I have always thought that I owed an apology to my inquisitive policeman, and would have sent him one had I known his address. At the next election Missouri went Republican.

During my speech I noticed that a very tall, good-looking man with a preacher's coat and collar, sitting in the seventh row of seats, invariably led the applause for me.

The managers invited me into the basement of the Fourteenth Street wigwam to luncheon, after the exercises were over. In the basement I saw my clerical-coated friend standing in the middle of the room, assiduously stowing the refreshments away.

I walked up to him and said: "My friend, I noticed you led the applause for me, and I would like to know who you are." He replied, "I am the Reverend Mr. Forbush, rector of the Episcopal church at Poughkeepsie, but I was born and reared near Middletown, Montgomery County, Missouri, in your district, and I am down to New York for the sole purpose of hearing you speak!"

He was a gracious and kindly gentleman and by his applause helped me through that day's performance.

Being from the rural districts, I naturally arose earlier next morning than most New-Yorkers, went over into Madison Square Park, and sat on an iron bench, watching the antics of the squirrels in the lovely trees, wondering anxiously what the New York papers would say about my speech. My expectations were very moderate. I thought a notice of ten lines would be about the limit. I hoped it would be favorable, but entertained grave doubts on that head. I was thinking deeply as to what my Democratic enemies in my badly factionalized district would do to me if my speech was pronounced a failure. At last a boy came through the park with an armful of papers, and I said: "Young man, what papers have you?"

He answered: "All of them."

I bought one of each. The first my eye fell on was *The New York World*, with great flaring black lines at the top of the first column, first page, which ran in this wise: "Hark to Champ Clark!" followed by several columns of descriptive matter, cartoons, and the complete text of my speech. Most of the other New York papers gave me considerable space. Later *The St. Louis Republic* hailed it as "A Key-note Speech," and it was head-lined throughout the land.

Such is a brief account of my first appearance and reception in the American metropolis. At first the Eastern papers regarded it merely as a "funny speech," by reason of the anecdotes which Phil Thompson induced me to put into it, and spoke pleasantly of it; but when they came to realize its serious import as to the hopes, intentions, and ambitions of Western Democrats—a prophecy of their domination of the party—they began to abuse me, and some of them have kept it up to this day.

The New York Sun, in order to prove me to be an ignoramus, actually suppressed half a sentence in my speech, which malicious suppression made the other half bad grammar! Such a performance is a disgrace to American journalism.

It has been thought by divers and sundry persons that my Tammany Hall speech set in motion, or at least gave impetus to, Western Democratic ideas, and drew the lines for the great contest of 1896. At any rate, the ideas which I enunciated that day were incorporated into the 1896 Chicago platform, on which that historic battle was fought.

In the retrospect I think that the most pleasing result of that speech was the lifelong friendship of Amos Cummings, Colonel Fellows, and "Little Phil" Thompson.

Perhaps the most amusing incident pertaining to that trip was that before leaving the capital I asked a newspaper man of my acquaintance, and from Missouri, but who was not very friendly and was in a bad humor about something or other, what was a good hotel in New York. He inquired why I was going to New York, and I told him that I had been invited to make a Fourth-of-July speech in Tammany Hall; whereupon he soothingly remarked, "A new Congressman amounts to precious little in Washington and to nothing at all in New York!"

Although he represented the largest Democratic daily in Missouri, he never asked me a word about my speech, and I did not vouchsafe any information or tender him an advance copy. No doubt he was as much surprised as I was to find that my speech was telegraphed in full from New York to his own paper in Missouri, and published on the front page with big, flaring head-lines, together with my picture, and an elaborate editorial notice of the most laudatory character. He certainly did not achieve a scoop on that occasion, but I pondered his mot as to the little importance attaching to the new members, and entered upon my duties at the extra session in August prepared to be cold-shouldered by what Colonel Cochran, of St. Joseph, Missouri, was wont to denominate "the old and experienced members"—and I was!

Col. John A. Ely, a native of Missouri, now a Democratic leader in the land of the Dakotas, once became so sick that the doctors gave him up, and informed him that if he had any farewell messages to deliver, or any final arrangements to make toward setting his house in order, he had better be about it, for his time was brief. Whereupon the colonel amazed his intimates by preferring this strange request: "Be sure to bury me in the Swedish graveyard."

A long time he was suspended between heaven and earth, and his friends nearly worked themselves into vertigo trying to solve the problem of why he had chosen that particular place of sepulture, for they knew that while in health he and the Scandinavians, who were generally stalwart Republicans, had not been enamoured of one another.

One night, just as he began to show signs of recovery, Col. Reuben C. Pew, marshal of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, who was watching by the sick-bed, could restrain his curiosity no longer, and determined to clear up the great mystery.

So he said: "John, you are liable to die before morning, and blanked if I don't want to know what made you desire to be buried in that Swedish cemetery."

"Because," replied the jocund ex-Missourian, with a feeble smile—"because that is the last place on earth the devil would go to look for a Democrat."

Congress is, perhaps, the last congregation of men which a person would visit expecting to discover a poet. It is generally taken and accepted that the poetic faculty needs quietude, rural scenes, and an esthetic atmosphere to induce its sustenance, notwithstanding the fact that General Lytle wrote that splendid spirit-stirring lyric, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," in his tent amid the clangor of arms, the night before the battle of Chickamauga, where he died a hero's death, and where a magnificent monument marks his last resting-place on the field of his glory.

In Britain, where poets are more plentiful than here, they frequently hold official stations. Milton was Secretary of State for Oliver Cromwell. Sir Walter Scott was high sheriff, Robert Burns an excise officer, and Macaulay, before he was elevated to the peerage, represented the city of Glasgow for many years in the House of Commons, and was more than once a member of the Cabinet. Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was a painstaking and ambitious, if not a great statesman; and his son, "Owen Meredith," author of "Lucille," the most famous poem of his generation, has been governor-general of India. In France a poet is as liable to be found in the National Assembly as anywhere else.

Versifiers or rhymesters are not rare birds in Congress, for anybody with a reasonable command of the English language can write in perfect meter and rhyme. That's a comparatively easy performance—purely mechanical. John Quincy Adams was a great hand at that sort of composition, and he had about as much real poetry in his soul as a marble statue.

Some years ago the delegate in Congress from Wyoming inflicted on the House a two hours' speech in blank verse, and it appeared in *The Record* next morning with the legend "copyrighted, all rights reserved"—which produced a tremendous uproar and precipitated a fight to expunge it—not that anybody wanted to infringe his copyright or circulate that wonderful document, but because the members thought such action was in derogation of the dignity of the House.

General Garfield, who among presidential scholars ranks with Thomas Jefferson and the younger Adams, was a felicitous writer of verses, some of which might perhaps, without great exaggeration, be ranked as poetry.

In the Fifty-third Congress, however, a genuine poet of no mean attainments in the art of which Byron was the most proficient master sat side by side with that grim old soldier, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, and the multimillionaire, Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania.

That was Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, whose great age, as well as standing in the world of letters, is shown by the fact that he was both a contemporary and rival of that most brilliant, weird, and erratic of all American poets, Edgar Allan Poe.

Doctor English had one failing in common with most literati—incapacity to judge of the relative merits of his own productions.

Milton lived and died in the erroneous belief that "Paradise Regained" was superior to "Paradise Lost," the truth being that few read the former under any conditions whatever, and none would read it save for the fact that they are dazed by the resplendent glories of the latter.

When Southey finished one of his boresome epics he would exclaim: "That will establish my fame forever—that will outlast 'Paradise Lost.'" He always despised his minor pieces. Yet nobody ever read his epics. Even their very titles are forgotten, while those of lesser poems are still remembered.

Incomparably the greatest poem written by Thomas Campbell—indeed one of the greatest ever written by anybody—is "The Pleasures of Hope." There are passages in it which will be read with delight as long as the English language is studied. Nevertheless, Campbell always persisted in considering it as one of his crudest works.

He fretfully said, "I was first introduced into society as 'the author of "The Pleasures of Hope,"' I was married as 'the author of "The Pleasures of Hope,"' and no matter what I do or say I can't escape from the hateful title of 'the author of "The Pleasures of Hope."'"

His biographer adds, rather sardonically: "I could not help smiling when I visited the cemetery where the great poet sleeps and saw chiseled upon his tombstone, 'Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope."'"

So with Doctor English. Though quite a prolific author, his fame rests solely on one popular song—"Ben Bolt"—which has been sung by two generations of lovers, which has been used as one of the leading features of "Trilby," which Doctor English hated most heartily, and the mere mention of which affected him very much as the shaking of a red rag does an infuriated bovine. Name the poem to him and he would flare up at once and yell: "Damn 'Ben Bolt'!" in most unpoetic fashion.

Musical experts and critics of poetry have been searching long for a song which will be as thoroughly a national American air as "Die Wacht am Rhein" is German, the "Marseillaise" is French, or "God Save the King" is English. So far, according to their own statements, they have failed utterly. They claim that there are tenable objections to "Yankee Doodle," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Mr. Lincoln declared with great good sense and good humor that the Union armies captured "Dixie" along with General Lee, and it is gradually becoming popular in all sections of the country.

Scores of poets and composers of music have tried their hands at producing for us a national hymn or anthem, both easy to sing and to play on any musical instrument, inspiring in sentiment, pleasant to the ear, and soul-stirring. So far they have not succeeded, but they are still trying. During my four terms in the Speaker's chair at least fifty authors have sent me the result of their labors under the impression that the Speaker of the House has been somehow authorized or empowered to select a national hymn or anthem.

The critics assert that "The Star-spangled Banner" is simply a description of an exceedingly exciting event in our history, wholly local in character. Everybody knows that. The critics, however, go farther and assert that the words are commonplace and the music inadequate; and as to singing it, that is well-nigh impossible; but surely they must admit that when rendered by a brass band it is magnificent. The vast majority of people would so vote were a plebiscite held on that subject.

As to good Doctor Smith's song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the critics say that he localized it by lugging in the Pilgrims, and that while the Pilgrims were estimable folks, no doubt, most Americans are not descended from the Pilgrims. Moreover, the critics object to the music, asserting that the air is that of "God Save the King," which we borrowed bodily from the English, who—*mirabile dictu!*—borrowed it from the Germans!

Wonders will never cease. These critics proclaim to all the world that fame and fortune await the American who will write a truly national hymn or anthem worthy of America, without local feature or borrowed music.

My prediction, however, is that we will cling to "The Star-spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" for some time yet.

However that may be, Doctor English tried his hand with this result:

HURRAH FOR YOU, OLD GLORY

Though changes may the world appal,
Though crowns may break and thrones may fall,
Our banner shall survive them all
And ever live in story.
The rainbow of a rescued land,
Where freemen brave together stand,
With truth and courage hand in hand,
Floats proudly here Old Glory.

REFRAIN:

Old Glory, Old Glory,
    Floats proudly here Old Glory,
Old Glory, Old Glory,
    Hurrah for you, Old Glory.

In days we fought with George the Third,
When independence was the word
One voice from rising manhood heard
    As well as old age hoary;
One purpose then we had in view—
To form of states a union true,
And eyes and hearts were turned to you,
    Our banner grand, Old Glory.

With you we scorn both lord and lown,
We heeded not old England's frown,
We fought the bulldogs of the crown
    And smote the skulking Tory.
Long may your folds above us wave,
Cheered by the honest and the brave,
And gently may the breezes lave
    Your rippling sheet, Old Glory.

Symbol are you of right and law,
Whether in peace the bad to awe,
Or leading on where freemen draw
    Their swords in battle glory:
Each day to us the more endears
The flag that now for many years
Has filled our hopes and banned our fears,
    Your stars and stripes, Old Glory.

A cloudy sky for you has been
When brothers met in battle din,
And strove supremacy to win;
    But that's an olden story;
For time goes on, and here to-day,
If foreign foes invite the fray,
We boys in blue and boys in gray
    Will rally round Old Glory.

REFRAIN:—Old Glory, etc.

CHAPTER XV

Fifty-fifth Congress—Spanish War—Dingley bill—Ohio feuds in general—the Sherman-McKinley-Hanna feud in particular—Sherman and Alger.

THE Fifty-fifth Congress is noted for a few important events, two of which were the Spanish-American War and the passage of the Dingley Tariff bill. Had not the Supreme Court—by a five-to-four decision which still stinks in the nostrils of mankind—knocked out the income-tax feature of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill, it would have brought in abundant revenue to run the government, and as a consequence Governor Dingley never could have secured the enactment of a bill carrying the high rates of the Dingley bill. After the income tax was eliminated, there was a deficiency in the revenues, and as the Republicans had the President, also both branches of Congress, Governor Dingley had comparatively easy sailing. Times were improving before his bill was passed, and, truth to tell, went on improving even more rapidly after his bill became a law. His bill was given all the credit.

The Spanish-American War, which broke out after the Dingley bill was passed, was not entirely unexpected. The Spanish misrule in Cuba had become both a nuisance and a scandal. So many Americans had business connections in the island; so many Americans were in the Cuban army, of whom Frederick Funston was most famous; so many Americans were resident in Cuba; it was so close to our shores; the cruel despotism of the Middle Ages practised almost in sight of Key West; sympathy for a downtrodden people struggling to be free—all these things created intense interest throughout our country.

In addition to all that, we had for many years cast covetous eyes on Cuba. Its possession was very near the heart of Thomas Jefferson, and the Ostend Manifesto is one of the most famous documents in our history—though nothing came of it. But we solemnly pledged ourselves not to annex Cuba, and we kept that pledge—a remarkable altruistic performance—and, having freed Cuba, we brought our army back into our own country. Notwithstanding all the foregoing facts, and notwithstanding the tear-compelling tales of woe which came to our ears from "The Gem of the Antilles," I do not believe we would have declared war against Spain had it not been for the foolish and insulting letter which the Spanish Minister DePuy de Lome wrote about President McKinley, which created a tremendous uproar. The blowing up of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana was the straw that broke the camel's back. The letter enraged the people, without regard to political affiliations, for when a President is sworn in he becomes instanter and *ipso facto* the President of us all, a Democrat resenting a brutal insult to a Republican President as hotly as a Republican, and *vice versa.* Of course, we all reserve the sovereign right to criticize and lambast our own President, but resent outsiders doing so. President McKinley, himself a gallant soldier, was against the war, and hoped to settle the matter by diplomacy; he persisted in his pacific intentions so long as to alienate many Republicans; but when the offensive letter of the Spanish Minister was published broadcast, and the *Maine* was blown up, killing hundreds of our sailors sleeping peacefully in their hammocks, the American people cried out with one accord for vengeance and forced the gentle and kind-hearted President's hand. The war came, and ended in one hundred days in the complete triumph of American arms—Admiral Dewey taking rank with the great sea kings, Colonel Roosevelt laying the foundation of a brilliant public career and world-wide fame, and Gen.

Joe Wheeler going into battle on a stretcher, thereby emulating the far-resounding exploit of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden at Pultava. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, head of our army, the foremost American soldier then living, was not, for "prudential" reasons, assigned to a command where he could distinguish himself. Wherefore? A man does not have to be a Solomon to discover an answer to that question. Millions of people deemed the treatment he received as a great outrage.

Finally, to appease the friends and admirers of General Miles, he was put in command of army forces to invade Porto Rico, but as the Porto-Ricans welcomed our forces with songs and strewed flowers in their pathway, the general had no opportunity to win new laurels. His enemies tried to belittle the battle-scarred veteran by much scurrilous talk, touching the fact that in going to war part of his luggage consisted of a collapsible bathtub—as if a soldier does not need a bath as do other men—but all their flouts and jeers did not convince anybody of sense that he had not been foully dealt with. He had fought bravely on too many fields of slaughter; he had received too many serious wounds; he had shed too much blood; he had achieved too high a rank for a person with a grain of wisdom to doubt the famous warrior's capacity or courage. Many of his countrymen still believe that he was maltreated for fear that new laurels won on the battle-field would make him a formidable candidate for the Presidency.

As a sort of consolation prize, one abiding ambition of General Miles was realized—the rank of lieutenant-general was resurrected for him, and as it turned out necessarily for others. It was not done, however, because those in authority loved him, but to gratify the desire of Gen. Henry C. Corbin. The story is this: For years General Miles, who, during the Civil War, fought his way from a dry-goods clerkship to a major-generalcy in command of a corps, and who subsequently was one of the most successful Indian-fighters in our history, his most famous feat being the capture of Geronimo, had been striving to be made lieutenant-general; but he and Gen. Henry C. Corbin were in feud, and Corbin being the more wily politician of the two, thwarted the effort of General Miles and most probably would have continued to do so had he not suddenly conceived the ambition to be a major-general—the adjutant-general having been up to that time only a brigadier. Presto, change! The Miles forces and the Corbin forces doubled teams, and each got what he wanted! Some of us tried to make the rank of lieutenant-general apply only to Miles by name, but we could not accomplish it, so that we had a string of lieutenant-generals of whom Corbin was one. Finally, one day we tacked an amendment to an army appropriation bill, restricting the rank of lieutenant-general to veterans of the Civil War. After that we did not have any more lieutenant-generals until the World War began. The feud betwixt Miles and Corbin was a mild and ladylike affair compared with that between Schley and Sampson, both worthy sea-fighters, touching the honors of the brilliant naval victory in Cuban waters, which attracted much attention and created intense bitterness. Both of them are in their graves, but the animosities engendered by their controversy still survive and will probably survive as long as the history of the American navy is read.

One result of the war with Spain was the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, usually called the Hawaiian Islands, by joint resolution. That method was adopted because it was well known that the necessary two-thirds majority to ratify a treaty of annexation could not be mustered in the Senate. In fact, the joint resolution of annexation passed the House only after a battle royal and by a narrow margin. It would not have passed but for the fact that the claim was set up that it was a "war measure" and that Hawaii is the "key to the Pacific," it being vociferously asserted that at a very reasonable cost "Pearl Harbor" could be made as impregnable as Gibraltar.

It will be remembered that in the last days of the younger Harrison's administration Sanford B. Dole and other Americans, or children of Americans resident in the Kingdom of Hawaii, engineered a revolution which overthrew the monarchy and set up a republic of which Dole, one of the handsomest men of his time, was President. Then in hot haste a treaty of annexation was negotiated between the American Republic and the Hawaiian Republic; but it was hung up in the Senate, and one of the first things President Cleveland did after he was inducted into the Presidency the second time was to withdraw that treaty from the consideration of the Senate. So the annexation scheme was in suspense during his term and during President McKinley's term until the war with Spain began, when Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, then a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, subsequently a Senator in Congress, introduced the joint resolution of annexation. That was the most important action of his long public career, and if the Hawaiians have any sense of gratitude they will erect a splendid monument to perpetuate his memory, for undoubtedly annexation was a most profitable performance for Hawaii, the sugar-planters being enabled thereby to introduce their products into the immense American market free of custom duties for all time to come, which was really the milk in the cocoanut. It is said that there are more millionaires in Hawaii than on any other plot of rural land of the same size on the habitable globe, and nearly every one of them is a "Sugar King"—the sugar which gives them the title of kings being produced by cheap Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese labor. No wonder that the sugar-raisers of Hawaii were red-hot for annexation. "There were millions in it," more millions than Colonel Sellers dreamed of as a result of his eye-water.

Another important result of the Spanish-American War was that we not only came into possession of Porto Rico, but also of Guam and the Philippine Archipelago, which made us an "Asiatic Power." One consequence of possessing our "Oriental empire" is that we truthfully boast that the sun never sets on our dominions, which is an asset of doubtful value. Incidentally it is apropos to state that the Philippine Islands are the only piece of land that England ever voluntarily relinquished. They had them three hundred years ago and sailed away and left them. Our "Oriental empire," about which we speak so grandiloquently, contains less cultivable land than does the one-third part of Missouri north of the Big Muddy.

As was natural, some scandals grew out of the Spanish-American War. All history shows that in the rush of things in war more or less of scandal is inherent and inevitable. It is an old saying that the poor we have with us always. It might well be added that we have profiteers and thieves with us always. Human nature has not changed one jot or tittle since Adam and Eve were driven from Eden with flaming swords, and it will not change till the earth perishes from fervent heat. It was freely charged that certain rascals in 1898 made princely fortunes by taking advantage of the necessities of the government in the name of patriotism and unloading on Uncle Sam unseaworthy ships and old tubs at fabulous prices—vessels which endangered the lives of soldiers herded onto them. It was also alleged that there was much swindling in the purchase of horses, mules, and every species of supplies needed by the army. The most notorious scandal—one that smelled to heaven—was touching embalmed beef, which outraged the feelings of every right-thinking man, woman, and child in the

Republic. Col. Theodore Roosevelt's celebrated round-robin set the country wild, and the administration was afraid to court-martial him. All these scandals, with others nameless here, forevermore drove the Secretary of War, Gen. Russell A. Alger, out of the Cabinet. Nobody thought for one moment that Alger was dishonest. He was simply the victim of the bad conduct of some of his subordinates. His sin was in being over-confiding in certain of his friends. He was a very rich and a very charitable man, with a creditable war record, having fought his way to the double stars of a major-general. He had been a prominent candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, but there had to be a scapegoat, and he was it. The people of Michigan speedily vindicated him by an election to the Senate of the United States.

John Sherman, who had for years aspired to the Presidency without success, and who led on every ballot but the last for the Republican nomination in the convention of 1888, when Gen. Benjamin Harrison was nominated, was McKinley's first Secretary of State, and General Alger, who was also a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1888, was his first Secretary of War—which must be considered remarkable when it is remembered that in his book Sherman uses this language touching his colleague: "I believe, and had, as I thought, conclusive proof that the friends of General Alger substantially purchased the votes of many of the delegates from the Southern states who had been instructed by their conventions to vote for me." (Page 1029, Vol. 2.) Again, on page 1032, Sherman says, in speaking of Gen. Benjamin Harrison's nomination and his own defeat: "The only feeling of resentment I entertained was in regard to the action of the friends of General Alger in tempting with money poor negroes to violate the instructions of their constituents"; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, Sherman was McKinley's premier, and

Alger his war chief. Sherman published his book, entitled *John Sherman's Recollections of Forty Years in House, Senate, and Cabinet*, in 1895, but, notwithstanding his severe strictures on General Alger, on March 5, 1897, they sat side by side in President McKinley's Cabinet. Each could have repeated the lines from "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

> So we grew together,
> Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet a union in partition;
> Two lovely berries on one stem.

Verily, verily, politics makes strange bedfellows.

There is an old proverb to the effect that the pot should not call the kettle black. Whether Sherman's charge that General Alger's friends purchased his Southern delegates is true or not, it appears that Sherman's friends, notably Marcus Alonzo Hanna, quartermaster of the Sherman Ohio delegation, as he termed himself—actually manager of the delegation—were pursuing the same tactics to capture Southern delegates for Sherman.

Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, who placed Sherman in nomination in that convention, and who would probably have been nominated himself if he had consented, which he refused to do, says in his book: "Each delegate to the convention was entitled to two extra tickets of admission for each session. The purpose of these extra tickets was to enable those furnished with them to accommodate friends, but the delegates from the Southern states were far from home and short of cash. They had few friends to accommodate, but many necessities that were urgent. Even before the first session of the convention was held rumors were afloat that the Southern delegates were selling their extra tickets and that they were being purchased in the respective interests of different candidates. The names of General Alger and Mr. Sherman were both mentioned in this connection.

"I had no personal knowledge of anything of the kind being done by anybody, until a day or two before the balloting commenced, when I had occasion to go to Mr. Hanna's room to see him about something, and found him there engaged in buying and paying for such tickets. There were a number of negro delegates in his room, and he was taking their tickets and paying them therefor in the most open, business-like way.

"I was greatly surprised by what I saw, and ventured to express displeasure therewith. He defended his action as necessary because the same tactics were being resorted to by others. I quickly left his room, and never returned to it. I also succeeded in exchanging my room, then near his, for another on a different floor, which I occupied until the close of the convention.

"Mr. Sherman, in his *Personal Recollections*, states that he was informed and made to believe that the friends of General Alger were bribing delegates from the Southern states, who had been instructed to vote for him and to desert him and vote for Alger, by buying their tickets. What was done in that respect I do not know, but a glance at the vote cast by the Southern delegates will show that Mr. Hanna did not allow very many of them to get away from him. For instance, out of twenty votes from Alabama, Alger got six, Sherman twelve; Georgia, Alger none, Sherman nineteen; Louisiana, Alger two, Sherman nine; Mississippi, Alger none, Sherman twelve; North Carolina, Alger two, Sherman fifteen; South Carolina, Alger three, Sherman eleven; Tennessee, Alger nine, Sherman seven; Virginia, Alger three, Sherman eleven, and so on to the end.

"I came to know General Alger in later years much better than I knew him at that time. I knew enough of the two men, Sherman and Alger, to know that neither one would have countenanced or permitted the doing of any such thing in his behalf if he had been informed about it, and I am sure that neither one ever believed that anything of the kind had been done in his behalf. Mr. Sherman says so in so many words in his *Personal Recollections*, and General Alger said so in the most emphatic manner as often as he had occasion to speak on the subject.

"There was much discussion among the delegates as to what was going on with respect to the Southern vote, but I did not hear of anybody denying that Mr. Hanna was purchasing tickets from the negro delegates; certainly there was no denial by Mr. Hanna. An entirely different defense was made. It was that he was only trying to hold delegates who had been instructed by their constituents to support Mr. Sherman. On the other hand, it was asserted that nobody was bound to respect the instructions, for the reason that they had been purchased in the first place, as the tickets were then being purchased. The whole subject is unsavory and disagreeable, and I mention it at all only because of what Mr. Sherman said, and because of what Mr. Croly has said in his *Life* of Mr. Hanna, and to the end that justice may be done to all concerned, including Mr. Hanna, who was so constituted that he was unable to see anything in the transaction except only that he was holding on to what belonged to him and that there was nothing to consider, except only the price he had to pay; and he was not the man to allow that to stand in the way.

"Mr. Croly, after referring to this incident, and quoting from a statement I made at the time with respect to it, adds the following:

"'There is some truth in the foregoing statement. Other members of the convention state that Mr. Hanna had in his trunk more tickets to the convention than he could have obtained in any way except by their purchase from negro delegates. Such practices were common at the time, but they were indefensible, and if they evoked a protest from Mr. Foraker, he deserves credit for the protest.'

"Mr. Croly seems to have investigated for himself, and to have found confirmatory proof of the truth of my statement. If he made any earnest investigation, he is unjust in trying to minimize by saying 'there is some truth' in my statement. My statement was the exact truth—nothing more, nothing less—and almost any member of the delegation would tell him so."

The real tragedy of McKinley's administration grew out of the appointment of John Sherman as Secretary of State, and his resignation of that high place—which added one more to the many Republican vendettas in Ohio. As nearly as can be ascertained from the mazes of contradiction and the mass of malice, the situation was this: President McKinley and Marcus Alonzo Hanna were bosom cronies and had been for years. McKinley was under deepest obligations to Hanna, both financially and politically—financially because when McKinley found himself in debt in the large sum of sixty-five thousand dollars by reason of having to pay the debts of friends for whom he had gone security, Hanna raised a "pony purse" and paid him out; politically for reasons which all the world knows. It was altogether natural and to his credit that when he came to be President he desired to do something for his powerful and faithful friend, whom he and everybody else rated as a presidential Warwick. He could by his mere *ipse dixit* have given him a Cabinet position, and as a matter of fact pressed him to accept a Cabinet portfolio, especially that of Postmaster-General. Everybody took it for granted that Hanna would be in the Cabinet, as his antecedents indicated that that was the official position for which he was best fitted. To the surprise of McKinley and everybody else, he firmly and repeatedly declined a Cabinet place, but let it be known that he wanted to go to the Senate of the United States.

His biographer, Herbert Croly, says that he had secretly nursed that ambition for several years. As Senator Foraker, who never failed to sneer at Croly and to cast insinuations on Croly's veracity and *bona fides*, corroborates Croly on that one point, it must be accepted as true. No doubt if McKinley could have appointed a United States Senator he would have appointed Hanna; but he could not appoint a Senator, and, what was more and still worse, there was no senatorial vacancy from Ohio. Consequently, while McKinley was amazed at Hanna's ambition for a senatorial toga in preference to a Cabinet portfolio, the two laid their heads together to secure the creation of an Ohio senatorial vacancy. It was absolutely preposterous to suggest to Gov. Joseph Benson Foraker that he decline or resign the senatorial term—his first term—to begin March 4, 1897. He had been fighting a long time to reach the Senate, having given John Sherman the senatorial fight of his life in 1892. Foraker, whatever his faults, was the most brilliant of the whole batch of Buckeye statesmen of that era. He hated Hanna most savagely for several reasons, principally because Hanna had bolted his nomination for a third gubernatorial term in 1889 and had managed Sherman's fight for re-election to the Senate in 1892. He also was jealous of McKinley, believing firmly that he should have been elected President instead of McKinley. So it would have been sheer madness to have suggested to the fiery, proud, eloquent, brilliant, sensitive, and ambitious Foraker to make way for Hanna, his arch-enemy. But as a senatorial vacancy must be created to satisfy Hanna's ambition, and as Foraker was utterly hopeless, it was made by inducing John Sherman to resign from the Senate and to accept the Secretaryship of State. Hanna was first appointed his successor after much pressure was brought to bear on Governor Bushnell, whose nomination for Governor Hanna had bitterly fought. There was a red-hot row, much intrigue, much manipulation, but Hanna was appointed, while Foraker, who had made Bushnell Governor, like Saul of Tarsus at the stoning of Stephen, stood by consenting, very much to his subsequent regret. In January, 1898, Hanna was elected for both the short and long terms, after one of the bitterest and most scandalous fights in American history. All sorts of charges of bribing and corruption, kidnapping and general deviltry on both sides filled the air. Hanna's enemies filed charges in the Senate, where he was acquitted, or, as his opponents expressed it, "whitewashed." Men wondered why he preferred a senatorship to a Cabinet position, and they wondered still more why Sherman, who had been a Representative in Congress for six years, a Senator for thirty-two years, Secretary of the Treasury for four years, and had been elected to the Senate for six years more, of which term two years remained, was willing to relinquish his seat therein, with whose duties he was thoroughly familiar, to assume the duties of a position of uncertain tenure, and with whose duties he was unfamiliar, since he had devoted the whole of his long and laborious life to economic questions. Men still wonder why he consented to the change. What the inducements were and what pressure, if any, was applied to him will probably never be divulged. I do not know, and I have never seen anybody who would give the inside history of that mystifying transaction. It is difficult to conceive that he believed that being Secretary of State would add one cubit to his stature as a statesman, and it is equally difficult to conceive that pressure could have been brought to bear on him, as he was at the age of seventy-four in possession of a curule chair with every reason to believe that he held his place in the Senate by life tenure.

Having accepted the premiership of the administration in March, 1897, to the surprise of the political world in the spring of 1898, he utterly amazed it by suddenly resigning. His unexpected action set all political tongues and heads to wagging. All sorts of guesses were made; all sorts of reasons were assigned; all sorts of predictions were indulged in; all sorts of whispers and innuendoes were heard as to a new Republican feud in Ohio, and all the Ohio feuds, both Republican and Democratic, and they are almost numberless—were dug up and burnished into new life. Finally the politicians ranged themselves into two groups, one claiming that the venerable Sherman had been foully dealt with, asseverating that after being lured from the Senate by the bait of the Secretaryship of State in order to make room for Hanna, and having been used for the purposes of the McKinley-Hanna combine, he had been forced to resign from the Cabinet. What the Shermanites said about McKinley and Hanna was simply awful. The McKinleyites and Hannaites retorted that they had only performed a necessary public and patriotic service in ridding the Cabinet of Sherman's presence, that he was in his dotage, had incipient paresis, and that his senile babblings during a time of war were not only aggravating and humiliating, but most decidedly dangerous to the country. The Shermanites countered by swearing the charges aforesaid to be a pack of malicious and preposterous lies hatched for the purpose of justifying their cruelty to Sherman. The battle raged with great volubility and intense acrimony. Even the stirring events of the Spanish War did not induce people to cease from wrangling and jangling about Sherman's resignation. He died in a little over two years after retiring to private life, a sorely disappointed man. No doubt the dispute as to his political taking-off still goes on in the outlying precincts of Ohio, and will never end so long as the names of McKinley, Hanna, and Sherman are remembered among the Buckeyes, for they dearly love a feud.

In his *Life* of Hanna Croly seems to prove that not only was Sherman glad to be Secretary of State, but he was anxious that Hanna should succeed him in the Senate—so anxious, in fact, that he would not agree to resign his senatorship until Governor Bushnell had, after much pressure and very reluctantly, agreed to appoint Hanna —which the Governor did and which he bitterly regretted to his dying day.

Croly also states, and seems to prove it, that sundry persons endeavored to dissuade McKinley from appointing Sherman, because of his failing condition mentally and physically—especially as to his memory; but, according to Croly, McKinley—urged thereto by Hanna—replied that few people knew of Sherman's failing strength; that he was universally regarded as an eminent statesman; that his appointment as Secretary of State would give immense prestige to his administration; and that by giving him a vigorous, clear-headed Assistant Secretary of State to do the real work he would have the benefit of Sherman's famous name and sage advice, and things would work out all right. Consequently Sherman was appointed, and Judge William R. Day, of Ohio, his chief assistant. When Sherman resigned, Day became Secretary of State, headed the American Peace Commission to Paris, was subsequently United States Circuit Judge, and is now a member of the Federal Supreme Court.

Whatever may be the exact truth, one thing is as clear as crystal, and that is that Sherman himself thought he had been badly manhandled, and retired from the Cabinet in high dudgeon, hating both McKinley and Hanna till death took him.

Hon. Theodore E. Burton, a fine, scholarly man of Ohio, now of New York, who was both a Representative and a Senator in Congress, says, in his *Life of John Sherman:* "It cannot be denied, however, that he left the Cabinet with a degree of bitterness toward President McKinley, more by reason of his practical supersession than for any other reason, but also with the belief that he had been transferred to the Cabinet to make room for another in the Senate." Burton appears to be an unprejudiced witness.

Senator Foraker, who hated both McKinley and Hanna savagely, and who was not intensely enamoured of Sherman, in his *Notes on a Busy Life*, in speaking of Sherman as Secretary of State, says:

"As the weeks and months went by Mr. Sherman noticed that he was not conferred with and deferred to with respect to the important matters he had in charge to the full extent he thought he should be. He felt offended. Just what may have been said by him to the President or by the President to him I do not know, but I do know that no one in Washington official life was surprised when, finally, upon the declaration of war with Spain, Mr. Sherman tendered his resignation and the President accepted it.

"Mr. Sherman continued to reside in Washington most of the time until his death in October, 1900. During all the time he was in the Cabinet, and thereafter until his death, he never lost an opportunity to show me the warmest friendship and the strongest good-will. He did not come very often to the Senate Chamber, but he visited there a number of times during this period. In each instance, when I did not happen to see him as he entered, he at once sent a page to notify me he was there and to request me to come and sit with him on a sofa in the rear of the Senators' seats, provided for the accommodation of those entitled to the privileges of the floor.

"On no one of these occasions did he ever speak to Mr. Hanna, or ever speak of him, so far as I am aware, except only once, when he asked me if Senator Hanna was then in the Chamber. The Senator was in his seat and I pointed him out to him, but he did not ask to see him or speak to him on that occasion, or engage in any conversation whatever in regard to him. He came several times to my residence. He was always extremely cordial and talked much about the business of the Senate, its agreeable character, and how much he had enjoyed his service there. But he never, at any time, except in the one instance mentioned, made any inquiry about Senator Hanna or mentioned his name in any connection whatever; neither did he ever, on any occasion, speak of the President or his administration or any of the policies he was pursuing. He always, in his conversation with me, was silent with respect to both, and what they were doing, as though he had never heard of either.

"I know, however, from others with whom he did talk, that he felt deeply offended and that, when he took occasion to speak on the subject, he usually said what for him were very bitter things. I know that his family shared this feeling to such an extent that when I attended his funeral at Mansfield I was told by one of the relatives that some flowers had been sent from the White House and that they had refused to receive them.

"Having heard all this, I was less surprised than I would otherwise have been when, on the first day of March, 1902, while en route from Washington to New York, I met on the train Gen. Nelson A. Miles, whose wife was a daughter of Judge Charles T. Sherman, the Senator's brother, and was told by him that he had been carrying in his pocket for some time an autograph letter written by Mr. Sherman to somebody, he did not know to whom, but for some reason not mailed to the party for whom it was intended, but carefully filed with other papers that were to be made public after his death; that he was authorized to give it to me for such use as I might see fit to make of it. He then produced the following letter, which on my return to Washington I placed in an envelop, where until now it has ever since remained, on which envelop I indorsed 'The within letter delivered to me by General Miles on train en route to New York, March 1, 1902.'

> "Washington, D. C., *8 November, 1898.*
>
> "My Dear Sir,—Your note of the 6th inst. is received and I give you my hearty thanks. No doubt I ought to have remained in the Senate during my term, which would not have expired until the 4th of March next. At that time I regarded McKinley as a sincere and ardent friend whom I had assisted and whose election I had promoted. When he urged me to accept the position of Secretary of State I accepted with some reluctance and largely to promote the wishes of Mark Hanna. The result was that I lost the position both of Senator and Secretary, and I hear that both McKinley and Hanna are pitying me for failing memory and physical strength. I do not care for their pity and do not ask them any favors, but wish only to feel independent of them, and conscious that, while they deprived me of the high office of Senator by the temporary appointment as Secretary of State, they have not lessened me in your opinion or in the good-will of the great Republican party of the United States.
>
> "Very truly yours,
>
> John Sherman."

Finally Croly says: "In spite of Senator Sherman's professions of gratitude, he never mentions Mr. Hanna's name in the lengthy account of his final election to the Senate, which appears in his *Reminiscences*. Indeed, Mr. Hanna's name never appears in the entire book. The volume was published in 1895 and 1896, so that Mr. Sherman's later grievance against Mr. Hanna, if grievance it was, could have had nothing to do with the omission."

Mr. Croly, in his book, reveals an astonishing fact touching the relations between McKinley and Hanna which few, very few, people ever heard of. That is that more than once there was a slight alienation of feelings betwixt the twain. The reason he assigns is more amazing than the fact, and that is that McKinley was jealous of Hanna's increasing fame and fearful that he (McKinley) would be overshadowed by it!

Croly states two things about them repeatedly, with much positiveness—that they were both against the Spanish War and both against Roosevelt's nomination as Vice-President.

I have gone into this McKinley-Sherman-Hanna matter at length partly because it is one of the most mysterious transactions in American history and partly because, when I was a very young man, I attended the Cincinnati Law-school and got the hang of Ohio politics. For two generations there has been more politics in Ohio than anywhere else on earth, and I have somewhat kept the run of things in that state. Somebody who, according to the life tables, has thirty or forty years to live should write a book about "Ohio Political Vendettas, both Democratic and Republican." In interest it would double-discount all the books ever written about the mountain feuds in Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia. He would have superabundant materials in the relations of Allen G. Thurman and Vallandigham, Allen G. Thurman and his illustrious uncle, "Rise Up" William Allen, Pendleton and Payne, Chase and Wade, Sherman and Garfield, Sherman and Foraker, Sherman and McKinley, Sherman and Hanna, Foraker and Hanna, Foraker and Taft, Foraker and Sherman, Payne and Brice, John R. McLean and Tom Johnson, Foraker and Harding, McLean and Hoadley, and others *ad libitum.*

For years Ohio has been in the "presidential belt" for several reasons: First, because of its central location; second, because, while it has been reliably Republican, the bosses permitted it to go Democratic often enough in off years to maintain for their own benefit and behoof the fiction that Ohio was doubtful; third, because until quite recently they had an election every year which kept them in practice, figuratively speaking, they slept on their arms with one eye open; fourth, because Ohio had an extraordinarily able set of public men, made able to a large extent by the constant campaigning of the annual elections and the limelight resulting therefrom. Ohio had such a plethora of aspiring statesmen that they jostled one another and were in one another's way. For example, either Chase or Wade would have had a reasonable show for the presidential nomination in 1860 had Ohio been united on one of them. Either Allen or Thurman might have won in 1876, but both running put Ohio out of the reckoning. The same remark applies somewhat to Payne and Pendleton. In 1880 Sherman was a presidential candidate, and Garfield walked away with the glittering prize, very much to the disgust of Sherman and his friends. Sherman was again a candidate in 1884, but the Ohio delegation was split. In 1888 he had for the first time a solid delegation on the surface from his own state, though one big Ohio paper declared that only fifteen of them were for him at heart. However that may be, they voted solidly for him so long as he seemed to have a ghost of a show, and even after that. Mark Hanna was hoping to nominate McKinley if Sherman failed, while Foraker offers persuasive evidence in his book that he could have been nominated himself had Sherman been generous enough to withdraw when Sherman knew he had no chance to win and when everybody else in that convention knew the same thing. Even after Foraker knew that his presidential cake was dough he prevented Taft from getting a solid delegation from Ohio in 1908.

Foraker seems to me to be the most pathetic figure in Ohio politics. He was an exceptionally handsome and brilliant figure. He was rated as a presidential possibility for twenty-five years. More than once he appeared to be a presidential probability; but something fatal to his ultimate ambition always happened. Twice he placed John Sherman in nomination for President. Twice he placed McKinley in nomination for Governor, and twice for President, all of which must have been exceedingly distasteful to him. He was nominated for Governor four times, elected the second and third times, defeated the first and fourth. Had he been elected the fourth heat in 1889 he would in all human probability have defeated Sherman for the Senate in January, 1892, and might have been nominated for President later that same year; but Sherman defeated him decisively for Senator, which gave his presidential aspirations a solar-plexus blow. Finally he attained the Senate March 4, 1897, the same day that his less brilliant and less eloquent rival, McKinley, reached the White House.

John Adams, who had a temper of his own, and who hated Alexander Hamilton, of New York, boss of the Federalists, with absolute ferocity, once declared with much heat, while President, that "New York politics is the devil's own mess." It is really a pity that "the Sage of Braintree" did not live long enough to render an opinion upon the intricacies, plots, counterplots, and betrayals of Ohio politics. The ordinary span of human life is not sufficient time in which to understand them. It may well be doubted if anybody ever did completely comprehend them in their entirety and minutiæ.

So far as men and measures discussed in this book are concerned, I have endeavored to write the truth and to treat them fairly. Here is the truth, so far as I can ascertain it from amazingly contradictory evidence about Marcus A. Hanna.

In private life he seems to have been kind-hearted, even affectionate. Physically he was a large man, and had a pleasant, though not a handsome, face. He had been solely a successful business man, amassing a large fortune while still in his prime, never running for office until 1897, when he was a candidate for United States Senator. Until he was appointed to the Senate, he had participated in politics for his friends only, by electing delegates to state and national conventions, by attending as a delegate himself, and by managing campaigns as state and national chairman. His friendship for McKinley grew out of a chance meeting while the latter was of counsel in a lawsuit against him. He managed McKinley's campaign for both nomination and election. Croly says he paid all the expenses for the nomination out of his own pocket, which is hard to believe. Carrying the election was dead easy, as he had the biggest campaign fund in the history of the Republic. Nevertheless, as he was chairman, he reaped a great reputation. No doubt his friendship for McKinley—love would be a more fitting word—lured him into presidential politics in 1896, for he had been trying for twelve years to find a presidential opening for his idol. No man in American history was ever more savagely abused in public speech or the public press. He was openly and constantly charged with buying the Presidency for his protégé. Homer Davenport, in his cartoons, covered him with dollar-marks till people came to regard him as the almighty dollar incarnate.

One day during the extra session of Congress in 1897 I sent my little seven-year-old son, Bennett Champ, over to the Senate with a note for Senator Cockrell. In a few minutes he came running back with his eyes bulging out, and exclaimed: "Daddy, I saw Senator Mark Hanna over there, and he didn't have any dollar-marks on him!" He was only a child, but his report tends to show how thoroughly the dollar-mark cartoon had done its work.

When he entered the Senate he had never made a public speech in his life, though verging close on sixty. No one dreamed that he would become a strong senatorial debater, and yet that is precisely what he did. He was panoplied with the prestige won as national chairman, but his enemies claimed at first that he was listened to and tolerated as a debater simply because he had a great pull with the administration and was McKinley's spokesman; but it gradually dawned on the American mind that he was a really strong speaker. The fact that the great canal was dug across the Isthmus of Panama instead of across Nicaragua was due more to him than to any other man. Those who heard him on the stump united in testifying that he was a success in that sort of speech-making—which is astonishing when it is remembered that he was threescore before he began to speak in public on the stage. Another remarkable fact is that millions of people thought that his glory was only reflected from McKinley and that when McKinley died Hanna's light would be gradually dimmed until it completely disappeared; but as a matter of historic truth he was a bigger man after the President's death than he was before. Long before he died all the elements of opposition to President Roosevelt were rallying to his support for the presidential nomination. When all the facts are considered, his career after he entered the Senate must be taken as another evidence of the theory that the average American rises equal to any emergency in which he finds himself placed.

It will be remembered that a Republican administration conducted the war with Spain, and one would naturally conclude that the glamour attaching to that brief and highly successful conflict would give the Republicans prestige so great as to enable them to elect the House of Representatives in the Fifty-sixth Congress easily and by an overwhelming majority. Not so, however. Quite the contrary. When that Congress convened they had only thirteen majority. A change of seven would have given the Democrats control. I have always believed, and believe now, that President McKinley's speaking tour through the Central West won the victory for the Republicans. Ostensibly he eschewed politics; but everybody goes to hear and applaud a President—any President. His speeches engender enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is as contagious as smallpox or the bubonic plague. McKinley was not only a prince of stumpers, but was Republicanism in human form. He stirred his audiences to the depths.

So eminent a Republican as Col. William Peters Hepburn told me that the President's speeches elected him and captured the House of Representatives.

CHAPTER XVI

McKinley and Roosevelt.

IT is absolutely certain that in our entire history no two men so utterly unlike in every particular—in thought, education, manner, personal characteristics, physique, tastes, methods, and public experience—ever ran for President and Vice-President on the same ticket as William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. In every way they were startling contrasts. If the Philadelphia Republican National Convention of 1900 had deliberately searched the land from sea to sea for the sole purpose of finding two eminent men who were the perfect antipodes of each other, they could not have succeeded better than when it selected the Major and the Colonel as their standard-bearers.

McKinley was one of the gentlest, most modest, most diplomatic, and most gracious of all our public men. Roosevelt was brusk, abrupt, self-assertive, positive, and the most aggressive of mortals. McKinley took everything by the smooth handle, was a master in the art of pouring oil on the troubled waters. Roosevelt accomplished his purposes by the lion's paw and the eagle's claw. McKinley, in kindly fashion, persuaded men to comply with his wishes. Roosevelt batted them over the head with his big stick, drove straight to the mark, and compelled acquiescence in his purposes, plans, and ambitions. McKinley was of the brunette type, with finely chiseled features, and with an astonishing facial resemblance to Napoleon—a fact of which his followers made much capital and his opponents much fun. Roosevelt was of the blond type, with rugged features, evidencing the dynamic force of which, beyond all question, he was possessed—physically resembling no other historic character whatsoever. Mentally and physically he was *sui generis.* McKinley acted on the philosophy that molasses catches more flies than vinegar. Roosevelt believed in calling a spade a spade. The word "liar" was familiar to his tongue, and he founded the Ananias Club, chose its members, and thrust them in. McKinley was delicately framed, weighed about a hundred and sixty, and was five feet seven and one-fourth inches in stature, but he had a way of walking, expanding his chest and carrying his head which made him appear taller and larger—in which he resembled Gen. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. Roosevelt was nearly six feet tall, weighed above two hundred, had a magnificent body—which he kept in prime condition—and was strong as a bull. McKinley was of sedentary habit, while Roosevelt took more exercise than any other occupant of the White House. He was as striking an example of what physical culture and outdoor life will do in converting a spindling boy into an exceedingly robust man of rare endurance as could be found betwixt the two seas. He bounced about like a rubber ball and was fond of associating with athletes, of whom he was one. McKinley's studies, reading, and speeches all ran to economics. Roosevelt's touched all subjects of human interest. He seemed as much at home in one place as another, and spoke with equal cocksureness and vehemence on all topics, whether before the learned Academicians of the Sorbonne, or in Guildhall explaining to the gaping and dumfounded Britishers how to govern Egypt, or making a stump speech in the great cities and on wide prairies of his native land. The chances are that McKinley never dreamed of writing a book, and that it would have been about such a book as *John Sherman's Memoirs*, one of the dullest of all books, if he had attempted it. Roosevelt was a voluminous author on a variety of subjects—always interesting, if not profound. McKinley was not a collegian. Roosevelt was a Harvard man. McKinley was a devout Methodist. Roosevelt was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. McKinley was of Scotch descent. Roosevelt, on his father's side, was of Dutch extraction, while his mother was a Miss Bullock, of Georgia. McKinley taught school, practised law, was prosecuting attorney, long-time Representative in Congress, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Governor of Ohio. Roosevelt was a member of the Legislature almost before his beard was sprouted, Police Commissioner of New York, Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York, and Vice-President. McKinley was reared on a farm. Roosevelt gathered health and strength as a cowboy in Dakota. With neither was the road to the White House smooth all the way. McKinley was unseated in a contest in the House and finally beaten for re-election. Thomas B. Reed defeated him by only two votes for the Republican nomination for Speaker, when the nomination was equivalent to the election. Roosevelt was defeated for the mayoralty of New York, and sadly confided to his friends, so it is said, that his political career was at an end—which it is difficult, indeed impossible, to believe.

They were both soldiers—McKinley in the Civil War, ending with the grade of major; Roosevelt in the Spanish American War, with the rank of colonel. Both capital stump speakers and of different styles; both stanch Republicans—each after his kind. Both masterful politicians by methods wide apart as the poles.

I have always said that had McKinley lived out his second term he would have completely disorganized the Democrats by a process of political seduction, in which he was an adept. There were thirty or forty Democrats in the House completely under his spell, with the number constantly growing. Roosevelt stirred the fighting blood of every Democrat worthy of the name. Many were his personal friends, but he cudgeled Democrats so unmercifully that they fought back with might and main.

Defeat, while never pleasant, is sometimes a blessing in disguise. No doubt McKinley was bitterly disappointed when Reed achieved the Speakership over him, but it was the best thing that ever happened to him, for Reed appointed him chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, thereby enabling him to fasten his name onto "the McKinley bill," which was one of the principal factors in the slaughter of the Republicans in 1890 and 1892, and, strange as it may seem, was one of the most potent arguments in favor of McKinley's nomination and election to the Presidency in 1896. Another thing that helped him amazingly was the stupidity of the Ohio Democratic Legislature, which gerrymandered him out of Congress in 1890. The American people like a square deal, and the Ohio folks did not take kindly to the idea of treating in that manner a man who had risen so high in the councils of the nation. So they unanimously nominated him for Governor in 1891, and again in 1893, and triumphantly elected him both times, which gave him the coign of vantage in 1896.

Everybody knows what Parson Burchard did to James Gillespie Blaine. McKinley was determined that no such *faux pas* should happen in his campaign. It will be remembered that McKinley did not go around the country making speeches, but that numerous delegations of his supporters made the pilgrimage to Canton, where he addressed them from his front porch. That method of campaigning has lost its vogue because there are no more free railroad passes!

Former Representative James T. McCleary, of Minnesota, an ardent admirer of McKinley, once told me how determined McKinley was that he should not be "Burchardized," as was "the Man from Maine." So he absolutely refused to be addressed by any visiting orator unless the orator's speech was submitted to him in advance. If there was anything objectionable or of even doubtful propriety in the speech, he would send for him and tell him that in a general way his speech was admirable. Then in the friendliest manner possible he would say: "Of course, you are here for the sole purpose of helping to elect me, and that is why you have prepared this excellent speech—for all of which I am profoundly grateful. Now permit me to suggest that here is a sentence which might perhaps be used to our disadvantage. Do you not think it should be erased?" Of course the aspiring orator would agree to the deletion. He could not do anything else, as the possibility of offending the probable President was, above all things, to be avoided. Consequently McKinley would order one of his staff to take a blunt-nibbed pen and so thoroughly efface the undesirable sentence that no human eye, even if aided by the most powerful microscope, could decipher it. With such care it is no wonder that no fatal accident happened in McKinley's canvass. Had Blaine censored the parson's speech he would have been President instead of Grover Cleveland, for there can be no shadow of doubt that Burchard's three words of alliteration changed more than the five hundred and odd votes necessary to be changed to send the Plumed Knight to the White House.

Blaine always asserted that he did not hear Burchard's fatal alliteration—which is probably true; but suppose he had heard those three words which shut the White House doors in his face—what then? How could he, on the spur of the moment, have said anything to cure the injury wrought by the preacher without at the same time alienating as many voters as he gained? I have worked on that problem in mental gymnastics a good deal, but I have never been able to solve the riddle.

Gen. Winfield Scott acted as his own Burchard in his remark about "the hasty plate of soup," and his scornful declaration that he "never read *The New York Herald*." His illustrious namesake, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, "the Superb," performed the same office for himself by his remark to the effect that "the tariff is a local question." That and Charles A. Dana's malicious squib that "General Hancock is a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds," greatly militated against his election.

In line with what Mr. McCleary told me is the following extract from Mr. Croly's *Life of Senator Marcus A. Hanna.* Speaking of the paucity of letters and telegrams passing between Hanna and William McKinley, he says:

> Only about a score of letters and some four telegrams . . . and the great majority of these are trivial in character. . . . Mr. McKinley was in all his political relations an extremely wary man. He early adopted the practice of not committing to paper any assertions or promises which might subsequently prove to be embarrassing; and even in the case of important conversations over the telephone he frequently took the precaution of having a witness at his end of the line. It is scarcely to be expected that any letters of his will be of much assistance, either to his own biographer or that of any political associate, in spite of, or rather because of, the fact that McKinley late in his life wrote too many of his letters with a biographer so much in mind. All important matters were discussed between the two men in private conference. Later they were connected by a special telephone service.

In quoting that excerpt Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, in his *Notes of a Busy Life*, adds this cryptic remark:

> One might infer from these comments that if the dictagraph had been known in his time, McKinley would have supplied himself with one for use in his conferences.

There is an old saying which runs in this wise: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." So far as can be ascertained, very few men have deliberately gone after the Vice-Presidency, because the nomination of candidates for the Presidency generally determines the nominations for Vice-President. Usually it is given as a sop to some prominent member of the defeated faction. Among those who sought it and captured it are Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, and Garrett A. Hobart. Whitelaw Reid secured the nomination, but was defeated at the election.

Colonel Roosevelt has always claimed that he did not desire the vice-presidential nomination. "If so," his enemies and detractors ask, "why did he wear his military cocked hat to that convention? Simply to attract attention?" If so, he overdid it and attracted so much attention, engendering so much enthusiasm, that it enabled that astute politician, Thomas Collier Platt, aided and abetted by the astuter politician, Matthew Stanley Quay, to force Senator Marcus A. Hanna's hand and compel the nomination of Roosevelt. Platt's sole aim was to get rid of Roosevelt and shelve him in the Vice-Presidency. It is said that Roosevelt was furious, though it was a streak of pure good luck and made him President—which otherwise he might never have been. Senator Platt was happy as a boy with his first pair of red-topped boots at having "shelved Roosevelt"—which, as it turned out, was to lead to his own political undoing. He was hoisted on his own petard. My own opinion is that Roosevelt was honest in saying that he did not want the Vice-Presidency. Why, then, the military cocked hat? Because he wanted to set people to talking about him so as to aid him in grabbing a presidential nomination in 1904. From the time when he first learned there is such a high and mighty office he began chasing it.

He was as active as a cat, energetic as a steam-engine, industrious as the law of gravitation, ambitious as Cæsar.

So long as life lasted he was a factor—an important factor—in human affairs.

One reason why McKinley was at all times in perfect peace, if not in absolute accord, with Congress was that he had served many years in the House and understood thoroughly and well its idiosyncrasies, its prejudices, its jealousies, its clannishness, and its *esprit de corps;* and one reason why Roosevelt had such an uproarious and unpleasant experience with the Congress was that he had never served in either House or Senate, did not understand them, and did not care a fig what they thought, thereby creating superfluous and unfortunate frictions and antagonisms. The one was a diplomat; the other a fighter.

The late Richard W. Austin, of the Knoxville, Tennessee, district, once the home of both Andrew Johnson and "Parson" Brownlow, was a most lovable man who boasted that he never voted for a tax or against an appropriation. By his familiars he is called "Alabama Dick," because while a citizen of that state he had the temerity to run twice on the Republican ticket for Congress against Gen. Joe Wheeler, which most Democrats considered a species of sacrilege. Austin found the political pastures greener and more lush in East Tennessee, where there are more Republicans to the square inch than anywhere else on earth.

Austin was fond of telling stories to illustrate the rich humor of his long-time friend and erstwhile colleague, Walter P. Brownlow. Everybody knows that while in the House President McKinley was a strong advocate of silver. So was Brownlow. Austin said that in 1896 Brownlow was stumping East Tennessee and making red-hot speeches for McKinley, but also whooping it up at a lively rate for free silver coinage. Mr. Chairman Marcus A. Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, heard of it, and in great perturbation of spirit wrote Brownlow to cut out his advocacy of silver, since Major McKinley was running as the Sound Money candidate on a gold-standard platform. Brownlow answered somewhat in this wise: "Dear Mr. Chairman, I regret exceedingly if I have offended. The most eloquent Silver speech I ever heard fall from human lips was made by Major McKinley some years ago. I did not know he had changed his views, and was going up and down quoting his remarks on the coinage question. I will, however, conform my speech to your suggestions, but I beg of you that, should he again change his views, you will telegraph me notice in advance so that I can still work in harmony with our great leader!"

When Colonel Roosevelt chose he could make himself very agreeable indeed. His large and varied store of information, his peculiarly emphatic style of conversation—which frequently ran into monologue—his experiences as hunter, soldier, traveler, discoverer, public speaker, statesman, author, cowboy, his intense earnestness, his amazing success in many fields of human endeavor, his rare and infectious enthusiasm—these things rendered him a unique and commanding figure in any company. With his friends he was free and easy, not being overloaded with dignity.

When in 1903 he made his long electioneering trip to Oregon, he traveled through my Congressional district for about one hundred miles *via* the Burlington Railroad. My constituents asked me to introduce him at the various stopping-places, which I was glad to do. He and I were on good terms, and it was a courtesy I owed him. I did not suppose that anybody would try to hurt him, but I thought I might prevent the over-enthusiastic or over-stimulated from annoying him with demonstrations too intimate or too boisterous in their nature. I met him at Hannibal, where he addressed a fine audience, composed largely of Democrats, who cheered him to the echo and "threw high their sweaty caps in air," for he was very popular in Missouri—a fact mathematically demonstrated when he carried that rock-ribbed Democratic stronghold in November, 1904, by thirty thousand majority, being the first Republican presidential candidate to carry it subsequent to 1868. I have been told that he was very proud of that fact—his pride being thoroughly justified, for it was far more a personal than a political triumph.

When we boarded his special train he invited Howard Elliott, Judge Adams, Judge Dyer, United States Marshal Morsey, and myself, with perhaps some others, to lunch with him in his private car. It was an entirely informal affair. Merriment was unconfined. He was in high feather, being hugely pleased with his reception in Missouri. Everybody chipped into the conversation.

It so happened that while on his long journey one of his small sons had the measles. The boy wanted to go to the barn to see his Shetland pony. His mother would not let him go, fearing that he might catch cold. So the little chap induced the colored hostler to take the tiny pony into the White House basement, put him into the elevator, and hoist him up-stairs to his room. I asked the President what he thought of that performance. "Bully!" he exclaimed. "By George! it's the funniest caper I ever heard of. Don't you know that boy thinks more of that colored man than he does of me?" and he threw his head back and laughed so uproariously as to be heard above the rattle of the train. I told him that was usually the case with boys reared with colored folks.

I had an experience with him which demonstrated in a pleasing way his kindness of heart. At a certain stage of the pre-convention canvass it looked as though Senator Marcus A. Hanna would give the President a hard tussle for the Republican nomination. Of course it was none of my business who won among the Republicans, but I believed the Republican nominee would secure the election, and also believed Roosevelt to be the better man of the two. Therefore I wanted to see him nominated. The Republican situation in Missouri did not look propitious for him. The Hanna men constituted only about two-fifths of the Republicans in the state, but they were seasoned veterans, well organized, while Roosevelt's followers, constituting about three-fifths, were leaderless and unorganized. I concluded that a friendly tip from a disinterested Democratic friend well acquainted in the state might help him. So one morning I went over to the White House, accompanied by my son, Bennett Champ, lately a colonel in our army in France, then a chunk of a boy. After talking to the President about two or three small matters of official business I said, "Mr. President, some time before long, if you can find a few minutes of leisure, let me know and I will come down and tell you something to your personal advantage of a political nature." He replied: "Wait till I can get rid of these people"—waving his hand toward a bevy of folks—"and we'll have that talk now." After his visitors departed he and I, followed by my young son, went into his private room. He and I sat down on a sofa, and I began to explain to him how to capture the thirty-six Missouri delegates to the convention by sending for a half-dozen men whom I named, and setting them to organizing his forces, etc.

He had a magnificent stuffed eagle on his table, and my son was examining the splendid bird with much pleasure and curiosity. Right in the middle of my explanation of how he could bag the Missouri delegates the President noticed the boy's admiration of his eagle. He left me, went over to where the boy and eagle were, explained what sort of eagle he was, where he came from, who presented him, how he was differentiated from all other eagles, and how he was made to stand erect. Then he delivered a short lecture on taxidermy that would have done credit to any professional in the land. The boy was delighted, and so was I. Then the President came back to the sofa and I finished my message, for which he thanked me very cordially and on which he said he would act. Senator Hanna, however, died shortly after, and the colonel had no opposition for the nomination.

Most assuredly the President who would take such pains to please and instruct a little boy whom he had never seen before and would probably never see again was a kind-hearted man. That is one of my most pleasant memories of this most extraordinary man.

It is generally believed that Colonel Roosevelt monopolized the talking part on all occasions. He did generally, but not always. Once a bunch of distinguished Missourians, headed by Walter Williams, dean of the Missouri School of Journalism, one of the most brilliant men in the state, came to Washington to invite the President to deliver the address to the graduates of the University of Missouri. They stopped at the Willard and asked the Missouri delegation in the House and Senate to accompany them and back up their invitation. I happened to walk over to the White House with Williams. En route I asked him who was to speak for them. He replied that he was. So I said: "I will give you a word of caution. The President has the reputation of doing all the talking in such matters. If you let him break in on you you will never finish your speech." Williams evidently pondered my words in his heart, for as soon as I introduced them he began his remarks, and shot them into the President with the rapidity of an automatic pistol. The latter several times lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, shook his head, opened his mouth, and started to speak, but Williams kept firing into him till he got through—very much to his own surprise and to that of the President, and of everybody else within ear-shot. Truth to tell, I think the President admired Williams for his nerve. At any rate, he seemed in high good humor, and after some jovial remarks promised to accept the invitation, provided he did not find it incompatible with public business.

This same Walter Williams was author of the finest epigram made in a quarter of a century. Among other things he was superintendent of the biggest Sunday-school in America. One morning in a speech to his flock he said, "Young gentlemen, Fame has snatched men from the plow, the forge, and the carpenter's bench, but Fame never reached over a picket fence and yanked a dude out of a hammock."

On another occasion I was at the White House to keep an appointment with President Roosevelt. The Texas delegation was ahead of me to urge the appointment of ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers as Panama Canal Commissioner. It was hot weather, the doors were open, and, while not eavesdropping, I could not help hearing what they were saying. As I had served in the House with Sayers, I was anxious to know how they came out. As they were leaving I inquired. One of them said: "We don't know. I don't see how the President ever learned anything, for he persists in doing all the talking. He does not give anybody else a chance. We told him that all Texas wanted Governor Sayers appointed Canal Commissioner, and started in to tell him about Sayers—but we never got any farther. He took the conversation away from us, told us all about the Governor and all about the Canal; how he was going to have it constructed, and how much it would benefit the world in general and America in particular. He expanded on the history of canals, especially the Suez Canal. He wound up by giving us an extended biography of Count De Lesseps—but what the prospects of Governor Sayers for that canal commissionership are I don't know!"

I had an experience with him which illustrates his wonderful memory and industry. Once upon a time seven cadets at Annapolis were court-martialed and dismissed from the Academy. Among them was one whom I had nominated—son of a Republican postmaster, who had won it in a competitive examination which I ordered. The boy wrote me that he had not had a fair trial. Consequently I went to Mr. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte to examine the transcript of the proceedings. The boy was charged with having stood five other cadets on their heads—not a monstrous crime, but everybody was tired of hazing, and he was thrown out. I read every word of the testimony (seven pages closely typewritten legal cap) and found that the evidence fully sustained the five counts of guilty by the court martial. As his offenses were not heinous, I inquired of Mr. Secretary Bonaparte if he thought the President would approve the findings of the court martial. He said, "Yes."

A few days later somebody told me that the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in the House was going to introduce a joint resolution authorizing the President to reinstate two of the seven expelled cadets, and that my cadet was not one of the two. I went to the chairman and asked him if the report was true. He said it was. I told him I would defeat his resolution if it was the last act of my life. I was willing all should get back or all should stay out, but that they should not make fowl of some and fish of others. He gave up the idea, and I heard no more about it.

Just two days before the session ended, however, I learned that Senator Hale of Maine, chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, had secured the passage of a Senate joint resolution authorizing the President to reinstate any or all of the seven, as appeared to him best for the public service—a polite way of whipping his Satanic Majesty around the stump. Next morning I went to see the President. I knew that if I did not save my cadet before the House passed the Senate joint resolution I could not save him afterward, because the President and I were both billed to leave Washington the moment the Congress adjourned, and that I would have no chance to see him. In my interview with him I said: "Mr. President, if the Hale resolution about those seven expelled naval cadets passes the House, do you purpose to reinstate my cadet?" "No, sir; no, sir," he replied. "He is a bad egg and I will not reinstate him." "All right," I answered. "I will kill the resolution. As there are only two days left, I can kill it, and will kill it." Then he started in to tell me about my cadet's case. I said: "Mr. President, if you are not going to reinstate him there is no use in wasting your time talking about it." He replied that he was going to tell me for his own satisfaction. Thereupon he repeated substantially the entire transcript of seven closely typewritten pages of legal cap, and wound up by saying: "He was convicted on five counts, and if you and I had been sitting on that court martial we would both have voted for conviction."

Then he proceeded to repeat the transcripts in the other six cases. Among other things he said: "You know that I am not seeking opportunities to please Senator Tillman, but his cadet was guilty only of a bare technical violation of the rules. If the court martial had had any sense it would have given him some slight punishment and would not have expelled him. I am going to reinstate him in spite of Senator Tillman, if the Hale resolution passes the House"—which it did not do, for I killed it dead as a door-nail.

I left the White House marveling at such manifestation of the prodigious memory of the President, who had so many more important things to carry around in his head. I wonder yet how he found time in his multitudinous employments to digest those forty-nine pages of transcripts of trials of seven naval cadets.

Here is another illustration of President Roosevelt's industry and many-sidedness. One morning at the White House I was third in the procession, or reception line. Representative Granger of Rhode Island, a mild-mannered man, had with him a half-dozen prominent Jews. They presented a petition signed by thousands of their brethren, asking that the President send our fleet into the North Sea to overawe the Russians and to compel them to treat the Jews with justice. He flew into a passion, and the way he roasted Granger and the Jews was enough to make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and wound up by exclaiming loud enough for a large roomful of people to hear, "What in God's name would the world think of us if we undertook to bully the Russian government into changing its policy toward the Russian Jews, while we are constantly lynching colored citizens down South?"—which greatly abashed Representative Granger and his friends. They departed sorrowfully.

Next entered "the august presence" a handsome, fashionably dressed, intelligent woman of Hibernian extraction, with whom the President seemed to be acquainted, for he greeted her most cordially. She started in to discuss with him the relative merits of certain Irish poets. He cut her off in the middle of a sentence by saying: "My dear madam, I have no time to discuss the Irish poets to-day, but if you will buy the current number of such and such a magazine you will find a forty-page article which I wrote on 'The Irish Sagas'!" Whether she bought one I do not know, but I did, to see if he was stringing her to be rid of her. Sure enough there was the article. Again I wondered how he found time to do such things as that; and the mystery has never been cleared up.

Sometimes he seemed to be animated by the imp of the perverse, touching which Edgar Allan Poe wrote some weird stories; and he appeared to enjoy shocking people as much as Poe did. When the corner-stone of the vast marble pile denominated the House Office Building was laid the President was the orator of the day. He was in fine fettle. It was a lovely day in May. The audience was large and distinguished. The ladies were decked out in their best bibs and tuckers. The men wore their Sunday clothes. We were all there to have a good time. The President sailed in. He made a flamboyant Fourth-of-July speech for ten minutes, an uplift speech for fifteen, skinned the muckrakers within an inch of their lives, and delivered a few light taps on Democratic ribs. The mouths of the eminent Republican magnates were spread in smiles reaching from ear to ear. They were having the time of their lives, when suddenly, without any connection whatever with anything he had said, apropos of nothing, he declared vehemently for both a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax. The Democrats were jubilant and applauded hilariously, while the smiles froze on the faces of the Republicans. They would not have been more astonished if he had struck them betwixt the eyes with a maul. They had to pinch themselves to see if they were awake. The President seemed to be delighted with the sensation he had created and the consternation which he had wrought among Republican statesmen. Their curses on him for that speech were not only deep, but loud.

When I was a very young man attending the Cincinnati Law-school I was at a mammoth Democratic mass-meeting in the Grand Opera House to protest against Gen. Philip H. Sheridan's action in pitching the Louisiana Legislature out of the windows with his bayonets. I should say *one* of the Louisiana Legislatures, for they had two of them—hence the row. At the mass-meeting aforementioned excitement ran high. The Buckeye orators were out in full force. They made the rafters ring, and split the welkin with their hot and indignant eloquence. At last appeared United States Senator George H. Pendleton—"Gentleman George," as he was universally called—then in the prime of his manly beauty and splendid powers. To witness the ovation given him was worth ten years of peaceful life. I say again that were I to discount the remarkable age of Methuselah I would never forget his opening sentence—"The sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man is the applause of the people"—as exquisite a mot as was ever uttered.

Perhaps President Roosevelt never heard of Pendleton's saying, but he seemed to be of like mind, for it may be safely stated that no man ever more thoroughly enjoyed popular applause than did he—certainly no man ever received more of it. When he made his famous trip down the Mississippi by boat he was met by a tremendous concourse of hysterically cheering people at the St. Louis wharf. He was to speak at the Jai Alai Building some three or four miles from the river. He went out in an automobile, through lanes of shouting people, the rain pouring down in torrents. He stood up bareheaded to return the greetings of the multitude. The committee begged him to sit down under an umbrella. He replied: "No, if these good people are eager enough to see me to stand in this heavy rain for hours, they shall not be disappointed of their pleasure."

On arriving at the Jai Alai he was soaked to the skin. He began his speech with this witticism: "If this speech is dry, it's the only dry thing about me!"

These things which I have set down here are not among his great achievements, but they are pleasant incidents of his busy life.

The important acts and far-resounding utterances on which the towering fabric of his fame is bottomed have been so often printed in books, magazines, and newspapers—so often described and repeated on the stump, on the platform, in the pulpit, and in the Congress—that to discuss them here would be a work of supererogation. The world knows them by heart; but it gives me unfeigned pleasure to throw these side-lights upon the character and career of the most extraordinary man who has filled the presidential chair.

It may be of interest to state that in 1912 three presidential candidates, President Taft, Governor Harmon, and myself, graduated at or from—or to use the formula of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, "were graduated from"—the Cincinnati Law-school; but the Princetonian walked away "with the bacon."

Of all the fantastic capers that President Roosevelt ever cut before high heaven, the most astounding and bizarre was his performance at the Gridiron Club in January, 1907.

The Gridiron is the most famous club in America. Its active membership is composed entirely of Washington newspaper men and is limited to forty, in that regard resembling the French "Immortals." It has a long waiting-list—also a small number of honorary members. The original design was that it should be a good-fellowship society. While that idea has not been abandoned, it has gradually taken on other and more serious features, some of a political tinge. To attend one of its banquets with its "show," skits, songs, humor, speeches, and impersonations is a rare treat, provided you know positively that you will not be called upon to speak. When a public man is first invited as a guest he knows that he has been recognized as a "comer." Most of the prominent men of two generations have stretched their legs under Gridiron mahogany. Most of the successful public speakers—and some not successful—have exercised their voices in Gridiron banquet-halls.

The invitations are sent without solicitation. They cannot be bought. In fact, an effort to buy one, or an intimation by any man that he would be willing to pay, is taken in bad part by the Gridironers.

They have two rules: First, "Ladies are always present"—which they never are; second, "Reporters are never present"—and they always are, in large numbers at that.

The first rule is fair warning to all speakers—to use only chaste language.

The second rule is to have guests speak their minds freely—knowing that their remarks will not be reported.

It is a hundred-to-one shot that any orator that violated the spirit of rule one would never receive another invitation to a Gridiron banquet.

Even rule two was violated on one notable occasion, without the club's consent, as I shall relate.

At least one of President Wilson's speeches was published with the consent of the club.

At the January banquet of 1907 a startling and thrilling stunt was pulled off—the most startling and thrilling I ever witnessed, absolutely unique and unprecedented in character, and perhaps never to be duplicated in this world.

I saw and heard a debate before two or three hundred men between President Roosevelt and Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio. According to my judgment—to use pugilistic parlance—the bout ended in a draw, though the sympathy of the majority of the audience was with the Senator because he was attacked by the President and was therefore fighting on the defensive. It is only truth and justice to say that he held his own fairly well that night; but it is also only truth and justice to say that that debate was the culmination of the feud betwixt him and the President, which practically eliminated him as a presidential candidate. No doubt when Colonel Roosevelt recalled that night he remembered the old saw: "He laughs best who laughs last," for his was the final triumph.

The chief matter in controversy betwixt them was the action of the President in discharging a whole battalion of colored troops at Brownsville, Texas, without honor. It was claimed that some ten or fifteen colored troopers shot up the town one night, killed one man, wounded another, fired into a building, and conducted themselves generally in a most obstreperous and offensive way.

Senator Foraker had introduced a resolution to investigate the whole matter, and got it through the Senate. President Roosevelt, not being able to find out, after all sorts of investigations, which particular men committed the outrage, discharged the whole battalion without honor.

In commenting in the House on the Brownsville row, I said, among other things, that it had eliminated Senator Foraker from the presidential equation and defeated him for Senator.

In his book entitled *Notes of a Busy Life*—which, by the way, is what Horace Greeley would have called "very interesting reading," and what Professor Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, would have denominated "richness"—he says that I was right in the first proposition; that is, that the Brownsville affair eliminated him from the presidential race; but that I was wrong about it defeating him for the Senate. However that may be, these two eminent gentlemen had it out at the Gridiron Club, to the utter amazement of all within sound of their voices.

Here is the setting of the scene: A table on a raised platform ran the whole length of the New Willard big dining-room. Those who were to speak, and other extra-prominent people, were sitting at that table. The other tables ran into the speakers' table at right angles, making the famous Gridiron. President Roosevelt sat to the right of the president of the club. Vice-President Fairbanks sat to the left of the president of the club. Some foreign minister sat next to Vice-President Fairbanks.

J. Pierpont Morgan sat next to the foreign minister. I sat second from this long table at the first table on the left of the president of the club. Melville E. Stone, president of the Associated Press, sat in between me and the long table. Dick Lindsay, of *The Kansas City Star*, whose guest I was particularly, sat next to me, all of which putting me within ten or fifteen feet of President Roosevelt. Senator Foraker sat at the foot of the first table on the right of the president of the club, so when he swung out in the aisle to make his speech he faced President Roosevelt directly—at the distance of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet.

In due course President Roosevelt was called on for a speech. He spoke for about thirty minutes with the utmost vigor about railroad-rate regulation, concerning which he was at loggerheads with Senator Foraker. In a general way he spoke about reform legislation, and he did not mince matters.

In the midst of this speech he turned around, shook his fist in the general direction of J. Pierpont Morgan, H. H. Rogers, and other railroad and financial magnates, and in the tersest language possible he told them that they had better join in with him and carry out the reasonable reform measures which he advocated, asserting that if they did not aid him in rational reforms they would fall into the hands of the mob, which would do all sorts of things to them.

After he was through talking on that string, he opened up on the Brownsville quarrel, and made some direct references to Senator Foraker, and undertook to justify himself in the most vigorous fashion for what he had done touching the Brownsville colored troops, stating that he had done what was right and what he conceived to be his duty, and that he would brook no interference from anybody in the discharge of his duties. Of course, the situation was very tense. Everybody knew that he was shooting at Foraker, as Foraker had been the chief opponent to the Roosevelt policy in that matter. Everybody knew that there was bad blood between them, and had been for some time, and many were wondering whether Senator Foraker would fight back or not. To put it mildly—very mildly—excitement ran mountain-high. As soon as President Roosevelt sat down the president of the club, Samuel G. Blythe, arose and said: "Now is the time for bloody sarcasm. I introduce Senator Foraker of Ohio." Had Mr. Chairman Blythe been all the major prophets rolled into one, he could not have hit the bull's-eye nearer the center.

Foraker was a very handsome man, over six feet in stature, weighing slightly over two hundred pounds, with as fine a shock of iron-gray hair as was ever on a man's head. When he arose to address the club his face was as white as a sheet. Evidently he was mad through and through. In five minutes after he began his speech his face was as red as the stripes on the flag. He should have had his picture taken that night when he was making that speech. If he had done so he would have come down to posterity as James Steerforth wished to be remembered—"at his best." He did not dodge at all. He gave blow for blow, and behind his blows he put all the steam of which he was possessed. He endeavored, in the plainest language possible, to justify his opposition to Roosevelt's railroad-rate bill, and all of his other reform measures that he had opposed. He finally got on to the Brownsville business, and vigorously defended the troops and himself. He denounced the President's conduct as illegal, unconstitutional, and unjustifiable. After expressing the great love he once had for the President, and telling how he helped him get the nomination, he recited how he had been ignored in his recommendations for appointment, and shouted: "This is the only place I am on the same plane with the President. If I go to the

White House he has the drop on me; if I make a speech about him in the Senate he cannot answer it; but I wish it distinctly understood that I am free born, white, over thirty years of age, and the people of Ohio have honored me many times with high positions and sent me to the Senate twice. I did not come to the Senate to take orders from anybody, either at this end of the line or the other. Whenever I fall so low that I cannot express my opinion on a great question freely, and without reservation or mental evasion, I will resign and leave my place to some man who has the courage to discharge his duties." This is a very brief outline of what Senator Foraker said. He spoke about twenty minutes, as nearly as I can recollect.

While Foraker was speaking President Roosevelt was gritting his teeth, clenching his fist, shaking his head, and muttering: "That is not so; I am going to answer that; that is not true; I will not stand for it," and similar remarks. Three or four times he started to get up to interrupt Senator Foraker, and Mr. Justice Harlan and other more or less ancient personages kept him from interrupting Foraker.

The very minute that Senator Foraker sat down the President jumped up like a "jack-out-of-the-box," and without waiting for anybody to introduce him, began his reply to Senator Foraker. It was red-hot. He delivered his blows without any gloves on. He was intensely bitter and very much excited. In reviewing the Brownsville episode, he said something like this: "Some of those men were bloody butchers; they ought to be hung. The only reason that I didn't have them hung was because I couldn't find out which ones of them did the shooting. None of the battalion would testify against them, and I ordered the whole battalion discharged without honor. It is my business and the business of nobody else. It is not the business of the Congress. It is not the business of the House. It is not the business of the Senate. All the talk on that subject is academic. If they pass a resolution to reinstate these men, I will veto it; if they pass it over my veto, I will pay no attention to it. I welcome impeachment!" It is hardly over-stating the case to say that he took the breath of that great audience away—they fairly gasped.

As President Roosevelt concluded Mr. Speaker Cannon was introduced. Usually he was one of the most popular speakers at a Gridiron dinner; but so great was the excitement that not a soul paid the slightest attention to what he said, except myself, and I was listening to see what he was going to say about the tariff. There was a universal buzz all about the room. President Blythe, seeing the situation, adjourned the club immediately. The guests rushed out two or three in company, and in the elevator and down in the lobby they were all discussing the thing *sotto voce.*

While Uncle Joe was making his speech, I turned to Melville E. Stone and Dick Lindsay and said that I could tell them how to pull off the greatest sensation since President McKinley was shot. I told them to send out a verbatim copy of the debate of President Roosevelt and Senator Foraker, notwithstanding the standing rule of the club. They hooted at the idea, and said that if any one had surreptitiously taken a stenographic report of the debate no reputable paper would publish it. Nevertheless and notwithstanding the thing leaked out. *The Washington Post* said that that was too important a matter to be hushed up by any rule of the club's etiquette.

One strange and interesting result growing out of the excitement created by that debate was that we lost half the dinner, beginning with the hot birds. Usually when I go to a banquet I cannot sleep very well, but that night I went home and slept like a top. Next morning, before I got up, I fell to reasoning about how I came to sleep so well. I first remembered that we didn't have any coffee.

Then I kept running it back until I found that we missed about half of the dinner. What happened was that when Senator Foraker arose to address the banqueters the waiters started in with the hot birds. President Blythe shooed them out of the room. When the President started in the second time the waiters again started in with the hot birds. Blythe shooed them out again, and they never poked their heads inside that dining-room that night again. I think I am entirely correct in stating that that is the only case on record where a President of the United States had a debate with any human being in the presence of a large audience. Finally, it should be stated that President Roosevelt had his way—that the colored battalion was never reinstated.

Senator Foraker persisted in having his name presented to the Republican National Convention in 1908, but received only a handful of votes—sixteen, my recollection is; three of them from Ohio. He states in his book that he knew that he had no show to be nominated; that the reason he was a candidate was he hoped that among them they could muster enough votes to nominate some man like Senator Fairbanks over President Taft.

Lord Melbourne said: "I wish I felt as cocksure about any one thing as Tom Macaulay is about everything." Listening to Colonel Roosevelt or reading his productions, one had the same sort of feeling as to him.

He died at the early age of sixty, undoubtedly the foremost private citizen of the world.

CHAPTER XVII

Colonel Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once said: "I had a corking time while in the White House," and there is no doubt that he did. Perhaps his language in stating his pleasure therein shocked the esthetes, but he cared not a whit for that. He was the youngest of our Presidents, being only forty-three when he was sworn in the first time—young enough to enjoy life and power to the full; and he was not at all squeamish about exercising to the limit all the functions and prerogatives devolved upon his high office by the Constitution and the statutes—and then some.

There was as tory floating around, perhaps apocryphal, but nevertheless illustrative of what the people conceived to be his mental attitude toward the Constitution. He was telling a friend of his anxiety to have a certain bill passed, and his surprise that Senators opposed it because they deemed it unconstitutional. His friend replied that he had some eminent lawyers in his Cabinet and he would do well to seek their opinion.

"Oh," replied the President, "I have done that, and the strange thing about it is that they all say it is unconstitutional!"

The truth is that, not being a lawyer, he had only what Governor Dingley would have denominated "surface information" touching the Constitution, and took about the same view of it as did President Andrew Jackson when the latter exclaimed, "John Marshall has rendered his opinion—now let's see him enforce it!"

Frederick the Great sometimes kicked the shins of his judges to force them to render decisions agreeable to him. Jackson and Roosevelt did not go that far, but they reserved to themselves the right to construe the Constitution themselves.

Having read all of Roosevelt's writings, according to my way of thinking the two men whom he admired most were Oliver Cromwell and Andrew Jackson. He sadly underestimated Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, and perhaps others of his predecessors; but he sincerely admired the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage—as well he might, for he was well worthy of the love and admiration of all genuine Americans. I always imagined that President Roosevelt deemed himself a sort of combined Cromwell and Jackson. The only really heated argument that President Roosevelt and I ever had was about Thomas Jefferson, he assailing and I defending the author of the immortal Declaration.

There can be no two opinions as to the fact that Roosevelt was one of the most extraordinary characters in our history—extraordinary being the word which most fitly describes him. He tried his hand in more fields of human endeavor than did any other of our Presidents—legislator, cowboy, subordinate civil functionary, soldier, Governor, Vice-President, President, statesman, author, hunter, explorer, discoverer, public speaker—and in all he succeeded excellently well; in some, amazingly well.

He defied and scouted all the traditions of men from Job when he said, "Oh, that my adversary had written a book!" down to the Articles of War. The Man of Uz evidently believed that if a man wrote a book it would rise up to thwart his progress. Roosevelt wrote several, and expressed in them his opinions as to men and things with perfect abandon—many with great severity—but survived them all, rising to the giddiest heights of power.

For instance, in his *Life of Col. Thomas Hart Benton*, he pronounced this opinion on Gen. Robert E. Lee: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth; and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

That is not only one of the finest sentences he ever wrote, considered entirely from a literary standpoint, but one of the most courageous, considered from a political point of view. He did not write that magnificent characterization of the renowned Virginian because his own mother was a Southerner—a fact of which he was justly proud. It cannot be accounted for by reason of his fellow-feeling for a soldier, because when he wrote his *Life of Benton* he had never donned a uniform, but he blurted it out because it was his honest opinion, and he proposed for the world to know it. More courage was required for him—a Republican candidate for President from his youth up—to write that sentence than to charge the Spaniards in battle array. Many other men held the same idea and voiced it in their own fashion—sometimes to help themselves politically. But while Lee's veterans, who idolized him, together with their descendants, neighbors, and friends, were highly pleased with Roosevelt's lofty and finely phrased estimate of him, they could not help him politically; but in the North, where Republicans most abound, the woods were full of the followers of Grant and Sherman, together with the legions of descendants, neighbors, and friends, who could easily crush the rising and all-absorbing ambition of the embryo Republican President, *provided* they became huffed at his laudation of Lee, for it must be remembered that it was years ago that he wrote of the illustrious Confederate, and at a time when the passions engendered by the titanic struggle between the states were still at white heat.

The sentence about Lee, in its complete characterization, has always reminded me of Jefferson's opinion of James Monroe, "Monroe is so pure that you might turn his soul inside out and not find a blot upon it"—certainly a sweeping eulogy. If it required courage for Roosevelt to write this of Lee, it also required courage for him to denominate James Monroe as "a mediocre President"—Monroe immortal as the author of the Monroe Doctrine, the political life-preserver of the Western World and the most important contribution to the inchoate Code of International Law—which we forced into that code by strong-arm methods, and which President Roosevelt, as President, not only upheld, but considerably expanded by brandishing his "big stick."

There has been so much written and spoken about him that I will mention only a few of his deeds which seem to me out of the ordinary. The wisest political thing he ever did for himself, in my judgment, was when, coming into the Presidency accidentally, and standing by McKinley's coffin, he voluntarily stated that he would pursue the McKinley policies, which he did, until he was elected and inaugurated in his own right. He even went so far in that direction as to appoint certain men to high positions for the reason that he was made to believe that President McKinley wanted them appointed.

Physically he was as active as a cat, always in perfect fettle, and he thought everybody else—particularly soldiers—should be. As all of them wished to stand well at court, he put many fat, swivel-chair warriors through stunts which made them puff and blow and swear like Jack Tars, but they were careful to do the swearing behind his back—very far behind his back—and well under their breath.

When he issued his ukase that he was going to ride horseback to Winchester, Virginia, and return—which for him was only a holiday performance—and that all field officers in and about Washington should do the same, they were surprised, amazed, astounded, dumfounded; but they were afraid to refuse. So they all rode to Winchester, ninety miles away, and some of the heftiest, who hadn't straddled a horse for thirty or forty years, returned to the finest capital in the world, saddle-sore, muscle-sore, heart-sore, and went to bed for a week, using up so much arnica that the local supply was exhausted—while the world wondered and guffawed, the athletic young man in the White House guffawing loudest of all.

It wasn't so wild a ride as Mazeppa's, or John Gilpin's, or Paul Revere's, but there was more fun in it for the President and for those who did not do the riding. No doubt the Falstaffian officers deemed him crazy, but there was method in his madness. It was a broad hint —very broad—that officers entitled to ride horses should keep themselves fit to do that thing.

Another of his famous equestrian stunts was to take Prince Henry of Germany on a long ride through Rock Creek Park when all signs indicated a heavy downpour of rain, which came and drenched them both to the skin. What His Royal and Imperial Highness thought of that is not known—at least not by me.

Notwithstanding the fact that President Roosevelt liked to unload the burdens of state, and relieve himself from the conversation and demands of big-bore statesmen and insistent pie-hunters, by consorting even in the sacred precincts of the White House with such wild and woolly Westerners as Buffalo Bill, Bat Masterson, Ben Milam, and Buffalo Jones, a habit which some good people, rolling their eyes toward heaven, condemned—he was essentially a preacher, and delighted in sermonizing.

Most of his speeches and many of his messages to Congress were what may not improperly be termed lay-sermons. His critics claimed they were composed of ancient platitudes, but the people heard him gladly, and he went on his way bruskly, vehemently, and triumphantly.

He played quarter-staff with Gen. Leonard Wood—certainly a man's game—boxed with pugilists, played tennis, and otherwise trained his muscles and his legs so that he kept himself in the pink of condition.

It is told in Washington that, in playing at quarter-staff with General Wood, the President gave him such a thwack on the cranium as to make him limp slightly. Shortly before his death, Colonel Roosevelt stated that in a pugilistic bout in the White House the sight of one of his eyes was destroyed.

He was a law unto himself, and cared little for the proprieties, as was frequently demonstrated—for instance, when he humiliated Gen. Nelson A. Miles by a severe reprimand which hundreds of thousands of Americans resented as brutal; and by promoting Gen. Leonard Wood and Gen. John J. Pershing over the heads of many of their seniors, to the disgust of nearly all the officers in the army.

He almost caused the elderly politicians and statesmen to have apoplexy when, in the spring of 1908, he stated bluntly: "If they do not nominate Taft, they will have to take me"—and in order to escape a third term for him they nominated Taft.

Now that he has gone, it is easy to say kind things about him and to laud his deeds. In the last half of his second term, when he was engaged in batting stand-pat Republicans over the head with his "big stick," certain simple Simons among Democrats began claiming that he was a Democrat, which was all pure bosh. I grew weary of such preposterous talk and concluded to put an end to it, which I did by the following candid remarks in the House—in which I think I treated him fairly:

"Mr. Chairman, within the last few days we have been edified by a series of somewhat remarkable speeches, evidencing a high order of ability in our membership, on which I most heartily congratulate the country; for no man more rejoices in the honor and glory of this House than I do. These speeches have been devoted chiefly to a discussion of the President's message and of the President himself.

"Views widely divergent as the poles have been freely expressed as to the merits and demerits of this extraordinary man, one of the most extraordinary in American history. In this case, as in most others, the line of safety, fairness, and justice is found *in medias res*. In my county there was a lawyer who so frequently urged courts and juries to take 'a reasonable view' that his saying passed into a proverb. That is exactly what should be done touching the President; but that is precisely what has not been done, as a rule.

"He is such a belligerent personage that his slightest word is a challenge to mortal combat, and he cannot express an opinion on any question under heaven, even on a subject so prosaic and threadbare as the prospective state of the weather, without precipitating a row, his extreme admirers declaring that there never has been such a weather prophet on earth since Adam and Eve were driven with flaming swords from Paradise; and his extreme enemies vociferating that he knows no more about the weather than does the groundhog.

"Upon this issue there would be joined a battle royal, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Colonel Roosevelt laughs to scorn the words of the great Cardinal:

> "Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
> To silence envious tongues.

"On the contrary, he acts on the theory of the bellicose Irishman who said, 'When you see a head, hit it.' He has whacked so many heads that divers reactionary leaders are in the political hospital for repairs.

"Still others of them perambulate the earth with poultices and plasters adorning their craniums.

"His whole public life has been one long succession of spectacular fights. No man was ever more viciously assailed by men of his own party, and none was ever, while still in the flesh, so lavishly lauded by some of the opposing party.

"But the truth is that this extraordinary man has waxed stronger and stronger by waging battle. Even defeat has made him a larger and more commanding figure. Never in his militant career was he more savagely abused or more extravagantly praised than at the present juncture.

"So, amid the swirl of things, the deluge of words, the shoutings of the captains, the beating of tom-toms, the groans of crippled and wounded Republicans, the furious yells of friend and foe, one who is the personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, the man; who is the opponent of Theodore Roosevelt, the politician or the statesman, as the case may be; and who desires to take a 'reasonable view' of the sayings and doings of Theodore Roosevelt, the Chief Magistrate of a mighty people—perhaps has little chance to be heard in this babel of voices.

"But I will have my say, and here it is: Personally, I like him. He has treated me well and I have tried to treat him well. After the manner of strong men, he has pronounced virtues, and glaring faults of character. I have never abused him. I have never grown hysterical in admiration of him. When he is right I support him cordially. When he is wrong I fight him tooth and nail. This line of conduct I have pursued steadfastly in the past, and I shall adhere to it without shadow of turning even unto the end. It seems to me that that is the way in which he would desire to be treated. He must entertain ineffable contempt for the invertebrate sycophants who grovel before him on all occasions, and who, no matter what he says or what he does, throw high their sweaty caps in air, shouting, 'Io! Triumphe! Io! Triumphe!'

"It is said that 'a king can have no friends,' and it seems that a President of the United States—any President—is in the same unhappy situation. It is claimed that Colonel Roosevelt is better than his party—this he could easily be without running any imminent risk of being translated, after the fashion of Elijah, in a chariot of fire by reason of his goodness.

"But, whatever his virtues, whatever his faults, whatever else he may be, he is not a Democrat; for Democracy means the least amount of government the people can get along with consistent with the fullest enjoyment of their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, while Republicanism means the greatest amount of government that the people will stand, and he of all men is the apostle of the maximum quantity of government.

"Occasionally, very much to the delight of Democrats and the utter confusion of Republicans, he appropriates or absorbs, borrows or seizes, a Democratic idea, and from his high coign of vantage advocates it with tremendous force; for he obeys to the letter at least one Scriptural injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'; and it is the heavy hand of Theodore Roosevelt or his 'big stick' which has driven so many Republicans pell-mell into the cave of Adullam, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and much profane swearing.

"So far as he has advocated Democratic ideas, so far as he has mauled wicked Republicans with his mailed fist or has thumped them with his 'big stick,' he deserves the unstinted praise and gratitude of all lovers of our country.

"Twice in this speech I have applied to him the word 'extraordinary,' which seems to me the adjective best fitting his character and his endowments. Whether he is a great man I do not know. You, Mr. Chairman, do not know. Nobody knows. There is an old saying, 'Count no man happy till he is dead.' It is a wise and sane rule to acclaim no man great until he is in his grave. We have not the perspective necessary to fix his status in history, and it is sheer folly to attempt it.

"Lord Bacon, the most philosophic of mankind, with clear vision and deep pathos expressed the same idea in his last will and testament when he said: 'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age.' His proud confidence was not misplaced, for his fame has augmented from the day of his death down to the present hour.

"Individually, I wish the President well in the White House till March 4, 1909, when I hope he will quit it forever. I congratulate him, from the bottom of my heart, on turning a deaf ear to those unwise or selfish friends who have endeavored to persuade him to violate the wholesome precedents of one hundred and eleven years; for no President will ever be elected to a third term until the Republic is on its last legs. After he leaves that historic mansion, the goal of so many ambitious hearts, the tomb of so many ardent hopes, I wish him happiness, prosperity, and length of days.

"We can all be honest even if we cannot be great, and if you Republican bigwigs were perfectly candid you would confess that you are not nearly so much enamoured of the President as you appear to be. You grow red in the face, thereby inviting vertigo or apoplexy in exalting him to the skies; for he is still the dispenser-in-chief of pie; and a Republican statesman bereft of pie is a spectacle to make the angels weep. When I see you trying to apotheosize him by mere lip service, it seems to me 'The lady doth protest too much.'

"When a lad I had a classmate who pronounced the Latin word *vulgus*, which means 'the common people,' 'voolgoose.' By reason of some peculiarity in his vocal apparatus it sounded like 'bullgoose.' So the boys fell into the habit, as a joke, of pronouncing it 'bullgoose.' It is the 'common people' among the Republicans, the *vulgus* of the Romans, the 'bullgoose' of the college boys, that constitute Theodore Roosevelt's shield and buckler among the Republicans. No man has a livelier comprehension of that fact than Republican Representatives.

"I have heard that in the last campaign sundry Republican Representatives sought and obtained from the President certificates of good character to help them pull through. We all know that when the Republican managers came to the conclusion that the result was doubtful he wrote that famous letter to 'My dear Mr. Watson,' which was used as a blanket certificate of good character for all Republican Members of Congress, except the unfortunate Mr. Wadsworth. But even his epistle to Mr. Watson could not prevent the Republican majority in the House from falling from one hundred and fourteen to fifty-five. When 'Uncle Joe' read the returns he must have been in the frame of mind of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, when, surveying a hard-won field, he exclaimed: 'Another such victory and we are undone.'"

In commenting on my speech *The Washington Post* casually remarked: "Champ Clark's speech must have been read at the White House with contending emotions."

I am inclined to think that in that speech, while he was at the height of his career, my description of him was as true as was ever drawn.

He sent so many messages to Congress, of a didactic and critical nature, that toward the last the House received the announcement by his messenger of "A message from the President in writing" with roars of laughter. Finally he sent in one so offensive in its reference to certain members that the House refused to receive it.

When he was inaugurated March 4, 1905, I saw him do a characteristic thing. It was a fine day, clear, but a little too cool, with a stiff north wind blowing. Of course there was an immense crowd. Several hundred officials —including Cabinet members, diplomats, both Houses of Congress, army and navy officers, and other more or less prominent people—were sitting on backless benches, rising tier on tier from the street to the great bronze doors of the east front of the Capitol. The stand from which the President spoke was jammed up against the street, and he was to face the benchers.

Across the street, and separated from it by a cable rope, facing him, were perhaps twenty thousand people of all conditions in life, standing up. Shortly after Colonel Roosevelt began the cable rope broke from the weight of the multitude behind it—or, what is far more probable, somebody cut it—and here came the crowd like a wave of the sea, right up close to the President. He continued his speech to the benchers, most of whom had been hearing speeches all their lives and who consequently did not applaud much.

He turned to *hoi polloi* and shouted one sentence, and they made the welkin ring by such yells that it must have made the man in the moon curious to know what was happening on this mundane sphere.

After that episode he spoke mostly to the howling, enthusiastic multitude, and paid little attention to the more or less listless benchers.

In any fair estimate of this extraordinary man it should be stated that his own life was clean and he never ceased from trying to induce others to lead such a life. He was chief among the moral uplifters of his day. Men who did not like or indorse his eternal uplift sermons denounced him as the chief of muckrakers.

He was an apostle of conservation of our natural resources, and preached it constantly. I am fully persuaded, however, that the two things on which his fame will rest in the coming time were settling the Russo-Japanese War, for which he was voted the Nobel Peace Prize of forty thousand dollars, and the building of the Panama Canal. He did not originate that Canal project, but he seized it with resolute hand and forced it to a conclusion. The idea of an Isthmian canal had been in the minds of men ever since Balboa had gazed with pleasure and amazement upon the Peaceful Ocean. Roosevelt was severely criticized for what was called his high-handed proceedings in creating the Panama Republic, and even his best friends must admit that his conduct in that matter was precipitate and contrary to the rules in such cases made and provided. But he achieved his desire—the Canal which will remain as his monument till time shall be no more—and it is one of the world's greatest benefactions.

One of the most pleasing features of his character was a sense of gratitude, as the following incident will show. When the forty-thousand-dollar Nobel Peace Prize was given to him he turned it over to the government, to be disposed of in ways suggested by him. But when we entered the World War nothing had been done by Congress toward carrying out his views, so he asked that the fund be returned to him that he himself might distribute it in war charities.

Mr. Gallivan of Massachusetts, who had charge of the resolution, came to me and asked me to recognize him, out of order, to call it up—which I cheerfully and promptly did. When Colonel Roosevelt parceled out the money he sent Gallivan and myself five hundred dollars each, to promote war charities in our districts—a gracious and grateful acknowledgment of our aid and comfort. There are ten counties in my district, and I gave fifty dollars to the Red Cross in each county.

CHAPTER XVIII

Hay and Roosevelt.

AFTER the close of the Spanish War, in a blaze of glory, and after President McKinley had elected the next House of Representatives by his "swing around the circle," thereby insuring his absolute supremacy for two years more, and his unanimous renomination in 1900, he settled down to as much enjoyment as the head of a mighty nation is permitted to have. His powerful friend, Senator Hanna, was still chairman of the National Committee, with one eye looking to the re-election of President McKinley and with the other looking to his own nomination and election to the Presidency in 1904. Of course, to his own accession to the White House, the re-election of his protégé was a *sine qua non;* and the Senator had sense enough to clearly realize that fact, and in his double capacity as Senator and chairman of the National Committee he knew that he, with the backing of the administration, could put the snuffers on the presidential hopes of certain ambitious Senators; but he reckoned without his host, never dreaming that the young Colonel of the Rough Riders, elected Governor of New York in 1898, would be in his way in 1904. As the war ended in triumph people soon forgot that the firm of McKinley and Hanna were very much opposed to it. McKinley was posed by his enthusiastic admirers as a "Great War President," and he monopolized the glory thereof, except what Dewey, Schley, Sampson, Colonel Roosevelt, Gen. Joe Wheeler, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson managed to appropriate.

It is barely possible that the reason why both McKinley and Hanna were so bitterly opposed to the nomination of Roosevelt for Vice-President in 1900 was that they had some sort of presentiment that he had his optic fixed on the presidential nomination for himself in 1904, and that if he chose so to do, he would run, Hanna and the National Committee together with the administration to the contrary notwithstanding. Senator Thomas C. Platt, who was not fond of Colonel Roosevelt, and who regarded him as an *enfant terrible*, and did not want him to have anything to do with the control of patronage in New York, thereby poaching on his preserves, desired to get rid of him by "shelving him" in the Vice-Presidency; but he could not budge Hanna from his opposition until Senator Matthew Stanley Quay came to his rescue. Quay turned the trick by letting it leak out that unless Hanna would agree to Roosevelt's nomination he would insist on the convention reducing the representation from the Southern states in Republican national conventions, thereby pulling the foundations from under Hanna's castles in Spain. Shortly the news of Quay's program was carried to Hanna, and immediately thereafter, under compulsion, he gave in his adhesion to the boom for Roosevelt. The Machiavelli from Pennsylvania won. He had made a Vice-President intentionally and a President "unbeknownst" to himself.

As John Hay, Secretary of State under McKinley, subsequently became very much enamoured of Colonel Roosevelt, who as President retained him as his Premier, it will haply add to the gaiety of nations to insert the following somewhat caustic and scholarly letter, written by Hay confidentially to his friend Henry White on June 15, 1900, while Colonel Roosevelt was merely Governor of New York, and when Hay never dreamed that in less than a week he would be nominated for Vice-President, and that in little more than a year he would be serving in the Cabinet of President Theodore Roosevelt.

"Teddy has been here; have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a somber resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-President, and found, to his stupefaction, that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the major. That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket—that he would be far more valuable in New York—and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, 'Of course not; you're not fit for it.' And so he went back quite eased in his mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*."

In precisely six days, before Henry White, who was in London, could have received the foregoing letter, but after Platt and Quay had pulled off their grand *coup* and had forced Roosevelt's nomination for Vice-President, a sudden and marvelous "change came o'er the dream" of Mr. Secretary Hay, and he changed his tune to the extent of writing this affectionate epistle to Colonel Roosevelt, June 21, 1900:

> MY DEAR GOVERNOR,—As it is all over but the shouting, I take a moment of this cool morning of the longest day in the year to offer you my cordial congratulations. The week has been a racking one to you. But I have no doubt the future will make amends. You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you, and although it was not precisely what you and your friends desire, I have no doubt it is all for the best. Nothing can keep you from doing good work wherever you are—nor from getting lots of fun out of it.
>
> We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view. You can't lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.

The most notable sentence in that letter is, "You can't lose us"—which was literally true in Hay's case, as he was continued by Roosevelt in the high position of Secretary of State. It is interesting, but bootless, to philosophize as to what Roosevelt would have done to him had he seen that letter to Henry White before he became President.

After President McKinley's death the two Houses of Congress concluded to memorialize him in joint session, and Secretary Hay was unanimously chosen by the committee on arrangements, of which I was a member, to deliver the eulogy, which he did in a masterly way; but he injected into it a strong Republican stump speech. During its delivery I was sitting next to Representative William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, subsequently Secretary of the Navy, Attorney-General, and a justice of the Supreme Court—as stanch a Republican as there was in the country. I was much surprised that Mr. Hay injected partizan politics into his eulogy, and so was Mr. Moody. When Hay began on steel rails, Mr. Moody turned to me and said, "That is rather raw!"

Subsequently, when the committee met and proposed a resolution thanking Mr. Hay for his speech, I antagonized it on the ground that by injecting partizan politics into his eulogy he had grossly violated the proprieties of the occasion. Nevertheless, the committee reported the resolution to the House, and when it was considered I spoke as follows:

"When Mr. Hay rose to deliver his address he had such an audience as only two other men in the entire history of the government ever had—George Bancroft, when he eulogized Abraham Lincoln, and James G. Blaine, when he pronounced his eulogium upon James A. Garfield—and all of us hope that a similar occasion will never again arise—the death of a President by the hand of an assassin. For the purposes of the orator, Colonel Hay faced the most magnificent audience that can be assembled on this continent—the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps, a prince of the German Empire and his suite, both Houses of Congress, the head of the army, high officers of the navy, every distinguished man in official and unofficial life betwixt the two oceans that could be crowded into this historic hall, together with much of the beauty of the land. It was such an audience as any orator would be fortunate to address—such an audience as no orator now living will most probably address.

"In many respects I entertain a nigh opinion and a high regard for the Secretary of State. He is a most amiable and accomplished gentleman. From his youth up he has been associated with intellectual giants. For four years he was brought into daily contact with Abraham Lincoln, which in itself was a liberal education. Colonel Hay is himself a great historic personage. He has achieved eminence in two difficult fields of human endeavor—in literature and in diplomacy. He has been ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and is now Secretary of State. In literature he has performed the unusual feat of winning fame in both poetry and prose, such fame as any man in the House or Senate or in the whole country might envy. His Life of Abraham Lincoln, or *Abraham Lincoln; A History*, as it is entitled, is one of the standard historic works of the world; but in my judgment Mr. Hay's literary reputation will rest more on his Pike County ballads than upon anything else he has written. Of their class they are about as good as anything else in the English language. As an earnest of what he might have done in poetry, they lead one to regret that their author deserted the muses for the stormy world of politics.

"Colonel Hay is a seasoned hand at literature. His address was carefully wrought out in his library. What he said was not uttered in the 'heat of debate' or on the spur of the moment. Consequently he cannot complain if he is held strictly to the highest standard of good taste.

"Not only did he have a distinguished and brilliant audience, but he had an audience entirely sympathetic in its character. I undertake to say, without the fear of successful contradiction, that there was not a man or woman within these walls that day, not a man or woman in his greater audience—the entire American people—who would have objected to any word of eulogy he could have pronounced on William McKinley, however extravagant, for McKinley was a popular favorite—popular with all citizens, all classes, and all parties, in a most extraordinary degree.

"The objection I make to thanking the Secretary of State is not that he delivered a eulogy upon Mr. McKinley—that was what he was invited to do, what he was expected to do, what we all, myself included, wanted him to do—but because with that unequaled opportunity, with that magnificent audience, he departed from the language of eulogy and, disregarding the proprieties, injected into his memorial address a high-class Republican stump speech.

"King Solomon says: 'There is a time for every purpose under heaven.' Of course there is a time for Republican speeches. I do not object to Republican speeches at the proper time. Strange as it may seem, I rather enjoy hearing a good Republican stump speech, although I doubt exceedingly if any Republican in these later days can make a stump speech without committing blasphemy. If the gentleman from Ohio, General Grosvenor, for instance, will make a Republican speech, I will hear him gladly. If my distinguished friend from Indiana, Mr. Landis, will do it, I will be delighted to hear him. If divers men on that side of the chamber would rise and make Republican speeches in this House, I would listen with pleasure. I have heard my friend from Pittsburg, the Hon. John Dalzell, make Republican speeches on dry economic subjects in this House which came near being epic poems in their character.

"But I will never be willing to thank any man anywhere at any time or in any place for making a Republican speech. That is what we are asked to do in this resolution. I want to say this to the members of the House, because it ought to be said—that as a literary performance Colonel Hay's address will take high rank. There are some phrases in that oration that are of extraordinary excellence and almost entitle him to the dubious honor of being placed in the same class with Grover Cleveland as a phrase-maker.

"I have no objection to the literary character of it, but I am willing to submit it to as good a critic of political speeches as the gentleman from Ohio himself (General Grosvenor), or the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. McCall), or as the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Hitt), or any other man on that side of the chamber who has literary taste, and let him pronounce if Mr. Hay did not violate the proprieties of the occasion when he injected into that eulogy upon President McKinley a Republican stump speech.

"He knew himself he was violating the proprieties, because he states—I cannot quote the language exactly; I have not time to hunt it up—that he craves the indulgence of those that are hearing him, if perchance he injects into the speech remarks that ought not to have been made. Then he proceeded to make a stump speech. For instance, he stated in one place that the very month in which Mr. McKinley was inaugurated steel rails sold for eighteen dollars a ton. I would like very much for some man to state as a literary proposition whether, according to the canons of taste and to preserve the unities of a great historical oration, the fact that steel rails sold at eighteen dollars a ton in the month of March, 1897, had anything to do with the character of William McKinley or with the feeling of kindness and pride which the American people entertain for him.

"As a matter of fact, if steel rails sold for eighteen dollars a ton in the month of March, 1897, William McKinley had nothing to do with it, because he had not been in Congress since the fourth day of March, 1891. No Republican had been in office in a high executive place for four years in that month, and if steel rails sold for eighteen dollars a ton at that time, and as it was an unprecedented thing in the history of the country, then the credit ought to have been given where credit is due—to the Democrats of this country—instead of trying to filch it for the Republican party. But, from the sentence that opens up with that declaration, until near the close of the address, it was as fine a Republican stump speech as has been delivered on the American continent within the last two years. Again, he states that because Mr. McKinley was a patriot at the beginning of the Civil War, he was necessarily a Republican, thereby broadly intimating that nobody but a Republican can be a patriot, which is an insult to one-half the citizens of the Republic.

"I will tell you what will happen, and I know it just as well as that I am living: If you pass this resolution, every Republican candidate for Congress in the United States will not only circulate this speech as the strongest possible Republican campaign document, but at the same time he will circulate the resolution of Congress thanking him for delivering it.

"When I objected to the unanimous report of the committee, my friend from New Jersey (Mr. Parker) rose and asked me to withdraw it, and I would not do it. I asked for three days to consider the matter whether I would make a minority report, and within the three days I read Mr. Blaine's speech delivered over James A. Garfield, as critically and as carefully as any speech was ever read on the American continent.

"The difference in situation was that Blaine delivered his speech under the most difficult circumstances that could possibly have surrounded a human being called upon to speak on such an occasion. Here sat the Republican party, divided into two bitter and warring factions. He had to avoid saying too much in praise of Garfield, and he had to avoid insulting what was called the 'Stalwart' faction of the Republican party. Yet any American citizen could take Blaine's speech and read it from beginning to end without feeling that any impropriety had been committed. It is a magnificent oration. There is not a solitary syllable in it that would offend 'featherhead' Republicans, as they were then called, or a 'Stalwart' Republican, or a Democrat of any of the numberless varieties of that party which there are in this country. Mr. Blaine observed the proprieties and spoke in perfect good taste.

"When Mr. Hay arose to speak he had no difficulty to confront him. He had simply to observe the rules of good taste—literary taste—to observe the canons of literary criticism. But he did not do it. So far as I am concerned, if there is not another man in this House who votes against thanking him for it, I propose to so vote.

"I want to repeat that I am not hidebound on the subject of politics. I am a Democrat, and always expect to be one. Politics has absolutely nothing to do with my opposition to this resolution of thanks. I recognize that every man has the right to his political opinions and to express them on any occasion that is fitting in terms that seem to him right and proper. As a matter of fact, less than two months ago I sat in my place here and led the applause for my distinguished friend from the state of Washington (Mr. Cushman) when he was delivering a brilliant Republican speech; and I performed the very same kindly office for my distinguished friend from Michigan (Mr. William Alden Smith) when he delivered his great oration on the Cuban reciprocity scheme. But I believe, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, that the House simply sinks its own dignity when it votes to thank a man for delivering a political speech (I care not how classical its phrases) when he ought to have observed all of the proprieties of the occasion which he not only failed to observe, but which he violated in the most flagrant manner."

Of course the thing happened which I prophesied. The whole Republican press—"Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart"—barked viciously at me, aided by certain so-called Democratic papers, always with keen appetites for the crumbs from the White House and Cabinet tables; but I survived their assaults and found vindication for my position and my speech when, in 1908, Mr. William Roscoe Thayer published *The Life and Letters of John Hay*, for on page 381, volume ii, he makes this candid and refreshing statement:

"For pure eulogy which makes no pretense at criticism, his oration on President McKinley might serve as a model—affectionate, dignified, imputing only the best motives, and giving full credit to every good deed. *The laudation of the Republican party*, to which Hay attributed almost every beneficent act in fifty years, except possibly the introduction of antiseptic surgery, must have tickled Hay's sense of humor in the writing, as it surely fed the satisfaction of the thousands who heard it. *Underneath the exuberance of encomium there is still an honest outline of the services of the party.*"

I most cheerfully commend that paragraph by Mr. Thayer as a thorough vindication of my opposition to the resolution thanking Mr. Secretary of State Hay for injecting a Republican stump speech into the belly of his eulogy.

CHAPTER XIX

The gold plank adopted by Republicans in 1896.

THERE is an ancient saw familiar to the ears of men that "History frequently repeats itself," and most certainly it is true. I have already related how, at the Democratic National Convention of 1892, the friends of the then ex-President Cleveland cooked up an elaborate "straddle" on the tariff question, which "straddle" had the support of Mr. Cleveland himself; and how Tom Johnson and Larry Neal—both of Ohio, aided and abetted by other intense souls—took the convention away from the committee on platform and inserted a bold and radical plank—which disgusted Mr. Cleveland so utterly that he asserted that that plank was put in for the purpose of defeating him, but on which he was elected overwhelmingly.

So to the National Republican Convention of 1896 Governor McKinley sent a draft of a platform, prepared by himself and a coterie of his close friends and advisers, the financial plank of which was an ingenious "straddle," designed to please the single Gold Standard Republicans and also to hold the Free Silver Republicans. It was a lovely scheme, if only it had been adopted by the convention, which it was not, and would have worked well—but it did not work at all and was scornfully rejected. When the "straddle" on the tariff was presented to the Democratic Convention of 1892 it was not certain that ex-President Cleveland would be nominated, and, as a matter of fact, he captured the necessary two-thirds of the delegates, with only ten and one-third to spare. Had not the Missouri delegation voted under the unit rule, he would have been defeated, for in that delegation were fourteen men who were opposed to Mr. Cleveland. But when Governor McKinley sent his "financial straddle" to the St. Louis convention it seemed absolutely certain that he held the nomination in the hollow of his hand; for a very large majority of the delegates were instructed for him; but the out-and-out Gold Standard men, such as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator Thomas C. Platt and Edward Lauterbach, raised such a rumpus that it was freely asserted that McKinley would lose the nomination unless he came down off his "straddle" and agreed to the out-and-out Gold Standard—which he did, because the strong talk of beating him for the nomination so startled and worried his manager, Marcus A. Hanna, that he notified his protégé to agree. It was a fine kettle of fish. The consequence was that McKinley secured the nomination by a majority of 661½ to 84½ for Thomas Brackett Reed, his closest opponent, with a few scattering on the only ballot, and was compelled to make his race on a platform which made the Gold Standard the paramount issue, instead of making it on a platform of his own devising, which made the tariff the paramount issue—though in his heart the tariff was his first love.

All this is decidedly refreshing when McKinley's record on the vexed and vexing coinage question is taken into account. Herbert Croly, Hanna's biographer, who seems to have worshiped Hanna as a sort of fetish, and who does not hesitate one moment to minimize anybody in order to magnify his hero—not even sparing McKinley—says in his book at page 193: "His [McKinley's] own record in relation to legislation affecting the standard of value had been vacillating." The word vacillating is entirely too mild and polite. Some folks called it "wabbling," and accused him of turning somersaults. In a measure these latter were justified in using the French phrase "*J'accuse*." McKinley had made some very strong speeches in favor of silver, severely arraigning the Democrats for being unfriendly to silver coinage. In addition he had, while in the House, voted for the Bland Silver bill, and had also voted to pass it over the veto of Rutherford B. Hayes, an Ohio Republican President—which seems to me to have been "going the whole hog" as a silver man—to use a phrase common in the West. As these transactions have grown dim in human memory, and as some over-enthusiastic worshiper of McKinley may, without exact information, rise up to deny that his record is properly set forth herein, it is apropos to state that his vote in favor of the Bland Silver bill is duly recorded at page 241 of *The Congressional Record*, volume vi, of the Forty-fifth Congress, first session, on November 5, 1877; and his vote in favor of passing the Bland Silver bill over Hayes's veto is recorded at page 1418, volume vii, part 2, of *The Congressional Record* for the Forty-fifth Congress, on February 28th, in the year of our Lord and Master, 1878.

Mr. Croly attempts to make it appear that Hanna was, all along, really and secretly in favor of declaring for the Gold Standard, that he outwardly deferred to McKinley's wishes by reason of his wider experience in politics, that he connived at, if he did not participate in, the efforts of the advocates of the Gold Standard men to force a bald declaration in its favor into the platform, and that he wanted them to force his hand—which they very obligingly did. And in this way, according to Croly, Hanna played it on McKinley—all of which Croly appears to think was a credit to Hanna. Some people will not agree with Mr. Croly's valuation of that performance; but, as declaring for the Gold Standard was by far the most important thing that happened at that convention, Mr. Croly, the historian of Hanna and incidentally of McKinley, should be heard in full on that point. Here is what he says in his book:

"Undoubtedly Mr. McKinley himself wanted to subordinate the currency issue to that of protection. His own record in relation to legislation affecting the standard of value had been vacillating. He was a bimetallist, and had stood for the use of both gold and silver in the currency of the United States without inquiring too closely whether the means actually used to force silver into circulation had or had not tended to lower the standard of value. His personal political prominence had been due to his earnest and insistent advocacy of the doctrine of high protection, and he feared that if the currency issue were sharply defined the result would necessarily be (as it was) a diminution in price of his own political and economic stock in trade. Considerations of party expediency reinforced his own personal predilections. His party was united on the issue of protection. It was divided on the currency issue. There were Silver Republicans, and they all came from a part of the country in which he was personally very popular. The sentiment in favor of a single Gold Standard was strongest in New England and the Middle States, which were more or less opposed to his nomination. If he had favored unequivocally a single Gold Standard, his candidacy would have been weakened among his friends, while his opponents would have merely shifted their ground of attack. Not unnaturally, he proposed to evade the issue, by standing for 'sound money,' without defining precisely what sound money really was.

"Mark Hanna's personal attitude was different from that of Mr. McKinley. He was enough of a banker to realize that the business of the country was suffering far more from uncertainty about the standard of value than it was from foreign competition. Ex-Gov. William R. Merriam tells of certain interesting conversations which took place in August, 1895, on the porch of Mr. Hanna's house, overlooking Lake Erie, between himself, Russell A. Alger, Mr. Hanna, and Mr. McKinley, in which both the political and economic aspects of the progressive campaign issues were thoroughly discussed. In these conventions Mr. McKinley was, in Mr. Merriam's own phrase, 'obsessed' with the idea of the tariff as the dominant issue of the coming campaign. Mr. Hanna, on the other hand, was, in Mr. Merriam's words, 'in favor of committing the Republican party to gold, as the sole basis of currency, and he was anxious and willing to lend his aid to the furtherance of this policy.'"

Inasmuch as Mr. McKinley was the candidate, his views prevailed. Throughout the whole preliminary canvass the currency issue was evaded. The state conventions, in which the candidate's personal influence prevailed, declared for sound money and the coinage of silver in so far as it could be kept on a parity with gold. Conventions such as that of Wyoming instructed their delegates for McKinley, while declaring at the same time for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Mr. McKinley's ambiguous attitude on the currency was helping the canvass in the Western states, and he probably desired as much as McKinley did that any more precise definition of the issue should at least be postponed until after Mr. McKinley's nomination was assured. In no event would he have insisted upon any opinion of his own in respect to an important matter of public policy in antagonism to that of his candidate and friend.

McKinley's opinion remained unchanged until the very eve of the convention. Mr. Kohlsaat asserts that on Sunday, June 7th, he spent hours trying to convince Mr. McKinley of the necessity of inserting the word "gold" in the platform. The latter argued in opposition that 90 per cent. of his mail and his callers were against such decisive action, and he asserted emphatically that thirty days after the convention was over the currency question would drop out of sight and the tariff would become the sole issue. The currency plank, tentatively drawn by Mr. McKinley and his immediate advisers, embodied his resolution to keep the currency issue subordinate and vague. According to Mr. Foraker, Mr. J. K. Richards came to him at Cincinnati some days before the date of the meeting of the convention, bringing with him direct from Canton some resolutions in regard to the money and the tariff questions prepared by the friends of Mr. McKinley with his approval. Mr. Foraker had been slated for the committee on resolutions, and the McKinley draft was placed in his hands with a view to having them incorporated in the platform. The currency plank, as handed to Mr. Foraker, began as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It is unalterably opposed to every effort to debase our currency or disturb our credit. It resumed specie payments in 1879, and since then it has made and kept every dollar as good as gold. This it will continue to do, maintaining all the money of the United States, whether gold, silver, or paper, at par with the best money of the world and up to the standard of the most enlightened governments.

"The Republican party favors the use of silver along with gold to the fullest extent consistent with the maintenance of the parity of the two metals. It would welcome bimetallism based upon an international ratio, but until that can be secured it is the plain duty of the United States to maintain our present standard, and we are therefore opposed, under existing conditions, to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one."

The resolutions mentioned by Mr. Foraker were placed in his hands on Monday or Tuesday, June 8th or 9th. Mr. Foraker, however, did not reach St. Louis until

Saturday morning, and in the mean time a good deal had been happening there and elsewhere in respect to the currency plank. Mr. Hanna had already gone to St. Louis. When he arrived he had in his possession a draft of certain resolutions, presumably the same which had been taken to Mr. Foraker by Mr. J. K. Richards. He was joined in St. Louis early in the week by a number of Mr. McKinley's friends and supporters, and in the group a lively discussion almost immediately arose as to the precise wording which should be adopted in defining the currency policy of the Republican party. This group consisted in the beginning of Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, Col. Myron T. Herrick, General Osborne, and Mr. Hanna himself. Mr. Hanna was so busy in rounding up his delegates and in attending to other details that he could not give much of his time to the conferences over the platform, but he was in and out and knew what was going on.

Toward the middle of the week the group of gentlemen participating in these conferences was increased by several accessions from the number of Mr. McKinley's friends in other states, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Henry C. Payne, William R. Merriam, and Melville E. Stone. After his arrival, Mr. Henry C. Payne became particularly active in getting the conference together and in having copies supplied to each participant. On Wednesday morning Mr. Hanna handed to Mr. Payne the draft of the currency plank as prepared by McKinley, with the request that it be revised by the conference and put into final shape. The discussion continued on Thursday. After an agreement had been reached on certain changes, Mr. Payne was asked to prepare another draft for discussion on the following day, which was Friday.

On Friday morning Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, joined the conference, having come over from Chicago in response to a telegram particularly for that purpose. Mr.

Kohlsaat's relation to the whole matter was peculiar. He was a friend of long standing, both of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna. He had, of course, been favorable to the former's nomination, but in the newspapers which he controlled he had combined an earnest advocacy of Mr. McKinley's selection with an even moree arnest and insistent advocacy of the single Gold Standard. He states that he had not been allowed by Mr. McKinley and by Mr. Hanna to assist in the contest for the delegation from Illinois, because they were embarrassed by his attitude on the currency question. With the addition of Mr. Kohlsaat the members of the conference consisted of Mr. Payne, Colonel Herrick, Senator Proctor, ex-Governor Merriam, and Mr. Stone. Mr. Hanna was present a certain part of the time, but he had so many other matters which required his attention that he was frequently being called off.

There is some conflict of testimony as to the proceedings of the conference on Friday. Colonel Herrick states that the final draft had been substantially submitted and accepted on Friday morning. Mr. Kohlsaat, on the other hand, declares that in the draft forming the basis of discussion at the beginning of the conference the word "gold" was omitted. This draft read as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, except by agreement with the leading commercial nations of Europe, and until such agreement can be obtained we believe that the existing Gold Standard should be preserved. We favor the use of silver as currency, but to the extent only that its parity with gold can be maintained, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the money of the United States, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

The foregoing draft was furnished by Colonel Herrick. It differs in one or two minor respects from the draft which, according to Mr. Kohlsaat, formed the basis for discussion at the conference of Friday. The minor differences are merely matters of order, and may be ignored. The essential difference turns upon the insertion of the word "gold" before "standard." According to Mr. Herrick, the draft prepared by Mr. Payne contained the word "gold." According to Mr. Kohlsaat, the decision to insert that word was reached only after a protracted discussion and a sharp controversy between himself and Mr. Hanna. Not until four o'clock in the afternoon, after Mr. Hanna had withdrawn, was an agreement obtained. In view of the unanimity of his friends Mr. Hanna gave his consent and agreed to urge its acceptance on Mr. McKinley. It was Colonel Herrick who telegraphed to the candidate and obtained his approval. According to the testimony of Colonel Herrick, Mr. Kohlsaat, Mr. Merriam, and Senator Proctor, the whole matter was settled, so far as Mr. McKinley and his friends were concerned, by Friday night.

In the several accounts of these conferences, the one doubtful point is whether or not the word "gold" was contained in the draft prepared by Mr. Payne. The matter is not of great importance, except in respect to Mr. Kohlsaat's claim that he, more than any single individual, was responsible for its insertion, and that he was called a "d—d fool" by Mr. Hanna for his pains. The only available account from Mr. Hanna himself of his own relation to the gold plank is contained in the following letter to A. K. McClure, written on June 28, 1900:

My Dear Mr. McClure,—I am in receipt of yours of the 21st inst., which has just been reached in my accumulation of letters. I do not care to have go into print all that I told you personally in regard to the gold plank of the St. Louis platform. When I went to St. Louis I took with me a memorandum on the tariff and financial questions drawn by Mr. McKinley. During all the discussions there prior to the action of the Committee on Resolutions I showed it to a few friends and had it rewritten by the Hon. J. K. Richards, the present U. S. Solicitor-General. It was but slightly changed by those who considered it before it went to the Committee and as presented was passed by the Committee with little or no change. My part of the business was to harmonize all sections and prevent any discussion of the subject outside the Committee which would line up any factions against it (except the ultra-silver men). In that I succeeded, and felt willing to give all the credit claimed by those who assisted. The original memorandum is in the possession of a personal friend, whom I do not care to name without his consent. The whole thing was managed in order to succeed in getting what we got, and that was my only interest.

Sincerely yours,

M. A. Hanna.

The foregoing letter, while it throws no light upon the time and occasion of the insertion of the decisive word into the draft, supplies the clue which enables us to interpret Mr. Hanna's own behavior, both during these conferences and thereafter. He himself was in favor of the Gold Standard, and in favor of a declaration to that effect. But partly because of his loyalty to Mr. McKinley and partly because he did not want any decisive step taken until the sentiment of the delegates had been disclosed, he preferred to have his hand forced, and he did not want to have it forced too soon. Although a decision, so far as Mr. McKinley and his friends were concerned, had been reached on Friday, public announcement of the fact was scrupulously avoided, and Mr. Hanna evidently proposed to avoid it as long as he could. It was essential, considering the divergence of opinion among Mr. McKinley's supporters, that the candidate's official representative should not assume the position of publicly and explicitly asking the convention to adopt the Gold Standard. Mr. McKinley's personal popularity would suffer much less in case every superficial fact pointed to the conclusion that the Gold Standard was being forced on him by an irresistible party sentiment.

As a matter of fact, such was the case. As the delegates gathered in St. Louis, the friends of the Gold Standard learned for the first time their own strength. Business men east of the Mississippi had been reaching the conclusion that the country could never emerge from the existing depression until a Gold Standard of value was assured. They and their representatives learned at St. Louis that this opinion had become almost unanimous among responsible and well-informed men. Mr. Hanna received numberless telegrams from business men of all degrees of importance, insisting upon such action. The substantial unanimity of this sentiment among Republican leaders, particularly in the Middle West, clinched the matter. Mr. McKinley would not have consented to any decisive utterance had he not been convinced that the great majority of his friends and his party were unalterably in favor of it. Every one of the participants in the preliminary conferences considered it desirable, and their united recommendation constituted a constraining force which Mr. McKinley could not ignore. Such being the case, any controversy as to the precise time and occasion of the insertion of the word "gold" into the actual draft becomes of small importance. It would have been inserted, anyway, not by any one man, or by the representatives of any one section, but because the influential members of the party, except in the Far West, had become united on the subject. Credit, however, particularly attaches to those Middle-Western politicians and business men who had the intelligence to understand and the courage to insist that the day for equivocation in relation to this essential issue had passed, and who persuaded Mr. McKinley that he must stand on a gold platform even at some sacrifice of personal prestige and perhaps at some risk of personal success.

If Mr. McKinley had failed to consent to the insertion of the word "gold," and had prevailed upon all his intimate friends to assume the same attitude, he might possibly have prevented his own nomination. At all events, as soon as Mr. McKinley's opponents arrived, they immediately began an attack on what was manifestly the weak point in the McKinley fortifications. They knew that his nomination was assured, unless, perchance, he could be placed in opposition to the will of the convention upon some important matter, and of course they represented a part of the country in which public opinion in general was more united in favor of the Gold Standard than it was in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Senators Lodge and Platt reached St. Louis on Sunday. They learned of the controversy over the currency plank, but not about the decision actually reached. Senator Lodge went immediately to the McKinley headquarters. In his ensuing interview with Mr. Hanna the latter gave him no encouragement about the insertion into the plank of the word "gold." Mr. Lodge and ex-Governor Draper were shown the drafts of two resolutions, one of which was understood to have just arrived from Canton, and neither of which committed the party to the Gold Standard. Senator Lodge then told Mr. Hanna that these drafts were unsatisfactory, and that Massachusetts would demand a vote upon any similar plank. After some further talk Mr. Lodge went away, but he served notice on Mr. Hanna that efforts would be made to consolidate the sentiment in the convention opposed to any "straddle." By Monday night the advocates of the Gold Standard had a majority of the convention rounded up in favor of an unequivocal declaration in its favor.

Of course, this was precisely the result which Mr. Hanna wanted. The evidence is conclusive that on Friday night both he and Mr. McKinley were prepared to accept a decisive Gold plank (which he personally had always approved) but, as he says in his letter to Mr. McClure, his part of the business was "to prevent any discussion of the subject outside of the committee on resolutions which would line up any factions against it." That is, he proposed to leave the action of the convention on the plank uncertain until the committee on resolutions could launch a draft which would have the great majority of the convention behind it, and which would constrain the doubters and the trimmers. By failing to tell Senator Lodge that a draft containing the word "gold" had already been accepted by McKinley, he astutely accomplished his part of the business. He arranged for the consolidation of the sentiment in favor of the Gold Standard, while he prevented any consolidation of the sentiment against it, except on the part of the irreconcilables. If he had announced as early as Saturday or Sunday that a declaration in favor of the Gold Standard would be supported by Mr. McKinley's friends and probably adopted by the convention, a considerable number of half-hearted and double-minded delegates might have been won over by the leaders of the Silver faction. And it might have seemed like a desertion by McKinley of the pro-Silver delegates, who had been prevented by the ambiguity of the candidate's previous attitude from opposing him.

The text of the plank, as it came from the committee and appeared in the platform, read as follows:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of a law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879. Since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the earth, which agreement we pledge ourselves to promote; and until such agreement can be obtained the existing Gold Standard must be maintained. All of our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth." Here ends Mr. Croly.

After the Gold Standard plank was inserted in the platform there were more men who claimed credit for that momentous achievement than there were cities vaunting themselves as being the birthplace of Homer. The two who boasted loudest were Senator Thomas Collier Platt, of New York, and Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio—whom by a strange *lapsus pennæ* Mr. Croly always refers to as Mr. or Senator James B. Foraker.

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat and his friends tried to make it appear that he did it, for doing which he received at least two savage drubbings, one at the hands of Myron T. Herrick, subsequently Governor of Ohio and ambassador to France, the other from Senator Foraker. Croly sneers at the pretensions of both Platt and Foraker as to the authorship; but as both those Senators wrote autobiographies, it is best to let them speak for themselves. Platt says in part:

"It was in 1896 that I scored what I regard as the greatest achievement of my political career. That was the insertion of the Gold plank in the St. Louis platform. Early in his first term in Congress, William McKinley, of Ohio, had first espoused the cause of bimetallism, and then all but declared that the white instead of the yellow metal should be the standard of monetary value. Mark A. Hanna, who had assumed the management of the campaign whose ultimate object was to name and elect McKinley successor to President Cleveland, sent agents through the country two years in advance of the national convention, pledging his choice to gold in Gold states, and silver in Silver states. In Wyoming, for instance, the delegates to St. Louis were instructed to support McKinley and use all honorable means to secure the adoption of a platform declaring for Free Silver.

"My opposition to Governor McKinley proceeds almost entirely from my belief that his nomination would bring the Republican party into turmoil and trouble. He is not a well-balanced man of affairs. Governor McKinley is not a great man, as Mr. Reed (Thomas B.) is. He is not a trained and educated public man, as Senator Allison is. He is not an astute political leader, as Senator Quay is. He is simply a clever gentleman, much too amiable and much too impressionable to be safely intrusted with great executive office, whose desire for honor happens to have the accidental advantage of the association of his name with the last Republican protective tariff.

"There are two qualities—resolution and courage—which the people always require in their Chief Magistrate. McKinley represents the most radical and extreme view of protection. I foresee the greatest dangers to the Republican party as the result of extreme tariff legislation.

"Fully as important as the tariff bill—yes, more so—is the measure that must be devised to render our currency system intelligible, safe, and elastic. If Major McKinley has any real convictions on the subject of the currency, they are not revealed in his votes or his speeches.

"He voted once for free and unlimited coinage of silver. He voted to override the veto of President Hayes of the Bland bill, and at times he has voted in direct conflict with these votes. He has described himself as a bimetallist; as in favor of the free coinage of both metals. His Ohio platform proposes another experiment in silver coinage, such as the Bland-Allison Act or the Sherman law, with the parity between the metals enforced by legislation.

"This should remove McKinley from the list of presidential possibilities. The people of this country have had enough of the attempts to force fifty cents' worth of silver into circulation as a dollar. They have suffered incalculable losses as a result of twenty years of such politics.

"I doubt if I can better relate the accurate history of the struggle over the Gold plank at St. Louis than by quoting from memoranda prepared by Charles W. Hackett, chairman of the New York Republican State Committee, 1896. He was in the thick of the combat, and was invaluable to us in securing the victory we achieved. Hackett drew up the notes before his death, as an answer to statements of certain Republicans hostile to our regular organization, who sought to deprive the New York and New England delegations of the credit of placing the party and its candidates squarely on the Gold Standard platform.

"Hackett wrote:

"'So far as the credit for what was done is concerned, the friends of Mr. Platt and Senator Lodge are more than satisfied with the newspaper reports that were printed at the time. They told who did it. They showed the essential fact that Mr. Hanna and those who were working with him came to St. Louis with a "straddle."'"

The controversy as to the identity of the author of the Gold plank waxed bitter and personal. Attempt was made to give credit to Herman H. Kohlsaat, a Chicago editor. That and other claims so infuriated Senator Foraker that he wrote a hot and elaborate pamphlet on

"The Gold Plank," which only added fuel to the flames. I here copy its most salient features:

"In *The Metropolitan* for September is an article written by William Eugene Lewis, in which, speaking of Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, it is stated that:

"'Mr. Kohlsaat drafted the gold plank of the Republican platform' (of 1896). . . . 'Mr. Kohlsaat perceived that the fight would be on finance, and nothing could be gained by evasion. He presented the resolution to the committee and insisted upon its incorporation in the platform. He placed strong political friendships in peril, for men as close and even closer to the candidate than he —if any more intimate relations could exist than those between the editor and the candidate—were emphatically of the opinion that it was the part of unwisdom to declare for gold coinage. They were overcome, and the rest is known. The editor had guessed right.'

"I have seen substantially this same statement several times repeated, and have never seen any denial of it. Mr. Lewis has no doubt repeated it in perfect good faith, believing, and in the absence of denial he had a right to believe, it to be strictly true. Nevertheless, it is untrue. Mr. Kohlsaat necessarily knows this, and, being the editor of a newspaper, has good facilities for contradicting it, but so far as I am aware, he has not done so.

"If the subject is worth discussing at all, in the interest of true history, and for fear Mr. Kohlsaat may be misled by apparent acquiescence into the belief that nobody knows any better, and that, after all, he probably did something of the kind narrated, the truth should be made known by somebody.

"I had opportunity to know what occurred and all that occurred before or in connection with the committee on resolutions of the Republican National Convention of 1896, for I was not only a member of the committee, but I was chairman of both the committee that reported the platform and the sub-committee that framed it. I was present and presided at all the meetings of both the committee and sub-committee when the platform or any part of it was under consideration, and necessarily knew everything that transpired. Besides, I have a complete, stenographically kept record of all that occurred, showing all communications to the committee and the sub-committee, and showing the appearance of all persons who came before these committees or either of them, and what they appeared for. There is no mention of Mr. Kohlsaat in the record, and every member of the committee who has any recollection on the subject knows that he never appeared before the committee or the sub-committee in any connection or for any purpose whatever. More than that, so far as I can now recall, his name was never mentioned by any member of either committee in connection with the platform or any proposition in it. There were a great many 'financial planks' and resolutions on the 'money question' sent to the committee and brought to the committee, and in one way or another presented to the committee for consideration, but not one was identified in any way whatever with Mr. Kohlsaat or his name. I have still in my possession every such resolution, all properly labeled, but none of them bears his name or any indorsement that has reference to him. This should be enough to dispose of that part of the statement which credits Mr. Kohlsaat with 'presenting the resolution that was adopted to the committee, and insisting upon its adoption.'

"That Mr. Kohlsaat favored some such plank as was adopted I do not doubt, but if so he was but in harmony with 90 per cent. of the leading Republicans of the country outside of the so-called Free Silver states; and that he may have at some time, or in some manner, or for somebody else's benefit, prepared a resolution of some kind, is probably also true. It would have been strange if he had not, for the preparation of financial planks for that platform was very commonly indulged in shortly before, and about the time of the convention by Republicans all over the country. Such resolutions were then being adopted by the different state conventions; they were being discussed by the newspapers and the people generally. Not only those who took an active part in politics, but business and professional men who had no thought of attending any convention were giving expression to their ideas and striving to acceptably formulate them. The great number of these resolutions that were sent to the committee, and which I still have in my possession, show all this. They show more than this. They show that outside of the Silver states, among the leading Republicans of the country, there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of an unequivocal declaration in favor of maintaining the existing Gold Standard and opposing the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Almost every resolution on the subject that came to the committee was, in effect, of this character, though many of them were objectionable because of their prolixity or phraseology.

"So that if Mr. Kohlsaat had prepared such a resolution and presented it to the committee, he would have been only acting in harmony with the leading men of his party all over the country. It is probable, however, that he did find some people 'close to the candidate' who were disposed to be more conservative with respect to such a declaration than the Republicans of the country generally were, and it is possible that his controversy with them was such as to strain relations and 'imperil political friendships.' If so, Mr. Kohlsaat should be allowed full credit for what he may have done in this regard, but to enable us to judge rightly he ought to tell us all about it.

"To recur now to the authorship of the plank that was adopted a few days before I started to St. Louis, the Hon.

J. K. Richards, now Solicitor-General of the United States, then ex-Attorney-General of Ohio, and an intimate, personal and political friend of President McKinley, called upon me at Cincinnati, coming directly from Canton, where he had been given some resolutions in regard to the money and tariff questions, which had been prepared by the friends of President McKinley with his approval, and which it was desired I should take charge of in view of my probable membership of the committee on resolutions, with a view to having them incorporated in the platform.

"When a few days later I went to St. Louis I traveled with the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, now Postmaster-General, and Mr. Murat Halstead. I showed them the resolutions on the train, and we were all of the opinion that, while they contained much that was good, they should be more concise, more explicit, and not seek to make the tariff question paramount, and that if adopted they should first be corrected accordingly. Mr. Smith had made a rough draft of the material parts of a platform, including a money plank. He read it to Mr. Halstead and myself, and after going over it we were of the opinion that, reserving the financial part for further consideration, with very few unimportant changes, it would be well to adopt what he had written. His money plank read as follows:

" 'Public and private credit, business safety and confidence, the worth of wages, and the honor and security of all commercial intercourse, depend upon a standard of value and a sound and stable currency. A debasement of the standard and consequent depreciation of the currency destroys faith, robs labor, drives away capital, increases the rates of interest, burdens the borrower, paralyzes enterprise, and inflicts incalculable injury upon all except the money-changers. Gold, silver, and convertible paper, with every dollar of every kind constantly exchangeable and equivalent to every other dollar, constitutes our established currency. We favor the use of silver to the extent at which its parity with gold can be maintained; but we are opposed to the free, unlimited, and independent coinage of silver, and to any change in the existing gold standard except by international agreement.'

"But however that may be, it must be manifest that either Mr. Kohlsaat wrote the Richards-Hanna resolutions, which were adopted only in part, and that part not very important, and which did not explicitly enough declare for a maintenance of the existing Gold Standard to satisfy the committee, or else he must have written, in the name of somebody else, that part of the plank that was adopted which was not taken from the Richards-Hanna resolutions. Every member of the sub-committee knows he did not do, and could not have done, anything of the kind, for that part of the plank was framed, to the personal knowledge of each member of the sub-committee itself, from what had been submitted to it by others, and from what all its members knew was required to meet public sentiment, and was only what all, except Senator Teller, were anxious to say and would have said had they acted solely upon their own judgment without the help of outside advice or suggestion.

"It is to be hoped that the claims of Mr. Kohlsaat to greatness, and the gratitude of his countrymen, rest upon something more substantial than the story that he was the author of the Gold plank of the Republican platform of 1896; and it is especially to be hoped that his acquiescence, not to say complicity, in the claim that has been made for him in this regard is not to be taken as a measure of the virtues of that truly remarkable man.

"This article on the Gold plank prompted a great many people to write me words of congratulation on account of it. Most of the letters I received contained references to Mr. Kohlsaat, who was at one time connected in some way with a bakery, that were so unkind, impolite, and harsh as to be unprintable without the risk of giving him offense, but I received some of mild character in that respect, to which he would probably take no exception, one of which is the following:

Las Cruces, N. M., 12-6-9.

"Dear Governor,—I am glad you slit the gullet of that d—d pastry cook. His gall is insufferable.

Yours,

John J. Ingalls."

Senator J. B. Foraker, Washington.

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